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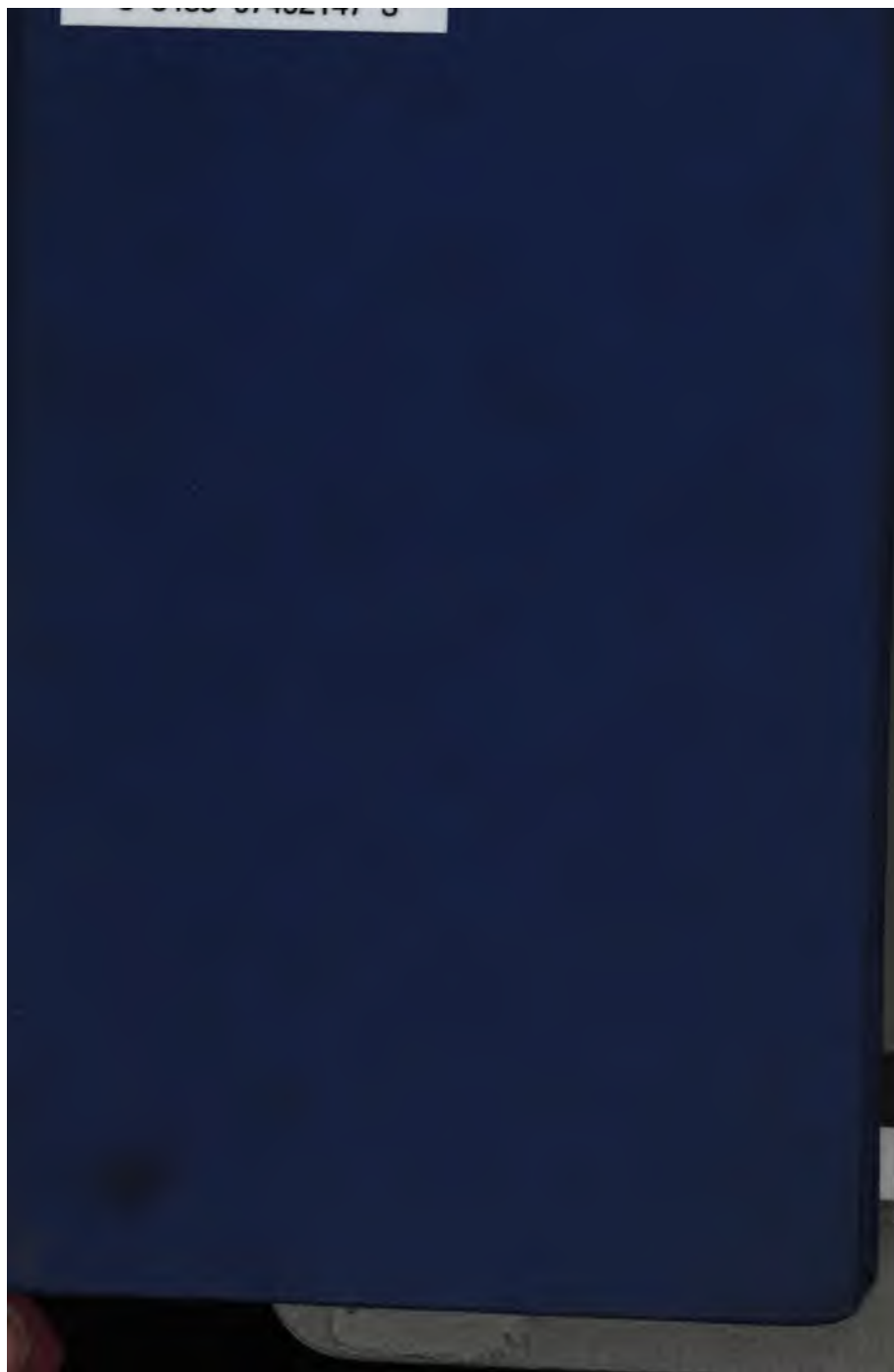
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A BOOK OF THOUGHTS.

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JOHN BRIGHT, M.P.
1811—1889.

A
BOOK OF THOUGHTS,

IN LOVING MEMORY OF JOHN BRIGHT.

BY HIS DAUGHTER,
MARY B. CURRY.

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PREFACE.

THIS little book has been the outcome of two distinct lines of thought, which have by almost imperceptible degrees become merged into one. To compile a book for daily reading, differing somewhat from those which had come under my notice, was my first thought. Afterwards, it occurred to me that it would be a great pleasure to preserve some record of the passages of prose and poetry peculiarly associated with my father's memory, and which, as much during the busy years of his life as during times of greater leisure and of illness, were to him a source of mental and spiritual refreshment. The two ideas seemed naturally to fall into one, and the book as it stands, although not exclusively composed of selections associated with him, still contains so many as to justify the title I have given to it.

Some of the prose extracts (those of Marcus Aurelius, Rev. F. Myers, and Jonathan Dymond) are taken from books marked by my father's own hand, whilst many of the poems, particularly those of Milton, Wordsworth, Addison, Cowper, Pope, Shakespeare, Spenser, Michael Bruce, Ebenezer Elliott, and Hogg, will be recognised as his favourites by those who knew him.

Most of the selections from the American author which I have been kindly permitted to make, and all Bible extracts, both in prose and poetry, are in my mind associated with him. Amongst the selections from prose authors, it has been thought not unfitting to introduce a few passages from my father's own speech illustrating, as they do, the depth and earnestness of his views upon some subjects of grave national importance.

I have also attempted to commemorate by suitable extracts some anniversaries which were of special interest to him.

I shall be glad if the thoughts contained in this little volume, drawn as they are from many noble minds, prove as fruitful of comfort and pleasure to others as they were to him.

M.B.C

*Oft have I seen at some cathedral door
A labourer, pausing in the dust and heat,
Lay down his burden, and with reverent feet
Enter and cross himself, and on the floor
Kneel to repeat his paternoster o'er ;
Far off the noises of the world retreat,
The loud vociferations of the street
Become an undistinguishable roar.
So, as I enter here from day to day,
And leave my burden at this minster gate,
Kneeling in prayer, and not ashamed to pray,
The tumult of the time disconsolate
To inarticulate murmurs dies away,
While the eternal ages watch and wait.*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

A BOOK OF THOUGHTS.

O SING unto the Lord a new song,
Sing unto the Lord, all the earth.
Sing unto the Lord, bless his name,
Show forth his salvation from day to day.
Declare his glory among the heathen,
His wonders among all people.
For the Lord is great, and greatly to be praised,
He is to be feared above all gods.
For all the gods of the nations are idols,
But the Lord made the heavens.
Honour and majesty are before him,
Strength and beauty are in his sanctuary.

Give unto the Lord, O ye kindreds of the people,
Give unto the Lord glory and strength.
Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name,
Bring an offering, and come into his courts ;
O worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness,
Fear before him, all the earth.
Say among the heathen that the Lord reigneth ;
The world also shall be established that it shall not
be moved ;
He shall judge the people righteously.

Let the heavens rejoice, and let the earth be glad,
Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof.
Let the field be joyful, and all that is therein :
Then shall all the trees of the wood rejoice
before the Lord : for he cometh,
For he cometh to judge the earth :
He shall judge the world with righteousness,
and the people with his truth.

PSALM xcvi.

* President Lincoln's Proclamation for the Abolition of Slavery, Jan. 1st, 1863.

EVERY seventh day, if not oftener, the greater number of well-meaning persons in England thankfully receive from their teachers a benediction, couched in these words : "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with you." Now, I do not know precisely what sense is attached in the English public mind to those expressions. But what I have to tell you positively is that the three things do actually exist, and can be known if you care to possess them ; and that another thing exists, besides these, of which we already know too much.

First, by simply obeying the orders of the Founder of your religion, all grace, graciousness or beauty and favour of gentle life, will be given to you in mind and body, in work and in rest. The grace of Christ exists, and may be had if you will. Secondly, as you know more and more of the created world, you will find that the true will of its Maker is that its creatures should be happy ; that He has made everything beautiful in its time and its place, and that it is chiefly by the fault of men, when they are allowed the liberty of thwarting His laws, that Creation groans or travails in pain. The love of God exists, and you may see it, and live in it if you will. Lastly, a spirit does actually exist which teaches the ant her path, the bird her building, and men, in an instinctive and marvellous way, whatever lovely arts and noble deeds are possible to them. Without it you can do no good thing. To the grief of it you can do many bad ones. In the possession of it is your peace and your power.

JOHN RUSKIN.

WITHOUT haste, without rest !
Bind this motto to thy breast.
Storm or sunshine guard it well,
Bear it with thee as a spell.
Heed not flowers that round thee bloom,
Bear it onward to the tomb.

Haste not ! let no thoughtless deed
Mar fore'er the spirit's speed.
Ponder well, and know the right,
Onward then with all thy might.
Haste not ! years cannot atone
For one thoughtless action done.

Rest not ! life is passing by,
Do and dare before you die.
Something mighty and sublime
Leave behind to conquer time.
Glorious 'tis to live for aye
When these forms have passed away.

Haste not ! Rest not ! Calmly wait,
Meekly bear the storms of fate,
Duty be thy polar guide,
Do the right whate'er betide.
Haste not ! Rest not ! Conflicts past
God shall crown thy work at last !

TRANSLATION FROM GOETHE.

LET not your heart be troubled : ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions : if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you. And if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again, and receive you unto myself, that where I am, there ye may be also. And whither I go ye know, and the way ye know. Thomas saith unto him : Lord, we know not whither thou goest ; and how can we know the way ? Jesus saith unto him : I am the way, the truth, and the life : no man cometh unto the Father but by me. If ye had known me, ye should have known my Father also : and from henceforth ye know him, and have seen him. Philip saith unto him : Lord, show us the Father, and it sufficeth us. Jesus saith unto him : Have I been so long time with you, and yet hast thou not known me, Philip ? He that hath seen me hath seen the Father ; and how sayst thou then, Show us the Father ? Believest thou not that I am ^{with} the Father, and the Father in me ? the words that I speak unto you I speak not of myself : but the Father that dwelleth in me, he doeth the works. Believe me that I am in the Father, and the Father in me : or else believe me for the very works' sake. Verily, verily, I say unto you, he that believeth on me, the works that I do shall he do also ; and greater works than these shall he do ; because I go unto my Father. And whatsoever ye shall ask in my name, that will I do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son. If ye shall ask any thing in my name, I will do it. If ye love me, keep my commandments. And I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever : even the Spirit of Truth ; whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth him not, neither knoweth him : but ye know him ; for he dwelleth with you, and shall be in you.

I WILL not leave you comfortless ; I will come to you. Yet a little while, and the world seeth me no more ; but ye see me ; because I live, ye shall live also. At that day ye shall know that I am in my Father, and ye in me, and I in you. He that hath my commandments, and keepeth them, he it is that loveth me : and he that loveth me shall be loved of my Father, and I will love him, and will manifest myself to him. Judas saith unto him (not Iscariot) : Lord, how is it that thou wilt manifest thyself unto us, and not unto the world ? Jesus answered and said unto him : If a man love me, he will keep my words : and my Father will love him, and we will come unto him, and make our abode with him. He that loveth me not keepeth not my sayings : and the word which ye hear is not mine, but the Father's which sent me. These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you. But the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you. Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you : not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid. Ye have heard how I said unto you, I go away, and come again unto you. If ye loved me, ye would rejoice, because I said I go unto the Father ; for my Father is greater than I. And now I have told you before it come to pass, that, when it is come to pass, ye might believe. Hereafter I will not talk much with you : for the prince of this world cometh, and hath nothing in me. But that the world may know that I love the Father ; and as the Father gave me commandment, even so I do. Arise, let us go hence.

JOHN xiv.

"YE shall know the Truth, and the Truth shall make you free."

JOHN viii. 32.

GREAT Truths are portions of the soul of man ;
Great souls are portions of Eternity ;
Each drop of blood that e'er through true heart ran
With lofty message, ran for thee and me ;
For God's law, since the starry song began,
Hath been, and still for evermore must be,
That every deed which shall outlast Time's span
Must spur the soul to be erect and free ;
Slave is no word of deathless lineage sprung,—
Too many noble souls have thought and died,
Too many mighty poets lived and sung,
And our good Saxon, from lips purified
With martyr-fire, throughout the world hath rung
Too long to have God's holy cause denied !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

SHEPHERD of Israel, watching Thy fold at night,
Up on the hills, over deep Galilee,
Thou never slumberest ; Thou hast beheld Thy flock
Breaking away from the fold and from Thee.
Little they reck of the perils before them ;
Down by the slippery path to the deep—
Lift up Thy voice in the darkness, and call to them,
Thou who hast laid down Thy life for the sheep !

Shepherd of Israel, follow those wanderers,
Take back the little ones home in Thine arms ;
Pity the stubborn ones, torn in the brambles,
Show them their error and soothe their alarms.
Each one has fancied his way was the right one—
Madly possessed ; down that precipice steep,
Let them not rush, like the swine, to destruction,
Thou who hast laid down Thy life for the sheep !

Shepherd of Israel, haste to deliver them,
Dawn is now breaking o'er deep Galilee ;
Darkness deluded them, day will discover them
Far from their fold on the mountain, and Thee.
Is not that fold very broad, if they knew it ?
Made to encompass the strong and the small ?
Oh, lead them home with Thy voice to those pastures,
Thou who hast laid down Thy life for them all !

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

SINCE I have taken a part in public affairs, the fact of the vast weight of poverty and ignorance that exists at the bottom of the social scale has been a burden on my mind, and is so now. . I have no notion of a country being called prosperous and happy, or being in a satisfactory state, when such a state of things exists. You may have an historical monarchy decked out in the dazzling splendour of royalty ; you may have an ancient nobility settled in grand mansions and on great estates ; you may have an ecclesiastical hierarchy, hiding, with its worldly pomp, that religion whose first virtue is humility ; but, notwithstanding all this, the whole fabric may be rotten and doomed ultimately to fall, if the great mass of the people on whom it is supported is poor and suffering and degraded. . But I ask you, as I ask myself a thousand times, is it not possible that this mass of poverty and suffering may be reached and be raised, or be taught to raise itself ? What is there that man cannot do if he tries ? The other day he descended to the mysterious depths of the ocean, and with an iron hand sought, and found, and grasped, and brought up to the surface the lost cable, and with it made two worlds into one. I ask, are his conquests confined to the realms of science ? Is it not possible that another hand, not of iron, but of Christian justice and kindness, may be let down to moral depths even deeper than the cable fathoms, to raise up from thence the sons and daughters of misery, and the multitude who are ready to perish ? This is the great problem which is now before us. It is one which is not for statesmen only, nor for preachers of the Gospel only—it is one which every man in the nation should attempt to solve.

The nation is now in power, and if wisdom abide with power, the generation to follow may behold the glorious day of which we, in our time, with our best endeavours, can only hope to see the earliest dawn.

JOHN BRIGHT.

JANUARY 9.

“YE see then how that by works a man is justified, and not by faith only. For as the body without the spirit is dead, so faith without works is dead also.”

JAMES ii. 24 and 26.

WE live by Faith ; but Faith is not the slave
Of text and legend. Reason's voice and God's,
Nature's and Duty's, never are at odds.
What asks our Father of His children, save
Justice and mercy and humility,
A reasonable service of good deeds,
Pure living, tenderness to human needs,
Reverence and trust, and prayer for light to see
The Master's footprints in our daily ways ?
No knotted scourge nor sacrificial knife,
But the calm beauty of an ordered life,
Whose very breathing is unworded praise !—
A life that stands as all true lives have stood,
Firm-rooted in the faith that God is Good.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

POOR bread-taxed slaves, have ye no hope on earth ?
Yes, God from evil still educes good ;
Sublime events are rushing to their birth ;
Lo, tyrants by their victims are withstood !
And Freedom's seed still grows, though steep'd in
blood !

When by our Father's voice the skies are riven,
That, like the winnow'd chaff, disease may fly ;
And seas are shaken by the breath of heaven,
Lest in their depths the living spirit die ;
Man views the scene with awed but grateful eye,
And trembling feels, could God abuse His power,
Nor man, nor nature, would endure an hour.
But there is mercy in His seeming wrath ;
It smites to save—not, tyrant-like, to slay,
And storms have beauty, as the lily hath. . . .
Despond not then, ye plunder'd sons of trade !
Hope's wounded wing shall yet disdain the ground,
And commerce, while the powers of evil fade,
Shout o'er all seas—"All lands for me were made !"
Yes, world-reforming commerce ! One by one
Thou vanquishest earth's tyrants ! and the hour
Cometh when all shall fall before thee—gone
Their splendour, fall'n their trophies, lost their power.
Then o'er th' enfranchised nations wilt thou shower,
Like dew-drops from the pinions of the dove,
Plenty and peace ; and never more on thee
Shall bondage wait ; but, as the thoughts of love,
Free shalt thou fly, unchainable and free ;
And men, thence forth, shall call thee "Liberty" !

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

* First meeting of the Anti-Corn-Law League, 1839.

God is our refuge and strength,—a very present help
in trouble.

Therefore will not we fear, though the earth be
removed,

And though the mountains be carried into the midst of
the sea ;

Though the waters thereof roar and be troubled,

Though the mountains shake with the swelling thereof.

There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad
the city of God,

The holy place of the tabernacles of the most High.

God is in the midst of her ; she shall not be moved :

God shall help her, and that right early.

The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved :

He uttered his voice, the earth melted.

The Lord of Hosts is with us ;

The God of Jacob is our refuge.

Come, behold the works of the Lord,

What desolations he hath made in the earth.

He maketh wars to cease unto the ends of the earth ;

He breaketh the bow, and cutteth the spear in sunder ;

He burneth the chariot in the fire.

Be still, and know that I am God :

I will be exalted among the heathen, I will be exalted
in the earth.

The Lord of Hosts is with us ;

The God of Jacob is our refuge.

In holy books we read how God hath spoken
To holy men in many different ways ;
But hath the Present worked no sign or token,—
Is God quite silent in these latter days ?

And hath our heavenly Sire departed quite,
And left His poor babes in this world alone ;
And only left for blind belief—not sight—
Some quaint old riddles in a tongue unknown ?

Oh ! think it not, sweet maid ! God comes to us
With every day, with every star that rises ;
In every moment dwells the Righteous,
And starts upon the soul with sweet surprises.

The word were but a blank, a hollow sound,
If He that spoke it were not speaking still,—
If all the light and all the shade around
Were aught but issues of Almighty will.

Sweet girl, believe that every bird that sings,
And every flower that stars the elastic sod,
And every thought the happy summer brings
To thy pure spirit, is a word of God.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE. 1796.

I DO not regard my lot either with weariness or compulsion ; I continue in the same sentiment fixed and immovable. I do not think my God displeased with me ; neither is He displeased ; on the contrary, I experience and thankfully acknowledge His paternal clemency and benignity towards me in everything that is of the greater moment, especially in this, that He is Himself consoling and encouraging my spirit. I acquiesce without a murmur in His sacred dispensations: it is through His grace that I find my friends, even more than before, kind and affectionate towards me ; nor is it an occasion of anguish to me, though you count it miserable that I am fallen in vulgar estimation with the class of the blind, the unfortunate, the wretched, and the helpless, since my hope is that I am thus brought nearer to the mercy and protection of the universal Father. There is a path, as the apostle teaches me, through weakness to the most consummate strength ; so that in my debility the better and immortal vigour of my human nature may be more effectually displayed, so that amidst my darkness the light of the Divine countenance may shine forth more bright ; then shall I be at once helpless and yet of giant strength, blind, yet of vision most penetrating, thus may I be in this helplessness carried on to fulness of joy, and in this darkness be surrounded with the light of eternal day.

JOHN MILTON. 1608.

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things Thee to see,
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for Thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,
To run into an action ;
But still to make Thee prepossest,
And give it his perfection.

A man who looks on glass,
On it may stay his eye,
Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,
And then the heav'n espy.

All may of Thee partake :
Nothing can be so mean
Which with this tincture (for Thy sake)
Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause
Makes drudgery divine :
Who sweeps a room as for Thy laws,
Makes that and th' action fine.

This is the famous stone
Which turneth all to gold ;
For that which God doth touch and own
Cannot for less be told.

GEORGE HERBERT. 1593.

AND seeing the multitudes, he went up into a mountain : and when he was set, his disciples came unto him : and he opened his mouth, and taught them, saying :

Blessed are the poor in spirit ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are they that mourn ; for they shall be comforted.

Blessed are the meek ; for they shall inherit the earth.

Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness ; for they shall be filled.

Blessed are the merciful ; for they shall obtain mercy.

Blessed are the pure in heart ; for they shall see God.

Blessed are the peacemakers ; for they shall be called the children of God.

Blessed are they which are persecuted for righteousness' sake ; for theirs is the kingdom of heaven.

Blessed are ye when men shall revile you, and persecute you, and shall say all manner of evil against you falsely, for my sake. Rejoice, and be exceeding glad ; for great is your reward in heaven ; for so persecuted they the prophets which were before you.

“BEHOLD, I stand at the door and knock ; if any man hear my voice, and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.”

REV. iii. 20.

LORD, what am I, that, with unceasing care,
Thou didst seek after me, that Thou didst wait,
Wet with unhealthy dews, before my gate,
And pass the gloomy nights of winter there ?
Oh, strange delusion ! that I did not greet
Thy blest approach, and oh, to Heaven how lost,
If my ingratitude's unkindly frost
Has chilled the bleeding wounds upon Thy feet.
How oft my guardian angel gently cried,
“Soul, from thy casement look, and thou shalt see
How He persists to knock and wait for thee !”
And, oh ! how often to that voice of sorrow,
“To-morrow we will open,” I replied,
And when the morrow came, I answered
Still, “To-morrow.”

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

MANAGE all your actions, words and thoughts accordingly, since you may at any moment quit life. And what great matter is the business of dying? If the Gods are in being, you can suffer nothing, for they will do you no harm. And if they are not, or take no care of us mortals—why, then a world without either Gods or Providence is not worth a man's while to live in. But, in truth, the being of the Gods, and their concern in human affairs, is beyond dispute. And they have put it entirely in a man's power not to fall into any calamity properly so-called. And if other misfortunes had been really evils, they would have provided against them too, and furnished man with capacity to avoid them. But how can that which cannot make the man worse make his life so? I can never be persuaded that the universal Nature neglected these matters through want of knowledge, or having that, yet lacked the power to prevent or correct the error; or that Nature should commit such a fault, through want of power or skill, as to suffer things, really good and evil, to happen promiscuously to good men and bad.

Consider how quickly all things are dissolved and resolved; the bodies and substances themselves into the matter and substance of the world, and their memories into its general age and time. He that dreads the course of Nature is a very child, and this is not only a work of Nature, but is also profitable to her. Lastly, we should consider, how we are related to the Deity, and in what part of our being, and in what condition of that part.

MARCUS AURELIUS. 121 A.D.

How are Thy servants blest, O Lord !
How sure is their defence !
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by Thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweetened every soil,
Made every region please ;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smoothed the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul, devoutly think,
How with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise !

Confusion dwelt in every face,
And fear in every heart ;
When waves on waves, and gulphs on gulphs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord,
Thy mercy set me free ;
Whilst, in the confidence of prayer,
My soul took hold on Thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,
I knew Thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retired,
Obedient to Thy will ;
The sea that roar'd at Thy command,
At Thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore ;
And praise Thee for Thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if Thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be ;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to Thee.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

JANUARY 19.

"Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit ; and there are diversities of operation, but it is the same God which worketh all in all."

I COR. xii. 4 and 6.

CHILDREN of men ! the unseen Power, whose eye
For ever doth accompany mankind,
Hath looked on no religion scornfully
That men did ever find.

Which hath not taught weak wills how much they can ?
Which has not fall'n on the dry heart like rain ?
Which has not cried to sunk self-weary man :
"Thou must be born again !"

Children of men ! not that your age excel
In pride of life the ages of your sires,
But that you think clear, feel deep, bear fruit well,
The Friend of man desires.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

FINALLY, my brethren, be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might. Put on the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to stand against the wiles of the devil. For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places. Wherefore take unto you the whole armour of God, that ye may be able to withstand, in the evil day, and having done all, to stand. Stand therefore, having your loins girt about with truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness; and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace; above all, taking the shield of faith, wherewith ye shall be able to quench all the fiery darts of the wicked. And take the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the Spirit, which is the word of God: praying always with all prayer and supplication in the Spirit, and watching thereunto with all perseverance and supplication for all saints; and for me, that utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the gospel, for which I am an ambassador in bonds: that therein I may speak boldly, as I ought to speak.

EPHESIANS VI. 10-20.

As ships becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce, long leagues apart, descried ;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side :

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom, year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged.

At dead of night their sails were filled
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared !

To veer, how vain ! on, onward strain,
Brave barks ! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But, O blithe breeze ! and O great seas !
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas !
At last, at last, unite them there !

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

It will be objected that there is little in what I have said to differentiate Christianity from other religions, and that, if it is to have a characteristic quality of its own, it must be described in terms less vague. But I consider it no discredit to Christianity that, thus reduced to its simplest elements, it comes very near to what some have called Absolute Religion; the quintessence, that is, of all that the wisest minds have thought, all that the tenderest hearts have felt, all that the keenest consciences have recognized as binding. Nor am I concerned to discuss the originality of Christ or the novelty of Christianity: the more these are magnified, the harder it is to find a place in the providential order for Hebrew faith and Hellenic wisdom. But, indeed, what Christ brought into the world was not so much new truth as fresh life—not so much ethical principles and precepts unknown before, as an enlarged capacity of moral obedience and growth. It is this which raises Christ above the level of the teacher, and gives Him His claim to be called, however you may define the word, the Saviour of the world. . . . One of those deep sayings which seem to me to show that the author of the Fourth Gospel had access to a genuine fund of Christian traditions, which but for him would have perished, is "I am come that they may have life, and may have it more abundantly." And this I accept as an authoritative description of Christ's mission. But if it is so accepted, I must go on to point out that the possession of life must be taken as the proof of contact and communion with Christ; that the qualifications for standing in the line of Christian affiliation are not intellectual, but moral and spiritual; and that it ought to be impossible to deny the name of Christian to any who acknowledge Christ as their Master, and can show any genuine likeness to Him.

This test might unchurch some loudly professing believers ; it would admit many heretics to the fold, but it would at last gather in from diverse communions the pure, the self-forgetting, and the brave, and would make Christianity as wide a thing as Christendom.

THE HIBBERT LECTURES. 1883.

JANUARY 23.

“WATCH ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong.”

I COR. xvi. 13.

BE strong to hope, oh Heart !
Though day is bright,
The stars can only shine
In the dark night.
Be strong, oh Heart of mine,
Look towards the light !

Be strong to bear, oh Heart !
Nothing is vain :
Strive not, for life is care,
And God sends pain,
Heaven is above, and there
Rest will remain !

Be strong to love, oh Heart !
Love knows not wrong,
Didst thou love—creatures even,
Life were not long ;
Didst thou love God in heaven,
Thou wouldst be strong !

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

Not in the solitude
 Alone may man commune with Heaven, or see,
 Only in savage wood
 And sunny vale, the present Deity ;
 Or only hear His voice
 Where the winds whisper and the waves rejoice.

Even here do I behold
 Thy steps Almighty !—here, amidst the crowd
 Through the great city rolled,
 With everlasting murmur deep and loud—
 Choking the ways that wind
 'Mongst the proud piles, the work of humankind.

Thy golden sunshine comes
 From the round heaven, and on their dwellings lies
 And lights their inner homes ;
 For them thou fill'st with air the unbounded skies,
 And givest them the stores
 Of ocean, and the harvest of its shores.

Thy Spirit is around,
 Quickening the restless mass that sweeps along ;
 And this eternal sound—
 Voices and footfalls of the numberless throng—
 Like the resounding sea,
 Or like the rainy tempest, speaks of Thee.

And when the hour of rest
 Comes, like a calm upon the mid-sea brine,
 Hushing its billowy breast—
 The quiet of that moment too is Thine ;
 It breathes of Him who keeps
 The vast and helpless city while it sleeps.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

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DOTH not wisdom cry ?
And understanding put forth her voice ?
She standeth in the top of high places,
By the way in the places of the paths.
She crieth at the gates, at the entry of the city,
At the coming in at the doors.
Unto you, O men, I call ;—and my voice is to the sons
of man.
O ye simple, understand wisdom :
And, ye fools, be ye of an understanding heart.
Hear, for I will speak of excellent things ;
And the opening of my lips shall be right things :
For my mouth shall speak truth ;
And wickedness is an abomination to my lips.
All the words of my mouth are in righteousness ;
There is nothing froward or perverse in them.
They are all plain to him that understandeth,
And right to them that find knowledge.
Receive my instruction, and not silver ;
And knowledge rather than choice gold.
For wisdom is better than rubies ;
And all the things that may be desired are not to be
compared to it.

THE day of the Lord is at hand, at hand :
 Its storms roll up the sky :
The nations sleep starving on heaps of gold ;
 All dreamers toss and sigh ;
The night is darkest before the morn ;
When the pain is sorest, the child is born,
 And the day of the Lord at hand.

Gather ye, gather ye, Angels of God—
 Freedom, and Mercy, and Truth ;
Come ! for the earth is grown coward and old,
 Come down, and renew us her youth ;
Wisdom, Self-sacrifice, Daring, and Love.
Haste to the battle-field, stoop from above,
 To the day of the Lord at hand.

Who would sit down, and sigh for a lost age of gold,
 While the Lord of all ages is here ?
True hearts will leap up at the trumpet of God,
 And those who can suffer, can dare.
Each old age of gold was an iron age too,
And the meekest of saints may find stern work to do
 In the day of the Lord at hand.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

ONE other appeal I must make to you. In this country—thanks to what our forefathers have done, and thanks to some things which we have done—we enjoy a large measure of freedom : there is room for it to grow and become still larger ; but it is large, and we enjoy it and I trust we are thankful for it. We are also, as I have aforetime said, in some sense the mother of free nations. . . . The lovers of freedom everywhere look to us, the oppressed everywhere turn their eyes to us and ask for sympathy and wish for help.

They feel that they may make this claim upon us, and we, a free people, not only do not deny it, but we fully acknowledge it. Well, I put to you a solemn question, a question which you must answer to heaven, and to your children, and to your posterity. Shall England, shall the might of England be again put forth to sustain so foul a tyranny as that which rules in Constantinople ? A tyranny which is drying up realms to deserts, a tyranny which throughout all its wide range of influence has blasted for centuries past with its withering breath all that is lovely and beautiful in nature and all that is noble and exalted in man. I ask you, I ask this meeting of my fellow-countrymen, I ask every man in the three kingdoms—and in this case I need not ask woman—what shall be the answer given to this question ? And I dare undertake to say there shall be only one unanimous answer from the generous heart of the English people.

JOHN BRIGHT.

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear
In all my miseries ; but thou hast forced me,
Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.
Let's dry our eyes ; and thus far hear me, Cromwell ;
And, when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble, where no mention
Of me more must be heard of, say, I taught thee,
Say, Wolsey, that once trod the ways of glory,
And sounded all the depths and shoals of honour,
Found thee a way, out of his wreck, to rise in ;
A sure and safe one, though thy master miss'd it—
Mark but my fall, and that that ruin'd me.
Cromwell, I charge thee, fling away ambition :
By that sin fell the angels ; how can man then,
The image of his Maker, hope to win by it ?
Love thyself last ; cherish those hearts that hate thee ;
Corruption wins not more than honesty.
Still in thy right hand carry gentle peace
To silence envious tongues. Be just and fear not :
Let all the ends thou aim'st at be thy country's,
Thy God's and truth's ; then if thou fall'st,
O Cromwell,
Thou fall'st a blessed martyr !

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. 1564.

"MERCY and truth are met together ; righteousness and peace have kissed each other.

Truth shall spring out of the earth ; and righteousness shall look down from heaven."

PSALM lxxxv. 10-12.

THE hope of Truth grows stronger day by day ;
I hear the soul of Man around me waking,
Like a great sea, its frozen fetters breaking,
And flinging up to heaven its sunlit spray,
Tossing huge continents in scornful play,
And crushing them, with din of grinding thunder,
That makes old emptinesses stare in wonder ;
The memory of a glory passed away
Lingers in every heart, as, in the shell,
Resounds the bygone freedom of the sea,
And every hour new signs of promise tell
That the great soul shall once again be free,
For high, and yet more high, the murmurs swell
Of inward strife for truth and liberty.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

* Commercial Treaty between England and France (the work of Richard Cobden's later years) signed 1860.

THOUGH I speak with the tongues of men and of angels, and have not charity, I am become as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal. And though I have the gift of prophecy, and understand all mysteries, and all knowledge ; and though I have all faith, so that I could remove mountains, and have not charity, I am nothing. And though I bestow all my goods to feed the poor, and though I give my body to be burned, and have not charity, it profiteth me nothing.

Charity suffereth long, and is kind ; charity envieth not ; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil ; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth ; beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things.

Charity never faileth : but whether there be prophecies, they shall fail ; whether there be tongues, they shall cease ; whether there be knowledge, it shall vanish away. For we know in part, and we prophesy in part. But when that which is perfect is come, then that which is in part shall be done away. When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child : but when I became a man, I put away childish things. For now we see through a glass, darkly ; but then face to face : now I know in part ; but then shall I know even as also I am known.

And now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three ; but the greatest of these is charity.

FEAR death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go :
For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall,
Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last !
I should hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness, and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
And the elements rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest !

ROBERT BROWNING.

THE soul is the perceiver and revealer of truth. We know truth when we see it, let sceptic and scoffer say what they choose. Foolish people ask you, when you have spoken what they do not wish to hear, "How do you know it is truth and not an error of your own?" We know truth when we see it, from opinion, as we know when we are awake that we are awake. It was a grand sentence of Emanuel Swedenborg, which would alone indicate the greatness of that man's perception—"It is no proof of a man's understanding to be able to confirm whatever he pleases; but to be able to discern that what is true is true, and that what is false is false, this is the mark and character of intelligence." In the book I read, the good thought returns to me, as every truth will, the image of the whole soul. To the bad thought which I find in it, the same soul becomes a discerning, separating sword, and lops it away. We are wiser than we know. If we will not interfere with our thought, but will act entirely, or see how the thing stands in God, we know the particular thing, and everything, and every man. For the Maker of all things and all persons stands behind us, and casts His dread omniscience through us over things.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

"THE spirit of the Lord God is upon me, because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek ; he hath sent me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

ISAIAH lxi. 1.

HE stood upon the world's broad threshold ; wide
The din of battle and of slaughter rose ;
He saw God stand upon the weaker side,
That sank in seeming loss before its foes :
Many there were who made great haste and sold
Unto the cunning enemy their swords,
He scorned their gifts of fame, and power, and gold,
And, underneath their soft and flowery words,
Heard the cold serpent hiss ; therefore he went
And humbly joined him to the weaker part,
Fanatic named, and fool, yet well content
So he could be the nearer to God's heart,
And feel its solemn pulses sending blood
Through all the widespread veins of endless good.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

* Wendell Phillips, the most eloquent of the Anti-Slavery band, died 1884.

AND God spake all these words, saying,

I am the Lord thy God, which have brought thee out of the land of Egypt, out of the house of bondage.

Thou shalt have no other gods before me.

Thou shalt not make unto thee any graven image, or any likeness of any thing that is in heaven above, or that is in the earth beneath, or that is in the water under the earth : thou shalt not bow down thyself to them, nor serve them : for I the Lord thy God am a jealous God, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children unto the third and fourth generation of them that hate me ; and shewing mercy unto thousands of them that love me and keep my commandments.

Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain ; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain.

Remember the sabbath day to keep it holy. Six days shalt thou labour, and do all thy work ; but the seventh day is the sabbath of the Lord thy God : in it thou shalt not do any work, thou, nor thy son, nor thy daughter, thy manservant, nor thy maidservant, nor thy cattle, nor thy stranger that is within thy gates : for in six days the Lord made heaven and earth, the sea, and all that in them is, and rested the seventh day : wherefore the Lord blessed the sabbath day and hallowed it.

Honour thy father and thy mother : that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.

Thou shalt not kill.

Thou shalt not commit adultery.

Thou shalt not steal.

Thou shalt not bear false witness against thy neighbour.

Thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's house, thou shalt not covet thy neighbour's wife, nor his manservant, nor his maidservant, nor his ox, nor his ass, nor any thing that is thy neighbour's.

EXODUS xx. 1-17.

FEBRUARY 4.

"THEN they cry unto the Lord in their trouble, and he bringeth them out of their distresses.

He maketh the storm a calm ; so that the waves thereof are still.

Then are they glad because they be quiet ; so he bringeth them unto their desired haven.

Oh that men would praise the Lord for his goodness, and for his wonderful works to the children of men !"

PSALM cvii. 28-31.

WE know not whither our frail barks are borne,
To quiet haven, or on stormy shore ;
Nor need we seek to know it, while above
The tempest and the waters' angriest roar
Are heard the voices of almighty love—
So we shall find none dreary nor forlorn.
Whither we go we know not, but we know
That if we keep our faces surely set
Toward new Zion, we shall reach at last,
When every danger, every woe is past,
The city where the seated tribes are met,
Whither the nations of the savèd flow,
The city with its heaven-descended halls,
The city builded round with diamond walls.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

IN silence mighty things are wrought,—
Silently builded, thought on thought,
 Truth's temple greets the sky ;
And like a citadel with towers,
The soul with her subservient powers
 Is strengthened silently.

Soundless as chariots on the snow,
The saplings of the forest grow
 To trees of mighty girth ;
Each nightly star in silence burns,
And every day in silence turns
 The axle of the earth.

The silent frost with mighty hand
Fetters the rivers and the land
 With universal chain ;
And smitten by the silent sun,
The chain is loosed, the rivers run,
 The lands are free again.

O source unseen of life and light,
Thy scenery of silent might
 If we in bondage know ;
Our hearts, like seeds beneath the ground,
By silent force of life unbound,
 Move upwards from below.

And if our hearts well rooted be,
Their love, like sap within the tree,
 With silent quickening moves ;
Enlarged and liberated powers,
More light and balmier warmth are ours,
 And God His presence proves.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

"CHRISTIANITY does not encourage particular patriotism in opposition to general benignity."

If it did, it would not be adapted for the world. The duties of the subjects of one state would often be in opposition to those of the subjects of another, and men might inflict evil or misery upon neighbour nations in conforming to the Christian law. Christianity is designed to benefit, not a community, but the world. The promotion of the interests of one community by injuring another—that is, "patriotism in opposition to general benignity," it utterly rejects as wrong; and in doing this, it does that which in a system of such wisdom and benevolence we should expect. "The love of our country," says Adam Smith, "seems not to be derived from the love of mankind."

I do not mean to say that the word patriotism is to be found in the New Testament, or that it contains any disquisitions respecting the proper extent of the love of our country—but I say that the universality of benevolence which Christianity inculcates, both in its essential character and in its precepts, is incompatible with that patriotism which would benefit our own community at the expense of general benevolence. Patriotism, as it is often advocated, is a low and selfish principle, a principle wholly unworthy of that enlightened and expanded philanthropy which religion proposes.

JONATHAN DYMOND.

PIERO Luca, known of all the town,
As the grey porter by the Pitti wall
Where the noon shadows of the garden fall,
Sick and in dolor, waited to lay down
His last sad burden, and beside his mat
The barefoot monk of La Certosa sat.

Unseen, in square and blossoming garden drifted,
Soft sunset lights through green Val d'Arno sifted ;
Unheard, below the living shuttles shifted
Backward and forth, and wove, in love or strife,
In mirth or pain, the mottled web of life :
But when at last came upward from the street
Tinkle of bell and tread of measured feet,
The sick man started, strove to rise in vain,
Sinking back heavily with a moan of pain.
And the monk said, "'Tis but the Brotherhood
Of Mercy going on some errand good ;
Their black masks by the palace wall I see."
Piero answered faintly, "Woe is me !
This day for the first time in forty years
In vain the bell hath sounded in my ears,
Calling me with my brethren of the mask,
Beggar and prince alike, to some new task
Of love or pity ; . . ." "My son,"
The monk said soothingly, "thy work is done ;
And no more as a servant, but the guest
Of God thou enterest thy eternal rest.
No toil, no tears, no sorrow for the lost
Shall mar thy perfect bliss : thou shalt sit down
Clad in white robes, and wear a golden crown
For ever and for ever."

PIERO tossed

On his sick pillow : " Miserable me !
I am too poor for such grand company ;
The crown would be too heavy for this grey
Old head ; and God forgive me if I say
It would be hard to sit there night and day,
Like an image in the Tribune, doing naught
With these hard hands, that all my life have wrought,
Not for bread only, but for pity's sake.
I'm dull at prayers—I could not keep awake
Counting my beads. Mine's but a crazy head,
Scarce worth the saving, if all else be dead.
And if one goes to heaven without a heart,
God knows he leaves behind his better part. . . .
Methinks (Lord, pardon, if the thought be sin !)
The world of pain were better, if therein
One's heart might still be human, and desires
Of natural pity drop upon its fires
Some cooling tears."

Thereat the pale monk crossed
His brow, and, muttering, " Madman ! thou art lost !"
Took up his pyx and fled ; and, left alone,
The sick man closed his eyes with a great groan
That sank into a prayer, " Thy will be done !"

Then was he made aware, by soul or ear,
Of somewhat pure and holy bending o'er him,
And of a voice like that of her who bore him,
Tender and most compassionate : " Never fear !
For heaven is love, as God Himself is love,
Thy work below shall be thy work above."
And when he looked, lo ! in the stern monk's place,
He saw the shining of an angel's face !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

AGAIN, ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths : but I say unto you, Swear not at all ; neither by heaven ; for it is God's throne : nor by the earth ; for it is his footstool : neither by Jerusalem ; for it is the city of the great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communication be, Yea, yea ; Nay, nay : for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth : but I say unto you, That ye resist not evil : but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man will sue thee at the law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloke also. And whosoever shall compel thee to go a mile, go with him twain. Give to him that asketh thee, and from him that would borrow of thee turn not thou away.

Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbour, and hate thine enemy. But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you ; that ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven : for he maketh his sun to rise on the evil and on the good, and sendeth rain on the just and on the unjust. For if ye love them which love you, what reward have ye ? do not even the publicans the same ? And if ye salute your brethren only, what do ye more than others ? do not even the publicans so ? Be ye therefore perfect, even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect.

MATTHEW v. 33-48.

WE know not by what Name our tongues shall call
Thee or Thy essence, nor can thought as yet
Gain those ineffable heights where Thou art set,
As from a watch-tower guarding all.
Thou girdest Thyself round with mystery,
As Thy great sun behind an embattled cloud,
Or some wrapt summit, never seen ;
Yet Thy veiled presence cheers us on our road.
With eyes bent down too much on earth and bowed,
We toil and do forget
All but our daily labour and its load ;
Yet art Thou there the while, felt yet unseen,
Oh universal Good, and Thy great will
Directs our footsteps still—
Directs them, though they come to stray
From the appointed way ;
Lights them, though for a while they wander far,
Led by some feeble baleful star,
Which can allure them when the blinding fold
Of mist is on the hill side, and the cold
Clouds which make green our lives, descending, hide
Death's steeps on every side.

LEWIS MORRIS.

AND didst Thou love the race that loved not Thee ?
And didst Thou take to heaven a human brow ?
Dost plead with man's voice by the marvellous sea ?
Art Thou his kinsman now ?

O God, O kinsman loved, but not enough !
O Man, with eyes majestic after death,
Whose feet have toiled along our pathways rough,
Whose lips drawn human breath !

By that one likeness which is ours and Thine,
By that one nature which doth hold us kin,
By that high heaven where, sinless, Thou dost shine,
To draw us sinners in ;

By the last silence in the judgment hall,
By long foreknowledge of the deadly tree,
By darkness, by the wormwood and the gall,
I pray Thee, visit me.

Come, lest this heart should, cold and cast away,
Die ere the Guest adored she entertain—
Lest eyes which never saw Thine earthly day
Should miss Thy heavenly reign.

JEAN INGELow.

NOTHING is intolerable that is necessary. Now God hath bound thy trouble upon thee, with a design to try thee, and with purposes to reward and crown thee. These cords thou canst not break ; and therefore lie thou down gently, and suffer the hand of God to do what He please.

Is that beast better, that hath two or three mountains to graze upon, than a little bee that feeds on dew and manna, and lives upon what falls every morning from the storehouse of heaven, clouds, and providence ?

He that hath so many causes of joy, and so great, is very much in love with sorrow and peevishness, who loves all these pleasures, and chooses to sit down upon his little handful of thorns. Enjoy the blessings of this day, if God sends them, and the evils of it bear patiently and sweetly : for this day is only ours, we are dead to yesterday, and we are not yet born to the morrow. But if we look abroad and bring into one day's thoughts the evil of many, certain and uncertain, what will be and what will not be, our load will be as intolerable as it is unreasonable. Guide me, O Lord, in all the changes and varieties of the world ; that in all things that shall happen, I may have an evenness and tranquility of spirit ; that my soul may be wholly resigned to Thy divinest will and pleasure, not murmuring at Thy gentle chastisements and fatherly corrections.

JEREMY TAYLOR. 1613.

"My presence shall go with thee, and I will give thee rest."

EXODUS xxxiii. 14.

Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?

Yes, to the very end.

Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?

From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting place ?

A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.

May not the darkness hide it from my face ?

You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?

Those who have gone before.

Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?

They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?

Of labour you shall find the sum.

Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?

Yea, beds for all who come.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THE Lord is my shepherd ;—I shall not want.
He maketh me to lie down in green pastures :
He leadeth me beside the still waters.
He restoreth my soul :
He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his
name's sake.
Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of
death,
I will fear no evil : for thou art with me ;
Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.
Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of
mine enemies :
Thou anointest my head with oil ; my cup runneth over.
Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days
of my life :
And I will dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.

PSALM xxiii.

IF on our daily course, our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

We need not bid for cloistered cell
Our neighbour and our work farewell ;
Nor strive to wind ourselves too high
For sinful man beneath the sky.

The trivial round, the common task,
Would furnish all we need to ask ;—
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Seek we no more ; content with these
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As heaven shall bid them, come and go ;
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

JOHN KEBLE.

To those who speak to you of heaven, and seek to separate it from earth, you will say that heaven and earth are one, even as the way and the goal are one. Tell us not that the earth is of clay. The earth is of God. God created it as the medium through which we may ascend to Him. The earth is not a mere sojourn of temptation or of expiation ; it is the appointed dwelling-place wherein we are bound to work at our own improvement and development, and advance towards a higher stage of existence. God created us not to contemplate, but to act.

Religion and politics are inseparable. Without religion political science can only create despotism or anarchy. We seek neither the one nor the other. For life is an educational problem, society the medium of developing it and of reducing it to action. Religion is the highest educational principle ; politics are the application of that principle to the various manifestations of human existence. The ideal remains in God ; society should be so arranged as to approach to it as early as is possible upon earth. Worshippers all of God, we should seek to conform our acts to His law. Thought is the spirit, its translation into action, into visible external works, is the social fact. To pretend, then, to separate entirely and for ever earthly things from those of heaven, the temporal from the spiritual, is neither moral, logical, nor possible.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

THE spirit of those that fear the Lord
Shall live ;
For their hope is upon Him that saveth them.

Whoso feareth the Lord shall not be afraid,
And shall not play the coward ;
For He is his hope.

Blessed is the soul of him that feareth the Lord :
To whom doth he give heed ?
And who is his stay ?

The eyes of the Lord are upon them that love Him :—

A mighty protection,
A strong stay,
A cover from the hot blast,
And a cover from the noonday,
A guard from stumbling,
And a succour from falling :—

He raiseth up the soul, and enlighteneth the eyes,
He giveth healing, life, and blessing.

ECCLESIASTICUS, BOOK iii.

ABOU BEN ADHEM,—may his tribe increase,—
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily-in-bloom,
An angel, writing in a book of gold :
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?” The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, “The names of those who love the Lord!”—
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel.—Abou spake more low,
But cheerly still, and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.”

The angel wrote, and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names who love of God had blessed,
And lo ! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

LEIGH HUNT.

I BESEECH you therefore, brethren, by the mercies of God, that ye present your bodies a living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service. And be not conformed to this world : but be ye transformed by the renewing of your mind, that ye may prove what is that good, and acceptable, and perfect will of God. For I say, through the grace given unto me, to every man that is among you, not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think ; but to think soberly, according as God hath dealt to every man the measure of faith. For as we have many members in one body, and all members have not the same office : so we, being many, are one body in Christ, and every one members one of another. Having then gifts differing according to the grace that is given to us, whether prophecy, let us prophesy according to the proportion of faith : or ministry, let us wait on our ministering : or he that teacheth, on teaching : or he that exhorteth, on exhortation : he that giveth, let him do it with simplicity ; he that ruleth, with diligence ; he that sheweth mercy, with cheerfulness.

Let love be without dissimulation. Abhor that which is evil ; cleave to that which is good. Be kindly affectioned one to another with brotherly love ; in honour preferring one another ; not slothful in business ; fervent in spirit ; serving the Lord ; rejoicing in hope ; patient in tribulation ; continuing instant in prayer ; distributing to the necessity of saints ; given to hospitality. Bless them which persecute you : bless and curse not. Rejoice with them that do rejoice, and weep with them that weep. Be of the same mind one toward another. Mind not high things, but condescend to men of low estate. Be not wise in your own conceits. Recompense to no man evil for evil. Provide things honest in the sight of all men. If it be possible, as much as lieth in you, live peaceably with all men.

Dearly beloved, avenge not yourselves, but rather give place unto wrath : for it is written, Vengeance is mine ; I will repay, saith the Lord. Therefore if thine enemy hunger, feed him ; if he thirst, give him drink : for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head. Be not overcome of evil, but overcome evil with good.

ROMANS xii.

FEBRUARY 20.

“ A COVERT from the tempest : as rivers of water in a dry place : as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.”

ISAIAH xxxii. 2.

LEAVE me, O love which reachest but to dust,
And thou, my mind, aspire to higher things ;
Grow rich in that which never taketh rust ;
Whatever fades but fading pleasure brings.
Draw in thy beams and humble all thy might
To that sweet yoke where lasting freedoms be,
Which breaks the clouds, and opens forth the light
That doth both shine and give us sight to see.
Oh, take fast hold ! let that light be thy guide
In this small course which birth draws out to death ;
And think how evil becometh him to slide,
Who seeketh heaven and comes of heavenly breath.
Then farewell, world, thy uttermost I see :
Eternal Love, maintain thy love in me !

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY. 1554.

LET every man lovingly cast all his thoughts and cares, and his sins too, as it were, on the Will of God. Moreover, if a man, while busy in this lofty inward work, were called by some duty in the providence of God to cease therefrom, and cook a little broth for some sick person or any other such service, he should do so willingly and of great joy. If I had to forsake such work, and go out and preach or aught else, I should go cheerfully, believing not only that God would be with me, but that He would vouchsafe me even greater grace and blessing in that external work, undertaken out of true love in service of my neighbour, than I should perhaps receive in my season of loftiest contemplation.

One can spin, another makes shoes, and all these are gifts of the Holy Ghost. I tell you if I were not a priest I would esteem it a great joy that I were able to make shoes, and would try to make them so well as to be a pattern to all. The measure with which we shall be measured is the faculty of love in the soul—the will of a man.

God takes a thousand times more pains with us than the artist with his picture, by many touches of sorrow, and by many colours of circumstances, to bring man into the form which is the highest and noblest in his sight, if only we receive His gifts and myrrh in the right spirit, for no heart can conceive in what surpassing love God giveth us this myrrh.

JOHN TAULER. 1290.

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“PATIENCE !” the priest would say, “have faith, and thy
prayer will be answered !
Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the
meadow,
See how its leaves are turned to the north, as true as the
magnet ;
This is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has
planted
Here in the houseless wild, to direct the traveller’s
journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of
passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of
fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odour
is deadly.
Only this humble plant shall guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the
dews of repentance.

* * *

Talk not of wasted affections, affection never was wasted ;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of
refreshment ;
That which the fountain sends forth, returns again to the
fountain.
Patience ; accomplish thy labour ; accomplish the work
of affection !
Sorrow and silence are strong ; and patient endurance
is god-like.
Therefore accomplish thy labour of love, till the heart
is made god-like,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more
worthy of heaven !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Who hath believed our report? and to whom is the arm of the Lord revealed? For he shall grow up before him as a tender plant, and as a root out of a dry ground; he hath no form nor comeliness; and when we shall see him, there is no beauty that we should desire him. He is despised and rejected of men; a man of sorrows, and acquainted with grief: and we hid as it were our faces from him; he was despised, and we esteemed him not.

Surely he hath borne our griefs, and carried our sorrows: yet we did esteem him stricken, smitten of God, and afflicted. But he was wounded for our transgressions, he was bruised for our iniquities: the chastisement of our peace was upon him; and with his stripes we are healed. All we like sheep have gone astray; we have turned every one to his own way; and the Lord hath laid on him the iniquity of us all.

He was oppressed, and he was afflicted, yet he opened not his mouth: he is brought as a lamb to the slaughter, and as a sheep before her shearers is dumb, so he openeth not his mouth. He was taken from prison and from judgment: and who shall declare his generation? for he was cut off out of the land of the living: for the transgression of my people was he stricken. And he made his grave with the wicked, and with the rich in his death; because he had done no violence, neither was any deceit in his mouth. Yet it pleased the Lord to bruise him; he hath put him to grief: when thou shalt make his soul an offering for sin, he shall see his seed, he shall prolong his days, and the pleasure of the Lord shall prosper in his hand. He shall see of the travail of his soul, and shall be satisfied: by his knowledge shall my righteous servant justify many; for he shall bear their

iniquities. Therefore will I divide him a portion with the great, and he shall divide the spoil with the strong ; because he hath poured out his soul unto death : and he was numbered with the transgressors ; and he bare the sin of many, and made intercession for the transgressors.

ISAIAH liii.

FEBRUARY 24.

“ THEIR strength is to sit still.”

ISAIAH xxx. 7.

WHEN I consider how my light is spent,
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent, which is death to hide,
Lodged with me useless,—though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He, returning, chide,—
“ Doth God exact day labour, light denied ? ”
I fondly ask : but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, “ God doth not need
Either man’s work, or his own gifts ; who best
Bear his mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state
Is kingly : thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o’er land and ocean without rest :
They also serve who only stand and wait.”

JOHN MILTON. 1608.

FOR I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth ; but hearing oftentimes
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh, nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man ;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth ; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half-create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognize
In nature and the language of the sense
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 1770.

I CANNOT, I say, but notice that an uneasy feeling exists as to the news which may arrive by the very next mail from the East. I do not suppose that your troops are to be beaten in actual conflict with the foe, or that they will be driven into the sea; but I am certain that many homes in England in which there now exists a fond hope that the distant one may return—many such homes may be rendered desolate when the next mail shall arrive. The Angel of Death has been abroad throughout the land; you may almost hear the beating of his wings. There is no one, as when the first-born were slain of old, to sprinkle with blood the lintel and the two sideposts of our doors, that he may spare and pass on; he takes his victims from the castle of the noble, the mansion of the wealthy, and the cottage of the poor and the lowly, and it is on behalf of all these classes that I make this solemn appeal.

* * *

I am not, nor did I ever pretend to be, a statesman; and that character is so tainted and so equivocal in our day, that I am not sure that a pure and honourable ambition would aspire to it. I am a plain and simple citizen, sent here by one of the foremost constituencies of the Empire, representing feebly, perhaps, but honestly, I dare aver, the opinions of very many, and the true interests of all those who have sent me here. Let it not be said that I am alone in my condemnation of this war. And, even if I were alone, if mine were a solitary voice, raised amid the din of arms and the clamours of a venal press, I should have the consolation I have to-night—and which I trust will be mine to the last moment of my existence—the priceless consolation that no word of mine has tended to promote the squandering of my country's treasure or the spilling of one single drop of my country's blood.—JOHN BRIGHT.

House of Commons, on the Crimean War, 1855.

JUDGE not ; the workings of his brain
And of his heart thou canst not see ;
What looks to thy dim eyes a stain,
In God's pure light may only be
A scar, brought from some well-won field,
Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight,
May be a token, that below
The soul has closed in deadly fight
With some infernal, fiery foe,
Whose glance would scorch thy smiling grace,
And cast thee shuddering on thy face.

The fall thou darest to despise—
Maybe the angel's slackened hand
Has suffered it, that he may rise
And take a firmer, surer stand ;
Or, trusting less to earthly things,
May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost ; but wait, and see,
With hopeful pity, not disdain ;
The depth of the abyss may be
The measure of the height of pain
And love and glory that may raise
This soul to God in after days !

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

I BELIEVE when the love of God is verily perfected, and the true spirit of government watchfully attended to, a tenderness towards all creatures made subject to us will be experienced, and a care felt in us that we do not lessen that sweetness of life in the animal creation, which the Great Creator intends for them under our government.

True religion consists in an inward life, wherein the heart doth love and reverence God the Creator, and learns to exercise true justice and goodness, not only towards all men, but also towards all creatures ;— that as the mind is moved, by an inward principle, to love God as an invisible, incomprehensible being, so by the same principle, it is moved to love Him in all His manifestations in the visible world.

Thus He, whose tender mercies are over all His works, hath placed a principle in the human mind, which incites to exercise goodness towards every living creature ; to say we love God as unseen, and at the same time exercise cruelty towards the least creature moving by His life, or by life derived from Him, were a contradiction in itself.

JOHN WOOLMAN. 1720.

BUT there is yet a liberty, unsung
By poets, and by senators unpraised,
Which monarchs cannot grant, nor all the powers
Of earth and hell confederate take away ;
A liberty, which persecution, fraud,
Oppression, prisons, have no power to bind ;
Which whoso tastes can be enslaved no more.
'Tis liberty of heart, derived from Heaven,
Bought with His blood who gave it to mankind,
And seal'd with the same token. It is held
By charter, and that charter sanction'd since
By the unimpeachable and awful oath
And promise of a God. His other gifts
All bear the royal stamp that speaks them His,
And are august ; but this transcends them all.
Yes—ye may fill your garners, ye may reap
The loaded soil, and ye may waste much good
In senseless riot ; but ye will not find
In feast, or in the chase, in song or dance,
A liberty like his, who, unimpeach'd
Of usurpations, and to no man's wrong,
Appropriates nature as his Father's work,
And has a richer use of yours than you—
He is indeed a freeman.

WILLIAM COWPER. 1664.

THERE are three lessons I would write,
Three words, as with a burning pen,
In teachings of eternal light
Upon the hearts of men.

Have Hope—though clouds environ round
And Gladness hides her face in scorn,
Put thou the shadow from thy brow,
No night but has its morn.

Have Faith—where'er thy bark is driven,
The calms disport, the tempest's mirth,
Know this—God rules the hosts of heaven
And the inhabitants of earth.

Have Love—not Love alone for one,
But man as man thy brother call,
And scatter like the circling sun
Thy benefits on all.

Thus grave these lessons on thy soul—
Hope, Faith, and Love—and thou shalt find
Strength where Life's surges rudest roll,
Light where thou else wert blind.

TRANSLATION FROM SCHILLER.

Faithful. Well, I see that saying and doing are two things, and hereafter I shall better observe this distinction.

Christian. They are two things indeed, and are diverse as are the soul and the body ; for, as the body without the soul is but a dead carcass, so saying, if it be alone, is but a dead carcass also. The soul of religion is the practick part : "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father, is this : to visit the fatherless and widows in their afflictions, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." This Talkative is not aware of ; he thinks that hearing and saying will make a good Christian ; and thus he deceiveth his own soul. Hearing is but as the sowing of the seed ; talking is not sufficient to prove that fruit is indeed in the heart and life : and let us assure ourselves that at the day of doom men shall be judged according to their fruits : it will not be said then, "Did you believe ?" but "Were you Doers, or Talkers only ?" and accordingly shall they be judged.

The end of the world is compared to our harvest, and you know men at harvest regard nothing but fruit. Not that anything can be accepted that is not of faith, but I speak this to show you how insignificant the profession of Talkative will be at that day. And I will add another thing : Paul calleth some men, yea, and those great talkers too, "sounding brass and tinkling cymbals" ; that is, as he expounds them in another place, "things without life-giving sound." Things without life, that is, without the true faith and grace of the Gospel ; and consequently things that shall never be placed in the kingdom of heaven among those that are the children of life, though their sound, by their talk, be as if it were the tongue or voice of an angel.

JOHN BUNYAN. 1628.

MOUNTAIN gorses, ever golden,
Cankered not the whole year long !
Do ye teach us to be strong,
Howsoever pricked and holden
Like your thorny blooms, and so
Trodden on by rain and snow,
On the hillside of this life, as bleak as where ye grow ?

Mountain blossoms, shining blossoms,
Do ye teach us to be glad
When no summer can be had,
Blooming in our inward bosoms ?
Ye, whom God preserveth still,
Set as lights upon a hill,
Oakens to the wintry earth that Beauty liveth still !

Mountain gorses, do ye teach us
From that academic chair
Canopied with azure air,
That the wisest word man reaches
Is the humblest he can speak ?
Ye, who live on mountain peak,
Let live low along the ground, beside the grasses meek !

Mountain gorses, since Linnæus
Knelt beside you on the sod,
For your beauty thanking God,—
For your teaching, ye should see us
Bowing in prostration new !
Whence arisen,—if one or two
Drops be on our cheeks—O world, they are not tears
but dew.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AND the child Samuel ministered unto the Lord before Eli. And the word of the Lord was precious in those days ; there was no open vision. And it came to pass at that time, when Eli was laid down in his place, and his eyes began to wax dim, that he could not see ; and ere the lamp of God went out in the temple of the Lord, where the ark of God was, and Samuel was laid down to sleep ; that the Lord called Samuel : and he answered : Here am I. And he ran unto Eli and said : Here am I ; for thou calledst me. And he said : I called not ; lie down again. And he went and lay down. And the Lord called yet again : Samuel. And Samuel arose and went to Eli, and said : Here am I ; for thou didst call me. And he answered : I called not, my son ; lie down again. Now Samuel did not yet know the Lord, neither was the word of the Lord yet revealed unto him. And the Lord called Samuel again the third time. And he arose and went to Eli, and said : Here am I ; for thou didst call me. And Eli perceived that the Lord had called the child. Therefore Eli said unto Samuel : Go, lie down : and it shall be, if he call thee, that thou shalt say : Speak, Lord ; for thy servant heareth. So Samuel went and lay down in his place. And the Lord came, and stood, and called as at other times : Samuel, Samuel. Then Samuel answered : Speak ; for thy servant heareth.

And the Lord said to Samuel : Behold, I will do a thing in Israel, at which both the ears of every one that heareth shall tingle. In that day I will perform against Eli all things which I have spoken concerning his house ; when I begin, I will also make an end. For I have told him that I will judge his house for ever for the iniquity which he knoweth ; because his sons made themselves vile, and he restrained them not. And therefore I have sworn unto the house of Eli, that the iniquity of Eli's house shall not be purged with sacrifice nor offering for ever.

And Samuel lay until the morning, and opened the doors of the house of the Lord. And Samuel feared to show Eli the vision. Then Eli called Samuel, and said : Samuel, my son. And he answered : Here am I. And he said : What is the thing that the Lord hath said unto thee ? I pray thee hide it not from me : God do so to thee, and more also, if thou hide any thing from me of all the things that he said unto thee. And Samuel told him every whit, and hid nothing from him. And he said : It is the Lord ; let him do what seemeth him good.

I SAMUEL iii. 1-18.

MARCH 5.

“THOU wilt shew me the path of life ; in thy presence is fulness of joy, at thy right hand there are pleasures for evermore.”

PSALM xvi. 11.

LORD, what a change within us one short hour
 Spent in Thy presence will prevail to make,
 What heavy burdens from our bosoms take,
 What parched grounds refresh, as with a shower !
 We kneel, and all around us seems to lower ;
 We rise, and all, the distant and the near,
 Stands forth in sunny outline, brave and clear ;
 We kneel how weak, we rise how full of power.
 Why therefore should we do ourselves this wrong,
 Or others—that we are not always strong,
 That we are ever overborne with care,
 That we should ever weak or heartless be,
 Anxious or troubled, when with us is prayer, •
 And joy and strength and courage are with Thee ?

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen Thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;
Thou madest Death ; and lo, Thy foot
Is on the skull which Thou hast made.

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust ;
Thou madest man, he knows not why ;
He thinks he was not made to die ;
And Thou hast made him : Thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, Thou :
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them Thine.

Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of Thee,
And Thou, O Lord, art more than they.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

FOURSCORE and seven years ago, our fathers brought forth upon this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it far above our power to add or to detract. The world will little note, nor long remember, what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honoured dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, and for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WHATEVER thing is done, by Him is done,
Ne any may His mighty will withstand ;
Ne any may His sovereign power shun,
Ne loose that He hath bound with steadfast hand :
In vain therefore dost thou now take in hand
To call to count, or weigh His works anew,
Whose counsels' depths thou cans't not understand ;
Sith of things subject to thy daily view
Thou dost not know the causes nor their courses due.

For take thy balance, if thou be so wise,
And weigh the wind that under heaven doth blow ;
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise ;
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow :
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall :
For how canst thou those greater secrets know,
That dost not know the least thing of them all ?
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.

EDMUND SPENSER. 1553.

“FIRST the blade, then the ear, after that the full
orn in the ear.”

MARK iv. 28.

I GRIEVE not that ripe Knowledge takes away
The charm that Nature to my childhood wore,
For, with that insight, cometh, day by day,
A greater bliss than wonder was before ;
The real doth not clip the poet's wings,—
To win the secret of a weed's plain heart
Reveals some clue to spiritual things,
And stumbling guess becomes firm-footed art.
Flowers are not flowers unto the poet's eyes ;
Their beauty thrills him by an inward sense :
He knows that outward seemings are but lies,
Or, at the most, but earthly shadows, whence
The soul that looks within for truth may guess
The presence of some wondrous heavenliness.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

REMEMBER now thy Creator in the days of thy youth,
While the evil days come not, nor the years draw nigh,
When thou shalt say : I have no pleasure in them ;
While the sun, or the light, or the moon, or the stars,
 be not darkened,
Nor the clouds return after the rain :
In the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble,
And the strong men shall bow themselves,
And the grinders cease because they are few,
And those that look out of the windows be darkened,
And the doors shall be shut in the streets,
When the sound of the grinding is low,
And he shall rise up at the voice of the bird,
And all the daughters of musick shall be brought low ;
Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high,
And fears shall be in the way,
And the almond tree shall flourish,
And the grasshopper shall be a burden,
And desire shall fail :
Because man goeth to his long home, and the mourners
 go about the streets :
Or ever the silver cord be loosed, or the golden bowl
 be broken,
Or the pitcher be broken at the fountain, or the wheel
 broken at the cistern.
Then shall the dust return to the earth as it was :
And the spirit shall return unto God who gave it.

ECCLESIASTES xii. 1-7.

GOD said : " Break thou these yokes ; undo
These heavy burdens. I ordain
A work to last thy whole life through,
A ministry of strife and pain.

" Forego thy dreams of lettered ease,
Put thou the scholar's promise by,
The rights of man are more than these."
He heard, and answered : " Here am I ! "

He set his face against the blast,
His feet against the flinty shard,
Till the hard service grew, at last,
Its own exceeding great reward.

Lifted like Saul's above the crowd,
Upon his kingly forehead fell
The first, sharp bolt of Slavery's cloud,
Launched at the truth he urged so well.

The fixed star of his faith, through all
Loss, doubt, and peril, shone the same ;
As through a night of storm, some tall,
Strong lighthouse lifts its steady flame.

Beyond the dust and smoke he saw
The sheaves of Freedom's large increase,
The holy fanes of equal law,
The New Jerusalem of peace.

One language held his heart and lip,
Straight onward to his goal he trod,
And proved the highest statesmanship
Obedience to the voice of God.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

* From a poem on the death of CHARLES SUMNER, (1874), the Leader for many years of the Anti-Slavery Movement in the United States Senate.

To love God is to love His character. For instance, God is Purity : and to be pure in thought and look, to turn away from unhallowed books and conversation, to abhor the moments in which we have not been pure, is to love God. God is Love ; and to love men till private attachments have expanded into a philanthropy which embraces all,—at last even the evil and enemies with compassion,—that is to love God. God is Truth ; to be true, to hate every form of falsehood, to live a brave, true, real life,—that is to love God. God is Infinite ; and to love the boundless, reaching on from grace to grace, adding charity to faith, and rising upwards even to see the Ideal still above us, and to die with it unattained, aiming insatiably to be perfect even as the Father is perfect,—that is to love God.

Do right, and God's recompense to you will be the power of doing more right. Give, and God's reward to you will be the spirit of giving more ; a blessed spirit, for it is the spirit of God Himself, whose life is the blessedness of giving. Love, and God will pay you with the capacity of more love ; for love is Heaven,—love is God within you.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

“ARE they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation?”

HEBREWS i. 14.

How sweet it were if, without feeble fright,
Or dying of the dreadful beauteous sight,
An angel came to us, and we could bear
To see him issue from the silent air
At evening in our room, and bend on ours
His divine eyes, and bring us from his bowers
News of dear friends, and children, who have never
Been dead indeed,—as we shall know for ever.
Alas ! we think not what we daily see
About our hearths,—angels that are to be,
Or may be if they will, and we prepare
Their souls and ours to meet in happy air,—
A child, a friend, a wife whose soft heart sings
In unison with ours, breeding its future wings.

LEIGH HUNT.

SOME future day, when what is now is not,
When all old faults and follies are forgot,
And thoughts of difference passed like dreams away,
We'll meet again upon some future day.

When all that hindered, all that vexed our love,
As tall rank weeds will climb the blade above,
When all but it has yielded to decay,
We'll meet again upon some future day.

When we have proved, each on his course alone,
The wider world, and learnt what's now unknown,
Have made life clear, and worked out each a way,
We'll meet again,—we shall have much to say.

With happier mood, and feelings born anew,
Our boyhood's bygone fancies we'll review,
Talk o'er old talks, play as we used to play,
And meet again on many a future day.

Some day, which oft our hearts shall yearn to see,
In some far year, though distant yet to be,
Shall we indeed,—ye winds and waters say !—
Meet yet again, upon some future day ?

ARTHUR H. CLOUGH.

JESUS went unto the Mount of Olives. And early in morning he came again into the temple, and all the people came unto him ; and he sat down, and taught them. And the Scribes and Pharisees brought unto him a woman taken in adultery ; and when they had her in the midst, they say unto him : Master, this woman was taken in adultery, in the very act. Now the law commanded us, that such should be stoned ; but what sayest thou ? This they said, trying him, that they might have to accuse him. Jesus stooped down, and with his finger wrote on the ground, as though he heard them not. So when they continued asking him, he lifted up himself, and said unto them : He that is without sin among you, let him first cast a stone at her. And again he stooped down, and wrote on the ground. And they which heard it, being convicted by their own conscience, went out one by one, beginning at the eldest, even unto the last : and Jesus was left alone, and the woman standing in the midst. When Jesus had lifted up himself, and saw none but the woman, he said unto her : Woman, where are those thine accusers ? hath no man condemned thee ? She said : No man, Lord. And Jesus said unto her : Neither do I condemn thee : go, and sin no more. Then spake Jesus again unto her, saying : I am the light of the world ; he that followeth me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life.

JOHN viii. 1-12.

"SURELY the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not."

GEN. xxviii. 16.

THE sea awoke at midnight from its sleep,
And round the pebbly beaches far and wide
I heard the first wave of the rising tide
Rush onward with uninterrupted sweep—
A voice out of the silence of the deep,
A sound mysteriously multiplied,
As of a cataract from the mountain's side,
Or roar of winds upon a wooded steep.
So comes to us at times, from the unknown
And inaccessible solitudes of being,
The rushing of the sea-tides of the soul ;
And inspirations, that we deem our own,
Are some divine foreshadowing and foreseeing
Of things beyond our reason and control.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I DO not think that examples taken from pagan, sanguinary Rome, are proper models for the imitation of a Christian country, nor would I limit my hopes of the greatness of England even to the long duration of 100 years. But what is Rome now? The great city is dead. A poet has described her as "the lone mother of dead empires." Her language even is dead. Her very tombs are empty: the ashes of her most illustrious citizens are dispersed—

*Millennial
celebrated
1901*

"The Scipio's tomb contains no ashes now."

Let me be asked—I, who am one of the legislators of a Christian country—to measure my policy by the policy of ancient and pagan Rome!

I believe there is no permanent greatness to a nation except it be based upon morality. I do not care for military greatness or military renown. I care for the condition of the people among whom I live. There is no man in England who is less likely to speak irreverently of the Crown and monarchy of England than I am; but crowns, coronets, mitres, military display, the pomp of war, wide colonies, and a huge empire, are, in my view, all trifles light as air, and not worth considering, unless with them you can have a fair share of comfort, contentment, and happiness among the great body of the people. Palaces, baronial castles, great halls, stately mansions, do not make a nation. The nation in every country dwells in the cottage; and unless the light of your Constitution can shine there, unless the beauty of your legislation and the excellence of your statesmanship are impressed there on the feelings and condition of the people, rely upon it you have yet to learn the duties of government.

JOHN BRIGHT.

WEIGHING the steadfastness and state
Of some mean things which here below reside,
Where birds, like watchful clocks, the noiseless date
And intercourse of times divide,
Where bees at night get home and hive, and flowers
Early as well as late,
Rise with the sun, and set in the same bowers.

I would, said I, my God would give
The staidness of these things to man ! for these
To His divine appointments ever cleave,
And no new business breaks their peace :
The birds nor sow nor reap, yet sup and dine ;
The flowers without clothes live,
Yet Solomon was never dressed so fine.

Man hath still either toys or care :
He hath no root, nor to one place is tied,
But, ever restless and irregular,
About this earth doth run and ride.
He knows he hath a home, but scarce knows where :
He says it is so far
That he hath quite forgot how to go there.

He knocks at all doors, strays and roams ;
Nay, hath not so much wit as some stones have,
Which, in the darkest nights, point to their homes,
By some hid sense their Maker gave.
Man is the shuttle, to whose winding quest
And passage through these looms
God ordered motion, but ordained no rest.

HENRY VAUGHAN. 1621.

O LORD our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth !
Who hast set thy glory above the heavens.
Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings hast thou
ordained strength
Because of thine enemies,
That thou mightest still the enemy and the avenger.

When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers,
The moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained ;
What is man, that thou art mindful of him ?
And the son of man, that thou visitest him ?
For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels,
And hast crowned him with glory and honour.

Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of
thy hands ;
Thou hast put all things under his feet :
All sheep and oxen,
Yea, and the beasts of the field ;
The fowl of the air, and the fish of the sea,
And whatsoever passeth through the paths of the seas.

O Lord our Lord,
How excellent is thy name in all the earth !

PSALM viii.

"LET us therefore follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another."

ROMANS xiv. 19.

HAST thou seen my servant Job ?
Famous he was in heaven, on earth less known ;
Where glory is false glory, attributed
To things not glorious, men not worthy of fame.
They err, who count it glorious to subdue
By conquest far and wide, to overrun
Large countries, and in field great battles win,
Great cities by assault : what do these worthies,
But rob and spoil, burn, slaughter and enslave
Peaceable nations, neighbouring or remote,
Made captive, yet deserving freedom more
Than those their conquerors, who leave behind
Nothing but ruin wheresoe'er they rove,
And all the flourishing works of peace destroy ;
Then swell with pride, and must be titled gods,
Great benefactors of mankind, deliverers,
Worshipped with temple, priest, and sacrifice !

But if there be in glory aught of good,
It may by means far different be attained,
Without ambition, war or violence ;
By deeds of peace, by wisdom eminent,
By patience, temperance.

JOHN MILTON. 1608.

* Peace signed after the Crimean War, 1856.

ETERNAL FATHER, strong to save,
Whose arm hath bound the restless wave,
Who bidd'st the mighty ocean deep
Its own appointed limits keep :
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

O Christ, whose voice the waters heard
And hush'd their raging at Thy word,
Who walkest on the foaming deep,
And calm amid the storm didst sleep ;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

O Holy Spirit, who didst brood
Upon the waters dark and rude,
And bid their angry tumult cease,
And give, for wild confusion, peace ;
 O hear us when we cry to Thee
 For those in peril on the sea.

O Trinity of love and power,
Our brethren shield in danger's hour ;
From rock and tempest, fire and foe,
Protect them wheresoe'er they go ;
 Thus evermore shall rise to Thee
 Glad hymns of praise from land and sea.

WILLIAM WHITING.

THERE are philosophers who would fain narrow the limits of the Divine government of the world to the history of the Jewish and of the Christian nations, who would grudge the very name of religion to the ancient creeds of the world, and to whom the name of natural religion has almost become a term of reproach.

To them I should like to say—that if they would but study positive facts, if they would but read their own Bible, they would find that the greatness of Divine Love cannot be measured by human standards, and that God has never forsaken a single human soul that has not first forsaken Him. “He hath made of one blood all nations of men, for to dwell on all the face of the earth; and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation: that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after Him, and find Him, though He be not far from every one of us.” If they would but dig deep enough, they too would find that what they contemptuously call natural religion is in reality the greatest gift that God has bestowed on the children of men, and that without it revealed religion itself would have no firm foundation, no living roots in the heart of man.

MAX MÜLLER.

"AND the King shall answer and say unto them :
Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye have done it
unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done
it unto me."

MATTHEW xxv. 40.

WARRIORS and statesmen have their meed of praise,
And what they do or suffer, men record ;
But the long sacrifice of woman's days
Passes without a thought, without a word :
And many a lofty struggle for the sake
Of duties sternly, faithfully fulfilled—
For which the anxious mind must watch and wake,
And the strong feelings of the heart be stilled—
Goes by, unheeded as the summer wind,
And leaves no memory and no trace behind !
Yet it must be more holy courage dwells
In one meek heart which braves an adverse state,
Than his whose ardent soul indignant swells,
Warmed by the fight, or cheered through high debate.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

Sow with a generous hand ;
Pause not for toil or pain ;
Weary not through the heat of summer,
Weary not through the cold spring rain ;
But wait till the autumn comes
For the sheaves of golden grain.

Scatter the seed, and fear not,
A table will be spread ;
What matter if you are too weary
To eat your hard-earned bread :
Sow, while the earth is broken,
For the hungry must be fed.

Sow ;—while the seeds are lying
In the warm earth's bosom deep,
And your warm tears fall upon it—
They will stir in their quiet sleep ;
And the green blades rise the quicker,
Perchance, for the tears you weep.

Then sow ;—for the hours are fleeting,
And the seed must fall to-day ;
And care not what hands shall reap it,
Or if you shall have passed away
Before the waving corn-fields
Shall gladden the sunny day.

Sow ; and look onward, upward,
Where the starry light appears—
Where, in spite of the coward's doubting,
Or your own heart's trembling fears,
You shall reap in joy the harvest
You have sown to-day in tears.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

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AND I saw a new heaven and a new earth : for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away ; and there was no more sea. And I John saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying : Behold the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes ; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain ; for the former things are passed away.

* * *

And I saw no temple therein : for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it. And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine in it : for the glory of God did lighten it, and the Lamb is the light thereof. And the nations of them which are saved shall walk in the light of it : and the kings of the earth do bring their glory and honour into it. And the gates of it shall not be shut at all by day : for there shall be no night there. And they shall bring the glory and honour of the nations into it. And there shall in no wise enter into it any thing that defileth, neither whatsoever worketh abomination, or maketh a lie : but they which are written in the Lamb's book of life.

REVELATION xxi. 1-4 and 22-27.

BLESSED be Thy name for ever,
Thou of life the guide and giver !
Thou canst guard Thy children sleeping,
Heal the heart long broke with weeping,
Rule the ouphes and elves at will
That vex the air or haunt the hill,
And all the fury subject keep
Of boiling cloud and chafed deep.
I have heard, and well I know it,
Thou hast done and Thou wilt do it,
God of stillness and of motion,
Of the rainbow and the ocean,
Of the mountain, rock, and river,
Blessed be Thy name for ever !

I have seen Thy wondrous might
Through the darkness of this night,
Thou who slumber'st not, nor sleepest,
Blessed are they Thou kindly keepest ;
Spirits from the ocean under
Liquid flame and levelled thunder,
Need not waken nor alarm them—
All combined they cannot harm them.
God of evening's yellow ray,
God of yonder dawning day
That rises from the distant sea
Like breathings of eternity ;
Thine yon flaming sphere of light,
Thine the darkness of the night,
Thine are all the gems of even,
God of Angels, God of Heaven !
God of Life that fade shall never,
Glory to Thy name for ever !

JAMES HOGG. 1770.

DAYS without night, joys without sorrow, sanctity without sin, charity without stain, possession without fear, satiety without envyings, communication of joys without lessening, and they shall dwell in a blessed country, where an enemy never entered, and from whence a friend never went away.

JEREMY TAYLOR. 1613.

WHEN some belov'd voice that was to you
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,
And silence against which you dare not cry,
Aches round you like a strong disease and new—
What hope? what help? what music will undo
That silence to your sense? Not friendship's sigh,
Not reason's subtle count; not melody
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew;
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress trees
To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws
Self-chanted, nor the angels' sweet All hails,
Met in the smile of God: nay, none of these.
Speak THOU, availing Christ!—and fill this pause.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

* On this day (1889) my father died at One Ash, Rochdale.—M.B.C.

THE Lord hear thee in the day of trouble ;
The name of the God of Jacob defend thee ;
Send thee help from the sanctuary,
And strengthen thee out of Zion ;
Remember all thy offerings,
And accept thy burnt sacrifice ;
Grant thee according to thine own heart,
And fulfil all thy counsel.

We will rejoice in thy salvation,
And in the name of our God we will set up our banners ;
The Lord fulfil all thy petitions.

Now know I that the Lord saveth his anointed ;
He will hear him from his holy heaven
With the saving strength of his right hand.

Some trust in chariots, and some in horses :
But we will remember the name of the Lord our God.
They are brought down and fallen ;
But we are risen, and stand upright.

Save, Lord :—let the king hear us when we call.

PSALM xx.

BE still and cool in thy own mind and spirit from thy own thoughts, and then thou wilt feel the principle of God, to turn thy mind to the Lord God, from whom life comes ; whereby thou mayest receive His strength, and power to allay all blustering storms and tempest. That is it which works up into patience, into innocency, into soberness, into stillness, into stayedness, into quietness, up to God with His power.

Therefore mind, that is the word of the Lord God unto thee, that the authority of God thou mayest feel and thy faith in that, to work down that which troubles thee : for that is it which keeps peace and brings up the witness in thee, to feel after God in His power and life, who is a God of order and peace. . . . Therefore, keep low in His fear, that thereby ye may receive the secrets of God and His wisdom, and may know the shadow of the Almighty, and sit under it in all tempests, and storms, and heats. For God is a God at hand, and the Most High rules in the children of men. . . . The same light which lets you see sin and transgression, will let you see the Covenant of God, which blots out your sin and transgression, and which gives victory and dominion over it, and brings into covenant with God.

Therefore be still awhile from thy own thoughts, searching, seeking, desires and imaginations, and be stayed in the principle of God in thee, that it may raise thy mind up to God and stay it upon Him ; and thou wilt find strength from Him, and find Him to be a God at hand, a present help in the time of trouble and of need.

GEORGE FOX. 1624.

From a letter written by GEORGE FOX to Oliver Cromwell's favourite daughter, Elizabeth, Lady Claypole, on her death bed, 1658.

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'Tis said, far down beneath the wild commotion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully ;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the soul that knows Thy love, oh Purest,
There is a temple peaceful evermore ;
And all the tumult of life's angry voices
Dies hushed in stillness at its sacred door.

Far, far away the noise of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise ever peacefully ;
And no rude storm how fierce soe'er he flieth,
Disturbs that deeper rest, oh Lord, in Thee !

Oh, rest of rest ! oh, peace serene, eternal !
Thou ever livest, and Thou changest never ;
And in the secret of Thy presence dwelleth
Fulness of joy for ever and for ever.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

* On this day (1889) my father was buried in the Friends' Graveyard, Rochdale.
This poem was enclosed in one of his last letters.—M.B.C.

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Oh ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death angel touches those swift keys !
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

Hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

Were half the power, that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth, bestowed on camps and
courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals nor forts :

The warriors name would be a name abhorred !
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain !

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter, and then cease ;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say : " Peace ! "

Peace ! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies !
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

* Declaration of War with Russia in defence of Turkey, 1854.

OH ! to be in England now that April 's there,
And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning,
unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
Hark ! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That 's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice
over
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !
And, though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew.
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

ROBERT BROWNING.

“FOR knowledge is a steep which few may climb,
While duty is a path which all may tread.”

I think it will be admitted by those who know anything of the life of Richard Cobden that he trod what he believed to be the path of duty, and trod it with a firm and unflinching footstep; and when I look upon this man which is now before us, so like him, so spotless, was his name and character, I will say that I trust following of the path of duty will have many imitators, and that from this stainless marble, and from these voiceless lips, there may be taught a perpetual lesson to many generations. But let me add, that this which you have erected to-day is by no means the greatest monument that has been built up to him. There is one far grander and of wider significance. There is not a homestead in the country in which there is not added comfort from his labours, not a cottage the owners of which have not steadier employment, higher wages, and a more solid independence. This is his lasting monument. He worked for these ends and for these great purposes, and he worked almost to the very day when the lamp of life went out. He is gone; but his character, his deeds, his life, his example remain a possession to us his countrymen.

And let this be said of him for generations to come, long as the great men of England are spoken of in the English language; let it be said of him that he gave to his countrymen the fruits of his labours of a life that he might confer upon his countrymen perfect freedom of industry, and with it not only blessing only, but its attendant blessings of plenty and peace.

JOHN BRIGHT.

* Richard Cobden died in London, 1865. Unveiling of the Cobden Statue at Bradford, 1877.

LESSONS sweet of spring returning,
Welcome to the thoughtful heart !
May I call ye sense or learning,
Instinct pure, or heaven-taught art ?
Be your title what it may,
Sweet the lengthening April day,
While with you the soul is free,
Ranging wild o'er hill and lea.

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning,
To the inward ear devout,
Touch'd by light, with heavenly warning
Your transporting chords sing out.
Every leaf in every nook,
Every wave in every brook,
Chanting with a solemn voice,
Minds us of our better choice.

See the soft, green willows springing
Where the waters gently pass,
Every way her free arms flinging
O'er the moist and reedy grass.
Long ere winter blasts are fled
See her tipp'd with vernal red,
And her kindly flower display'd
Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
Patiently she droops awhile ;
But when showers and breezes hail her,
Wears again her willing smile.
Thus I learn Contentment's power
From the slighted willow bower,
Ready to give thanks and live
On the least that Heaven may give.

JOHN KEBLE.

AND one of the Pharisees desired him that he would sit with him. And he went into the Pharisee's house, and sat down to meat. And, behold, a woman in the city, which was a sinner, when she knew that Jesus sat at meat in the Pharisee's house, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and stood at his feet behind him weeping, and began to wash his feet with tears, and did wipe them with the hairs of her head, and kissed his feet, and anointed them with the ointment. Now when the Pharisee which had bidden him saw it, he spake within himself, saying : This man, if he were a prophet, would have known who and what manner of woman this is that toucheth him : for she is a sinner. And Jesus answering said unto him : Simon, I have somewhat to say unto thee. And he saith : Master, say on. There is a certain creditor which had two debtors : the one owed five hundred pence, and the other fifty. And when they had nothing to pay, he frankly forgave them both. Tell me therefore, which of them will love him most ? Simon answered and said : I suppose that he, to whom he forgave most. And he said unto him : Thou art rightly judged. And he turned to the woman, and said unto Simon : Seest thou this woman ? I entered into this house, thou gavest me no water for my feet : but she hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. Thou gavest me no kiss : but this woman since the time I came in hath not ceased to kiss my feet. My head with oil thou didst not anoint : but this woman hath anointed my feet with ointment. Wherefore say unto thee, her sins, which are many, are forgiven ; for she loved much : but to whom little is forgiven, the same loveth little. And he saith unto her : Thy sins are forgiven. And they that sat at meat with him began to say within themselves : Who is this that forgiveth sins also ? And he said to the woman : Thy faith hath saved thee ; go in peace.

LUKE vii. 36-50.

"FOR who hath despised the day of small things?"

ZECH. iv. 10.

TRUE worth is in being, not seeming,—
In doing each day that goes by
Some little good—not in the dreaming
Of great things to do by and by.
For whatever men say in blindness,
And spite of the fancies of youth,
There's nothing so kingly as kindness,
And nothing so royal as truth.

We get back our mete as we measure—
We cannot do wrong and feel right,
Nor can we give pain and gain pleasure,—
For justice avenges each slight.
The air for the wing of the sparrow,
The bush for the robin and wren,
But always the path that is narrow
And straight, for the children of men.

ALICE CARY.

OH, Golden Age, whose light is of the dawn,
And not of sunset, forward, not behind,
Flood the new heavens and earth, and with thee bring
All the old virtues, whatsoever things
Are pure and honest and of good repute,
But add thereto whatever bard has sung
Or seer has told of, when in trance and dream
They saw the Happy Isles of prophecy.
Let Justice hold her scale, and Truth divide
Between the right and wrong ; but give the heart
The freedom of its fair inheritance ;
Let the poor prisoner, cramped and starved so long,
At Nature's table feast his ear and eye
With joy and wonder ; let all harmonies
Of sound, form, colour, motion, wait upon
The princely guest, whether in soft attire
Of leisure clad, or the coarse frock of toil,
And, lending life to the dead form of faith,
Give human nature reverence for the sake
Of One who bore it, making it divine
With the ineffable tenderness of God ;
Let common need, the brotherhood of prayer,
The heirship of an unknown destiny,
The unsolved mystery round about us, make
A man more precious than the gold of Ophir.
Sacred, inviolate, unto whom all things
Should minister, as outward types and signs
Of the eternal beauty which fulfils
The one great purpose of creation, Love,
The sole necessity of earth and heaven.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

STERN daughter of the voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring and reprove ;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe ;
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are
fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
Oh ! let my weakness have an end !
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give,
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 1770.

WHAT is meant by our neighbour we cannot doubt ; it is every one with whom we are brought into contact. First of all, he is literally our neighbour who is next to us in our own family and household ; husband to wife, wife to husband, parent to child, brother to sister, master to servant, servant to master. Then it is he who is close to us in our own neighbourhood, in our own town, in our own parish, in our own street. With these all true charity begins. To love and be kind to these is the very beginning of all true religion. But, besides these, as our Lord teaches, it is every one who is thrown across our path by the changes and chances of life ; he or she, whosoever it be, whom we have any means of helping—the unfortunate stranger whom we may meet in travelling, the deserted friend whom no one else cares to look after. . . . How many are the sufferers who have fallen amongst misfortunes along the wayside of life ! “By chance,” we come that way ; chance, accident, Providence, has thrown them in our way ; we see them from a distance, like the Priest, or we come upon them suddenly, like the Levite. What are our feelings, what our actions towards them ? . . . “Who is thy neighbour ?” It is the sufferer, wherever, whoever, whatsoever he be. Wherever thou hearest the cry of distress, whenever thou seest anyone whom it is in thy power to help—he, stranger and enemy though he be—he is thy neighbour.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

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"HE hath shewed thee, O man, what is good ; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God."

MICAH vi. 8.

THE quality of mercy is not strain'd,—
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath ; it is twice bless'd,—
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown ;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth lie the dread and fear of kings :
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,—
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE. 1564.

As the hart panteth after the water brooks,
So panteth my soul after thee, O God.
My soul thirsteth for God, for the living God :
When shall I come and appear before God ?
My tears have been my meat day and night,
While they continually say unto me : Where is thy God ?
When I remember these things, I pour out my soul in
me :
For I had gone with the multitude, I went with them to
the house of God,
With the voice of joy and praise, with a multitude that
kept holyday.
Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?
And why art thou disquieted in me ?
Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise him
For the help of his countenance.
O my God, my soul is cast down within me :
Therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan,
And of the Hermonites, from the hill Mizar.
Deep calleth unto deep at the noise of thy waterspouts ;
All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me.
Yet the Lord will command his lovingkindness in the
daytime,
And in the night his song shall be with me,
And my prayer unto the God of my life. [gotten me ?
I will say unto God my rock : Why has thou for-
Why go I mourning because of the oppression of the
enemy ? [proach me ;
As with a sword in my bones, mine enemies re-
While they say daily unto me : Where is thy God ?
Why art thou cast down, O my soul ?
And why art thou disquieted within me ?
Hope thou in God : for I shall yet praise him,
Who is the health of my countenance, and my God.

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove !
Thou messenger of Spring !
Now heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

Soon as the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year ?

Delightful visitant ! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, thy most curious voice to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird ! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear ;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year !

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee !
We'd make with joyful wing
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Attendants on the Spring.

MICHAEL BRUCE. 1746.

FIRST, keep thyself in peace, and then shalt thou be able to make peace among others. A peaceable man doth more good than he that is well learned. A good and peaceable man turneth all things to good. First, therefore, have a careful zeal over thyself, and then thou mayest justly show thyself zealous also of thy neighbours' good.

It is no great matter to associate with the good and gentle ; for this is naturally pleasing to all, and every one willingly enjoyeth peace, and loveth those best that agree with him. But to be able to live peaceably with hard and perverse persons, or with the disorderly or with such as go contrary to us, is a great grace, and a most commendable and manly thing.

He that knoweth best how to suffer will best keep himself in peace. That man is conqueror of himself, and lord of the world, the friend of Christ, and an heir of heaven.

By two wings a man is lifted up from things earthly, namely, by Simplicity and Purity. Simplicity ought to be in our intentions, Purity in our affections. Simplicity doth tend toward God, Purity doth apprehend and taste Him. If thou intend and seek nothing else but the will of God and the good of thy neighbour, thou shalt thoroughly enjoy inward liberty. If thy heart were sincere and upright, then every creature would be unto thee a living mirror, and a book of holy doctrine. There is no creature so small and abject, that it representeth not the goodness of God. If thou wert inwardly good and pure, then wouldst thou be able to see and understand all these things well. If there be joy in the world, surely a man of a pure heart possesseth it.

NOTHING resting in its own completeness
Can have worth or beauty ; but alone
Because it leads and tends to farther sweetness,
Fuller, higher, deeper than its own.

Spring's real glory dwells not in the meaning,
Gracious though it be, of her blue hours ;
But is hidden in the tender leaning
To the summer's richer wealth of flowers.

Dawn is fair, because the mists fade slowly
Into day, which floods the world with light ;
Twilight's mystery is so sweet and holy
Just because it ends in starry night.

Life is only light when it proceedeth
Towards a truer, deeper Life above ;
Human Love is sweetest when it leadeth
To a more divine and perfect Love.

Learn the mystery of progression duly :
Do not call each glorious change decay ;
But know we only hold our treasures truly,
When it seems as if they passed away.

Nor dare to blame God's gifts for incompleteness,
In that want their beauty lies ; they roll
Towards some infinite depth of love and sweetness,
Bearing onward man's reluctant soul.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

MANY love Truth, and lavished life's best oil
Amid the dust of books to find her,
Content at last, for guerdon of their toil,
With the cast mantle she hath left behind her.
Many in sad faith sought for her,
Many with crossed hands sighed for her ;
But these, our brothers, fought for her,
At life's dear peril wrought for her,
So loved her that they died for her,
Tasting the raptured fleetness
Of her divine completeness :
Their higher instinct knew
Those love her best who to themselves are true,
And what they dare to dream of, dare to do ;
They followed her and found her
Where all may hope to find,
Not in the ashes of the burnt-out mind,
But beautiful, with danger's sweetness round her.
Where faith made whole with deed
Breathes its awakening breath
Into the lifeless creed,
They saw her plumed and mailed,
With sweet, stern face unveiled,
And all-repaying eyes, look proud on them in death.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

* Assassination of President Lincoln, 1865.

"BELOVED, let us love one another : for love is of God ; and every one that loveth is born of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God ; for God is love. In this was manifested the love of God towards us, because that God sent his only begotten Son into the world, that we might live through him. Herein is love, not that we loved God, but that he loved us, and sent his Son to be the propitiation for our sins.

Beloved, if God so loved us, we ought also to love one another. No man hath seen God at any time. If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us. Hereby know we that we dwell in him, and he in us, because he hath given us of his Spirit. And we have seen and do testify that the Father sent the Son to be the Saviour of the world. Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God. And we have known and believed the love that God hath to us. God is love ; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him. Herein is our love made perfect, that we may have boldness in the day of judgment : because as he is, so are we in this world. There is no fear in love ; but perfect love casteth out fear : because fear hath torment. He that feareth is not made perfect in love. We love him because he first loved us. If a man say ; I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar : for he that loveth not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen ? And this commandment have we from him ; That he who loveth God love his brother also.

I JOHN iv. 7-21.

THOUGH they may crowd
Rite upon rite, and mystic song on song ;
Though the deep organ loud
Through the long nave reverberate full and strong ;
Though the weird priest,
Whom rolling clouds of incense half conceal,
By gilded robes increased,
Mutter and sign, and proudly prostrate kneel ;
Not pomp, nor song, nor bended knee
Shall bring them any nearer Thee.

I would not hold
Therefore that those who worship still where they,
In dear dead days of old,
Their distant sires, knelt once and passed away,
May not from carved stone,
High arching nave and reeded column fine,
And the thin soaring tone
Or the keen organ catch a breath divine,
Or that the immemorial sense
Of worship adds not reverence.

But by some bare
Hillside or plain, or crowded city street,
Wherever purer spirits are,
Or hearts with love inflamed together meet,
Rude bench and naked wall,
Humble and sordid to the world-dimmed sight,
On these shall come to fall
A golden ray of consecrated light,
And Thou within the midst shalt there
Invisible receive the prayer.

LEWIS MORRIS.

"EXCEPT a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone : but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit."

JOHN xii. 24.

A DEWDROP falling on the wild sea-wave,
Exclaimed in fear—" I perish in this grave";
But in a shell received, that drop of dew
Unto a pearl of marvellous beauty grew ;
And happy now, the grace did magnify
Which thrust it forth, as it had feared, to die ;—
Until again, " I perish quite," it said,
Torn by rude diver from its ocean bed :
Oh unbelieving !—so it came to gleam,
Chief jewel in a monarch's diadem.

The seed must die, before the corn appears
Out of the ground, in blade and fruitful ears.
Low have those ears before the sickle lain,
Ere thou canst treasure up the golden grain.
The grain is crushed, before the bread is made,
And the bread broke, ere life to man conveyed.
Oh ! be content to die, to be laid low,
And to be crushed, and to be broken so,
If thou upon God's table may'st be bread,
Life-giving food for souls an-hungered.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

OH ! that men were humble, tender, meek, and sensible of their inability to judge as of themselves, that they might see their need of this gift of God, and wait upon Him for it ; being in the meantime as the weaned child, not meddling with things too high for them, but creeping and abiding low, in fear and subjection to that high the Lord hath already made manifest to them. For, what man is there to whom the Lord hath not ready, in His tender mercy and goodness, made somewhat of Himself manifest ? Who is there who, by the light of the Spirit of God in his conscience, knoweth not some evil which he ought to leave undone, and some good which he ought to do ? Now, this is the way of God, and the work which man should be exercised in, to feel his mind gathered into that which teacheth this, that he might receive power from the Lord to cease to do the evil which he is thus warned by Him of, and to do the good which is thus required of him. . . . Be little, be little ; and then thou wilt be content with little ; and if thou feel, now and then, a check or a secret rebuking,—in that is the Father's love ; be not over-wise, not over-eager, in thy own willing, running and desiring, and thou mayest feel it so ; and by degrees come to the knowledge of thy Guide, who will lead thee step by step, in the path of life, and teach thee to follow. Be still, and wait for light and strength.

ISAAC PENINGTON. 1617.

NOT unto us, O Lord, not unto us,
But unto thy name give glory,
For thy mercy, and for thy truth's sake.
Wherefore should the heathen say,
Where is now their God ?
But our God is in the heavens :
He hath done whatsoever he hath pleased.

Their idols are silver and gold,—the work of men's
hands.

They have mouths, but they speak not :
Eyes have they, but they see not :
They have ears, but they hear not :
Noses have they, but they smell not :
They have hands, but they handle not :
Feet have they, but they walk not :
Neither speak they through their throat.
They that make them are like unto them,
So is every one that trusteth in them.

O Israel, trust thou in the Lord :
He is their help and their shield.
O house of Aaron trust in the Lord :
He is their help and their shield.
Ye that fear the Lord, trust in the Lord :
He is their help and their shield.

The Lord hath been mindful of us : he will bless us ;
He will bless the house of Israel ;
He will bless the house of Aaron.
He will bless them that fear the Lord,
Both small and great.
The Lord shall increase you more and more,
You and your children.
Ye are blessed of the Lord
Which made heaven and earth.

heavens, even the heavens, are the Lord's :
the earth hath he given to the children of men.
dead praise not the Lord,
neither any that go down into silence.
we will bless the Lord
from this time forth and for evermore.
Praise the Lord.

PSALM CXV.

APRIL 20.

HE is the freeman whom the truth makes free,
and all are slaves beside. There's not a chain
that hellish foes, confederate for his harm,
can wind around him, but he casts it off
With as much ease as Samson his green withes.
He looks abroad into the varied field
Of nature, and though poor perhaps, compared
With those whose mansions glitter in his sight,
Calls the delightful scenery all his own.
His are the mountains, and the valleys his,
And the resplendent rivers ; his to enjoy
With a propriety that none can feel,
But who with filial confidence inspired
Can lift to heaven an unpresumptuous eye,
And smiling say—My Father made them all.
Are they not his by a peculiar right,
And by an emphasis of interest his,
Whose eye they fill with tears of holy joy,
Whose heart with praise, and whose exalted mind
With worthy thoughts of that unwearied love
That plann'd, and built, and still upholds a world
So clothed with beauty, for rebellious man ?

WILLIAM COWPER. 1731.

"I HEAR thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band ;
Mother ! Oh, where is that radiant shore ?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more ?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fire-flies glance through the myrtle boughs ?"
—"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it where the feathery palm-trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies ?
Or 'midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange, bright birds, on their starry wings,
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things ?"
—"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Is it far away in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold ;
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand,
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land ?"
—"Not there, not there, my child !"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy !
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy ;
Dreams cannot picture a world so fair—
Sorrow and death may not enter there ;
Time doth not breathe on its fadeless bloom,
For beyond the clouds, and beyond the tomb,
—It is there, it is there, my child !"

FELICIA HEMANS. 1793.

WHERE then is our God ? You say He is everywhere : then show me anywhere that you have met Him. You declare Him everlasting : then tell me any moment He has been with you. You believe Him ready to succour them that are tempted, and to lift those that are bowed down : then in what passionate hour did you subside into His calm grace ? in what sorrow lose yourself in His more exceeding joy ? These are the great testing questions by which we may learn whether we too have raised our altar to an "unknown God," and pay the worship of the blind : or whether we commune with Him in whom we live, and move, and have our being. . . . If we cannot live at once and alone with Him, we may at least live with those who have lived with Him ; and find in our admiring love for their purity, their truth, their goodness, an intercession with His pity on our behalf.

To study the lives, to meditate on the sorrows, to commune with the thoughts of the great and holy men and women of this rich world, is a sacred discipline, which deserves at least to rank as the forecourt of the temple of true worship, and may train the tastes ere we pass the very gates of heaven. . . . We forfeit the chief source of dignity and sweetness in life, next to the direct communion with God, if we do not seek converse with the greater minds that have left their vestiges on the world.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

ONCE to every man and nation comes the moment to
decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood, for the good or
evil side ;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah, offering each the
bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand, and the sheep upon
the right,
And the choice goes by forever 'twixt that darkness and
that light.

Hast thou chosen, O my people, on whose party thou
shalt stand,
Ere the Doom from its worn sandals shakes the dust
against our land ?
Though the cause of Evil prosper, yet 'tis Truth alone
is strong,
And, albeit she wander outcast now, I see around her
throng
Troops of beautiful, tall angels, to enshield her from all
wrong.

Careless seems the great Avenger ; history's pages but
record
One death-grapple in the darkness 'twixt old systems
and the Word ;
Truth for ever on the scaffold, Wrong for ever on the
throne,—
Yet that scaffold sways the future, and, behind the dim
unknown,
Standeth God within the shadow, keeping watch above
His own.

We see dimly in the Present what is small and what is
great,
Slow of faith how weak an arm may turn the iron helm
of fate.

But the soul is still oracular ; amid the market's din,
List the ominous stern whisper from the Delphic cave
within,—

“ They enslave their children's children who make com-
promise with sin.”

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

APRIL 24.

“ I HAVE blotted out, as a thick cloud, thy trans-
gressions, and as a cloud thy sins : return unto me, for
I have redeemed thee.”

ISAIAH xliv. 22.

THERE is an awful quiet in the air,
And the sad earth with moist imploring eye,
Looks wide and wakeful at the pondering sky,
Like Patience slow subsiding to Despair.
But see, the blue smoke as a voiceless prayer,
Sole witness of a secret sacrifice,
Unfolds its tardy wreaths and multiplies
Its soft chameleon breathings in the rare
Capacious ether,—so it fades away,
And nought is seen beneath the pendent blue,
The undistinguishable waste of day.
So have I dreamed—oh may the dream be true !—
That praying souls are purged from mortal hue,
And grow as pure as He to whom they pray.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE. 1796.

I THEREFORE, the prisoner of the Lord, beseech you that ye walk worthy of the vocation wherewith ye are called, with all lowliness and meekness, with long-suffering, forbearing one another in love ; endeavouring to keep the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. There is one body, and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling ; one Lord, one faith, one baptism, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all. But unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ. Wherefore he saith ; When he ascended up on high, he led captivity captive, and gave gifts unto men. (Now that he ascended, what is it but that he also descended first into the lower parts of the earth ? He that descended is the same also that ascended up far above all heavens, that he might fill all things.) And he gave some, apostles ; and some, prophets ; and some, evangelists ; and some, pastors and teachers ; for the perfecting of the saints, for the work of the ministry, for the edifying of the body of Christ : till we all come in the unity of the faith, and of the knowledge of the Son of God, unto a perfect man, unto the measure of the stature of the fulness of Christ : that we henceforth be no more children, tossed to and fro, and carried about with every wind of doctrine, by the sleight of men, and cunning craftiness, whereby they lie in wait to deceive ; but speaking the truth in love, may grow up into him in all things, which is the head, even Christ : from whom the whole body fitly joined together and compacted by that which every joint supplieth, according to the effectual working in the measure of every part, maketh increase of the body unto the edifying of itself in love.

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world with care
Of public fame, or private breath ;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise ;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat ;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great ;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend ;
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend ;—

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR HENRY WOTTON. 1668.

To take the life of a fellow creature is to exert the utmost possible power which man can possess over man. It is to perform an action the most serious and awful which a human being can perform. Respecting such an action, then, can any truth be more manifest than that the dictates of Christianity ought especially to be taken into account? If these dictates are rightly urged upon us in the minor concerns of life, can any man doubt whether they ought to influence us in the greatest? Yet what is the fact? Why, that in defending capital punishments, these dictates are almost placed out of the question. We hear a great deal about security of property and life, a good deal about the necessity of making examples, but almost nothing about the Moral Law. It might be imagined that upon this subject our religion imposed no obligations; for nearly every argument that is urged in favour of capital punishments would be as valid and as appropriate in the mouth of a Pagan as in our own. Can this be right?

Is it conceivable that, in the exercise of the most tremendous agency which is in the power of man, it can be right to exclude all reference to the expressed will of God?

This exclusion of the Christian law from the defences of the punishment, is almost a conclusive argument that the punishment is wrong. Nothing that is right can need such an exclusion; and we should not practise it if it were not for a secret perception that to apply the pure requisitions of Christianity would not serve the purpose of the advocate. If men reject Christianity, I do not address them. If they admit its truth, let them manfully show that its principles should not be thus applied.

JONATHAN DYMOND.

THESE are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty ! Thine this universal frame
Thus wondrous fair ; Thyself how wondrous then !
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible or dimly seen
In these Thy lowest works ; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power Divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels ; for ye behold Him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing : ye in heaven ;
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst and without end.
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet ; praise Him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime—
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater ; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when Thou climb'st,
And when high noon has gain'd, and when thou
 fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies ;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.

JOHN MILTON. 1608.

“FOR the whole world before thee is as a little grain of the balance, yea, as a drop of the morning dew that falleth down upon the earth. But thou hast mercy upon all. For thou lovest all the things that are.”

WISDOM OF SOLOMON xi. 22-24.

FAIR Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon ;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon :
 Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the even-song ;
And, having prayed together, we
 Will go with you along !

We have short time to stay as you,
We have as short a spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing :
 We die
 As your hours do ; and dry
 Away
 Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew,
 Ne'er to be found again.

ROBERT HERRICK. 1591.

THE Law of God is one, as God Himself is one ; but we only discover it article by article, line by line ; according to the accumulated experience of the generations that have preceded us, and according to the extension and increased intensity of association, among races, peoples, and individuals. No man, no people and no age may pretend to have discovered the whole of the Law.

The moral Law, the Law of the life of humanity, can only be discovered in its entirety by all humanity united in holy association ; when all the forces and all the faculties that constitute our human nature shall be developed and in action.

But, meanwhile, that portion of humanity most advanced in education, does in its progress and development reveal to us a portion of the law we seek to know. Its history teaches us the design of God ; its wants teach us our duties, because our first duty is to aid the ascent of humanity upon that stage of education and improvement towards which it has been prepared and matured by time and the Divinity. God, the Father and Educator of humanity, reveals His Law to humanity through time and space.

We are to interrogate the tradition of humanity—which is the council of our brother men—not in the restricted circle of an age or sect, but in all ages, and in the majority of mankind, past and present. Wheresoever that consent of humanity corresponds with the teachings of your own conscience, you are certain of the truth ; certain, that is, of having read one line of the Law of God.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

AND is there care in heaven ? and is there love
In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
That may compassion of their evils move ?
There is ; else much more wretched were the case
Of men than beasts. But oh ! the exceeding grace
Of highest God, that loves His creatures so ;
And all His works with mercy doth embrace,
That blessed angels He sends to and fro,
To serve to wicked man, to serve His wicked foe.

How oft do they their silver bowers leave,
To come to succour us that succour want !
How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
Against foul fiends to aid us militant !
They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
And their bright squadrons round about us plant ;
And all for love, and nothing for reward :
Oh ! why should heavenly God to man have such
regard ?

EDMUND SPENSER. 1553.

ETHEREAL minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still.

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain,
(’Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond)
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :
Yet might’st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
All independent of the leafy Spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 1770.

AND Zacharias was filled with the Holy Ghost, and prophesied, saying ;

Blessed be the Lord God of Israel ;
For he hath visited and redeemed his people ;
And hath raised up an horn of salvation for us
In the house of his servant David ;
As he spake by the mouth of his holy prophets,
Which have been since the world began :
That we should be saved from our enemies,
And from the hand of all that hate us ;
To perform the mercy promised to our fathers,
And to remember his holy covenant ;
The oath which he sware to our father Abraham,
That he would grant unto us,
That we being delivered out of the hand of our enemies
Might serve him without fear,
In holiness and righteousness before him,
All the days of our life.
And thou, child, shalt be called the prophet of the
Highest :
For thou shalt go before the face of the Lord to prepare
his ways ;
To give knowledge of salvation unto his people
By the remission of their sins,
Through the tender mercy of our God ;
Whereby the dayspring from on high hath visited us,
To give light to them that sit in darkness and in the
shadow of death,
To guide our feet into the way of peace.

And the child grew, and waxed strong in spirit, and
was in the deserts till the day of his shewing unto Israel.

LUKE i. 67-80.

"IN returning and rest shall ye be saved ; in quietness and confidence shall be your strength."

ISAIAH xxx. 15.

LIGHT human nature is too lightly tost
And ruffled without cause, complaining on,
Restless with rest, until, being overthrown,
It learneth to lie quiet. Let a frost
Or a small wasp have crept to the innermost
Of our ripe peach, or let the wilful sun
Shine westward of our window,—straight we run
A furlong's sigh as if the world were lost.
But what time through the heart and through the brain
God hath transfixed us,—we, so moved before,
Attain to a calm. Ay, shouldering weights of pain,
We anchor in deep waters, safe from shore,
And hear submissive o'er the stormy main,
God's chartered judgments walk for evermore.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

THERE is an evil spirit whose dominion is in blindness and in cowardice, as the dominion of the spirit of wisdom is in clear sight and in courage.

And this blind and cowardly spirit is for ever telling you that evil things are pardonable, and that you shall not die for them, and that good things are impossible, and that you need not live for them ; and that gospel of his is now the loudest that is preached in your Saxon tongue. You will find one day, to your cost, if you believe the first part of it, that it is not true ; but you may never, if you believe the second part of it, find to your gain, that also untrue ; and therefore I pray you with all earnestness to prove, and know within your hearts, that all things lovely and righteous are possible for those who believe in their possibility, and who determine that for their part, they will make every day's work contribute to them.

Let every dawn of morning be to you as the beginning of life, and every setting sun be to you as its close ; then let every one of these short lives leave its sure record of some kindly thing done for others, some goodly strength or knowledge gained for yourselves ; so from day to day and strength to strength you shall build up indeed, by Art, by Thought, and by Just Will, an Ecclesia of England of which it shall not be said : "See what manner of stones are here," but : "See what manner of men."

JOHN RUSKIN.

It's true to God who's true to man ; wherever wrong
is done,
To the humblest and the weakest, 'neath the all-
beholding sun,
That wrong is also done to us ; and they are slaves
most base
Whose love of right is for themselves, and not for all
their race.

We owe allegiance to the State ; but deeper, truer,
more,
To the sympathies that God hath set within our spirit's
core ;
Our country claims our fealty ; we grant it so, but then
before Man made us citizens, great Nature made us men.

God works for all. Ye cannot hem the hope of being
free
With parallels of latitude, with mountain range or sea.
Put golden padlocks on Truth's lips, be callous as
ye will,
From soul to soul o'er all the world, leaps one electric
thrill.

'Tis ours to save our brethren, with peace and love
to win
Their darkened hearts from error, ere they harden it
to sin ;
But if before his duty man with listless spirit stands,
Ere long the Great Avenger takes the work from out
his hands.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home :

Under the shadow of Thy throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure ;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away ;
They fly forgotten as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home !

ISAAC WATTS. 1674.

THEN Paul stood in the midst of Mars' hill, and said ; Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious. For as I passed by, and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription, **TO THE UNKNOWN GOD**. Whom therefore ye ignorantly worship, him declare I unto you. God that made the world and all things therein, seeing that he is Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands ; neither is worshipped with men's hands, as though he needed anything, seeing he giveth to all life, and breath, and all things ; and hath made of one blood all nations of men for to dwell on all the face of the earth, and hath determined the times before appointed, and the bounds of their habitation ; that they should seek the Lord, if haply they might feel after him, and find him, though he be not far from every one of us ; for in him we live, and move, and have our being ; as certain also of your own poets have said : For we are also his offspring. Forasmuch then as we are the offspring of God, we ought not to think that the Godhead is like unto gold, or silver, or stone, graven by art and man's device. And the times of this ignorance God winked at ; but now commandeth all men everywhere to repent : because he hath appointed a day, in the which he will judge the world in righteousness by that man whom he hath ordained ; whereof he hath given assurance unto all men, in that he hath raised him from the dead.

“ GREAT in council, and mighty in work.”

JEREMIAH xxxii. 19.

ONE lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,
One lesson which in every wind is blown,
One lesson of two duties kept at one,
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity—
Of toil unsever'd from tranquility !
Of labour, that in lasting fruit outgrows
Far noisier schemes, accomplish'd in repose,
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry !
Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,
Man's fitful uproar mingling with his toil,
Still do thy sleepless ministers move on,
Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting ;
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,
Labourers that shall not fail when man is gone.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

IF we observe men, both apostles and others, in many different ages, who have really come to the unity of the Spirit, and the fellowship of the saints, we shall find that the desire for the real happiness of mankind has in them out-balanced the desire of ease, liberty, and many times life itself.

If upon a true search we find our natures are so far renewed, that to exercise righteousness and loving kindness, according to our ability towards all men, without respect of persons, is easy to us or is our delight ; if our love be so orderly and regular, that he who doeth the will of our Father who is in heaven, appears in our view to be the nearest relation, our brother and sister and mother ; if this be our case, there is a good foundation to hope, that the blessing of God will sweeten our treasures during our stay in this life, and that our memory will be savoury when we are entered into rest. To conclude, it is a truth most certain, that a life guided by wisdom from above, agreeable with justice, equity and mercy, is throughout consistent and amiable, and truly beneficial to society, the serenity and calmness of mind which attends it, affording an unparalleled comfort in this life, and the end of it is blessed.

JOHN WOOLMAN. 1720.

It happened on a solemn eventide,
Soon after He that was our Surety died,
Two bosom friends, each pensively inclined,
The scene of all those sorrows left behind,
Sought their own village, busied as they went,
In musings worthy of the great event :
They spake of Him they loved, of Him whose life,
Though blameless, had incurr'd perpetual strife,
Whose deeds had left, in spite of hostile arts,
A deep memorial graven on their hearts.
The recollection, like a vein of ore,
The farther traced, enrich'd them still the more ;
They thought Him, and they justly thought Him, one
Sent to do more than He appeared to have done ;
To exalt a people, and to place them high
Above all else, and wonder'd He should die.
Ere yet they brought their journey to an end,
A Stranger joined them, courteous as a friend,
And ask'd them, with a kind engaging air,
What their affliction was, and begg'd a share.
Inform'd, He gather'd up the broken thread,
And, truth and wisdom gracing all He said,
Explain'd, illustrated, and searched so well,
The tender theme on which they chose to dwell,
That, reaching home,—The night, they said, is near,
We must not now be parted ; sojourn here.
The new acquaintance soon became a guest,
And, made so welcome at their simple feast,
He bless'd the bread and vanished at the word,
And left them both exclaiming : "'Twas the Lord ;
Did not our hearts feel all He deign'd to say,
Did they not burn within us by the way ?"
Now theirs was converse such as it behoves
Man to maintain, and such as God approves ;
Their views indeed were indistinct and dim,
But yet successful, being aim'd at Him.

Christ and His character their only scope,
Their object, and their subject and their hope ;
They felt what it became them much to feel,
And, wanting Him to loose the sacred seal,
Found Him as prompt as their desire was true,
To spread the new-born glories in their view.

WILLIAM COWPER.

MAY 12.

“FOR this God is our God for ever and ever : he
will be our guide even unto death.”

PSALM xlviii. 14.

As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
The speechless babe, and the grey-headed man—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, which moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

INTO the Silent Land !
Ah ! who shall lead us thither ?
Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,
And shatter'd wrecks lie thicker on the strand ;
Who leads us with a gentle hand,
Thither, oh thither,
Into the Silent Land ?

Into the Silent Land !
To you, ye boundless regions
Of all perfection ! tender morning visions
Of beauteous souls ! Eternity's own band !
Who in life's battle firm doth stand,
Shall bear hope's tender blossoms
Into the Silent Land !

Oh Land ! oh Land !
For all the broken-hearted !
The mildest herald by our fate allotted
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand,
To lead us with a gentle hand
Into the land of the great departed
Into the Silent Land !

TRANSLATION BY LONGFELLOW.

On this day my Father died. 1870.

* On this day (1878) my mother, Margaret E. Bright, died very suddenly at One Ash, Rochdale.—M.B.C.

"THE hour

Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose ; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive ; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft, slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids : other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest :
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heaven on all his ways."

* * *

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad :
Silence accompanied ; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale,
She all night long her amorous descant sung ;
Silence was pleased : now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires : Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent grown, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

JOHN MILTON. 1608.

Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money ; come ye, buy, and eat ; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price. Wherefore do ye spend money for that which is not bread ? and your labour for that which satisfieth not ? hearken diligently unto me, and eat ye that which is good, and let your soul delight itself in fatness. Incline your ear, and come unto me : hear and your soul shall live ; and I will make an everlasting covenant with you, even the sure mercies of David. Behold, I have given him for a witness to the people, a leader and commander to the people. Behold thou shalt call a nation that thou knowest not, and nations that knew not thee shall run unto thee, because of the Lord thy God, and for the Holy One of Israel ; for he hath glorified thee.

Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near : let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts : and let him return unto the Lord, and he will have mercy upon him ; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon. For my thoughts are not your thoughts, neither are your ways my ways, saith the Lord. For as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are my ways higher than your ways, and my thoughts than your thoughts. For as the rain cometh down, and the snow from heaven, and returneth not thither, but watereth the earth, and maketh it bring forth and bud, that it may give seed to the sower, and bread to the eater : so shall my word be that goeth forth out of my mouth : it shall not return unto me void, but it shall accomplish that which I please, and it shall prosper in the thing whereto I sent it.

For ye shall go out with joy, and be led forth with peace ; the mountains and the hills shall break forth before you into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle tree : and it shall be to the Lord for a name, for an everlasting sign that shall not be cut off.

ISAIAH IV.

MAY 16.

“ AND now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three : but the greatest of these is charity.”

I COR. xiii. 13.

LOVE is the star by which our course we steer ;
Love for our kind its image glassed below ;
And when the breeze of hope begins to blow,
The radiance spreads of that dilated sphere
O'er Life's dark waters, nearer and more near.
A silver path that star appears to throw
Toward us, and with light that plain to sow
Which shakes beneath the shock of our career.
Thus is the brightness of our heavenly home
Itself a beacon unto those that stray ;
The beacon thus becomes the glittering way
To all whom hope impels her seas to roam.
What then is Hope ? A Faith that dares to move.
And what is Faith ? The happy rest of Love.

AUBREY DE VERE.

“ WHERE hast thou gleaned to-day ? ”

RUTH ii. 19.

WHATE’ER thou dost, do well,—it may not stand
An hour, it may for centuries endure,
But thou shalt have performed thy Lord’s command,
And thy reward shall be for ever sure.

It may not be a palace thou dost rear,
It may be but a cottage for the poor ;
No matter, ’tis the Lord’s ; be of good cheer,
Palace or cottage, thy reward is sure.

Here thou must learn to work : earth is God’s
school :

Let not thy hours in idleness be spent ;
Bow thy stiff neck, thy stubborn spirit rule,
What thy Lord sets thee, do, and be content.

When He has tried and fully proved thy worth,
Found thee obedient, diligent, and true,
Then He will take thee from His school of earth,
And in His heaven-world give thee work to do.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

INEFFABLE is the union of man and God in every act of the soul. The simplest person, who in his integrity worships God, becomes God ; yet for ever and ever the influx of this better and universal self is new and unsearchable. It inspires awe and astonishment. How dear, how soothing to man, arises the idea of God, peopling the lonely place, effacing the scars of our mistakes and disappointments ! When we have broken our God of tradition, and ceased from our God of rhetoric, then may God fire the heart with His presence. It is the doubling of the heart itself, nay, the infinite enlargement of the heart with a power of growth to a new infinity on every side. It inspires in man an infallible trust. He has not the conviction, but the sight, that the best is the true, and may in that thought easily dismiss all particular uncertainties and fears, and adjourn to the sure revelation of time, the solution of his private riddles. He is sure that his welfare is dear to the heart of being. In the presence of law to his mind, he is overflowed with a reliance so universal that it sweeps away all cherished hopes and the most stable projects of mortal condition in its flood.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Centennial of his birthday

May 25, 1903

LORD, thou has been favourable unto thy land ;
Thou hast brought back the captivity of Jacob.
Thou hast forgiven the iniquity of thy people ;
Thou hast covered all their sin.
Thou hast taken away all thy wrath ;
Thou hast turned thyself from the fierceness of thine
anger.

Turn us, O God of our salvation,
And cause thine anger towards us to cease.
Wilt thou be angry with us for ever ?
Wilt thou draw out thine anger to all generations ?
Wilt thou not revive us again :
That thy people may rejoice in thee ?
Shew us thy mercy, O Lord,
And grant us thy salvation.
I will hear what God the Lord will speak :
For he will speak peace unto his people, and to his
saints ;

But let them not turn again to folly.
Surely his salvation is nigh them that fear him ;
That glory may dwell in our land.
Mercy and truth are met together ;
Righteousness and peace have kissed each other.
Truth shall spring out of the earth ;
And righteousness shall look down from heaven.
Yea, the Lord shall give that which is good ;
And our land shall yield her increase.
Righteousness shall go before him ;
And shall set us in the way of his steps.

PSALM lxxxv.

ETERNAL God ! preserver of all those
(Without respect of person or degree)
Who in Thy faithfulness their trust repose,
And place their confidence alone in Thee ;
Be Thou my succour ; for 'Thou know'st that I
On Thy protection, Lord, alone rely.
Surround me, Father, with Thy mighty power,
Support me daily by Thine holy arm,
Preserve me faithful in the evil hour,
Stretch forth Thine hand to save me from all harm.
Be Thou my helmet, breast-plate, sword, and shield,
And make my foes before Thy power yield.
Teach me the spiritual battle so to fight,
That when the enemy shall me beset,
Armed *cap-à-pie* with the armour of Thy light,
A perfect conquest o'er him I may get ;
And with Thy battle-axe may cleave the head
Of him who bites that part whereon I tread.
Then being from domestic foes set free,
The cruelties of men I shall not fear ;
But in Thy quarrel, Lord, undaunted be,
And for Thy sake the loss of all things bear ;
Yea, though in dungeon locked, with joy will sing
An ode of praise to Thee, my God, my King.

THOMAS ELLWOOD. 1669.

"God is not mocked : for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap." There are two kinds of good possible to men : one enjoyed by our animal being, the other felt and appreciated by our spirits. Every man understands more or less the difference between these two ; between prosperity and well-doing ; between indulgence and nobleness ; between comfort and inward peace ; between pleasure and striving after perfection ; between happiness and blessedness. There are two kinds of harvest ; and the labour necessary for them respectively is of very different kinds. The labour which procures the harvest of the one has no tendency to secure the other. We will not depreciate the advantages of this world ; these are in their real way goods ; only the labour bestowed upon them does not procure one single blessing that is spiritual. On the other hand, the seed which is sown for a spiritual harvest has no tendency to procure temporal well-being. Let us see what are the laws of the sowing and reaping in this department. Christ hath declared them : "Blessed are the pure in heart : for they shall see God." "Blessed are they that hunger and thirst after righteousness : for they shall be filled." "Blessed are they that mourn : for they shall be comforted." There is nothing earthly—it is spiritual results for spiritual labour. It is not said that the pure in heart shall be made rich ; not that they who hunger after goodness shall be filled with bread ; nor they who mourn shall rise in life and obtain distinction. Each department has its own appropriate harvest—reserved exclusively to its one method of sowing.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

“LET the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us.”

PSALM XC. 17.

How calmly the evening once more is descending,
As kind as a promise, as still as a prayer ;
O wing of the Lord, in Thy shelter befriending
May we and our households continue to share !

The sky, like the kingdom of heaven, is open ;
O enter, my soul, at the glorious gates ;
The silence and smile of His love are the token,
Who now for all comers invitingly waits.

We come to be soothed with His merciful healing,
The dews of the night cure the wounds of the day ;
We come, our life's worth and its brevity feeling,
With thanks for the past, for the future we pray.

Lord, save us from folly ; be with us in sorrow ;
Sustain us in work till the time of our rest ;
When earth's day is over, may heaven's to-morrow
Dawn on us, of homes long expected possess.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

WELL, then, I may presume to say that we are sharers in that good work which has raised our guest to eminence ; and we may divide it with the country from which he comes. Our country is still his ; for did not his fathers bear allegiance to our ancient monarchy, and were they not at one time citizens of this commonwealth ? and may we not add that the freedom which now overspreads his noble nation first sprang into life amongst our own ancestors ? To William Lloyd Garrison it has been given, in a manner not often permitted to those who do great things of this kind, to see the ripe fruit of his vast labours. Over a territory large enough to make many realms, he has seen hopeless toil supplanted by compensated industry ; and where the bondman dragged his chain, there freedom is established for ever. We now welcome him amongst us as a friend whom some of us have known long ; for I have watched his career with no common interest, even when I was too young to take much part in public affairs ; and I have kept within my heart his name, and the names of those who have been associated with him in every step which he has taken ; and in public debates in the halls of peace, and even on the blood-soiled fields of war, my heart has always been with those who were the friends of freedom. We welcome him, then, with a cordiality which knows no stint and no limit for him and for his noble associates, both men and women ; and we venture to speak a verdict which, I believe, will be sanctioned by all mankind, not only by those who live now, but by those who shall come after, to whom their perseverance and their success shall be a lesson and a help in the future struggles which remain for men

* William Lloyd Garrison died in New York, 1879. Speech at a public breakfast given to W. L. Garrison at St. James's Hall, 1869.

to make. One of our oldest and greatest poets has furnished me with a line that well expresses that verdict. Are not William Lloyd Garrison and his fellow-labourers in that world's work—are they not

“On Fame's eternal bead-roll worthy to be filed”?

JOHN BRIGHT.

MAY 24.

THRICE happy he whose name is writ above,
And doeth good though gaining infamy ;
Requiteth evil turns with hearty love,
And recks not what befalls him outwardly :
Whose worth is in himself, and only bliss
In his pure conscience that doth naught amiss.

Who placeth pleasure in his purged soul,
And virtuous life his treasure doth esteem ;
Who can his passions master and control,
And that true lordly manliness doth deem ;
Who from this world hath clearly quit,
Counts naught his own but what lives in his sprite.

So, when his sprite from this vain world shall flit,
It bears all with it whatsoe'er was dear
Unto itself, passing in easy fit,
As kindly ripened corn comes out of th' ear.
Thus, mindless of what idle men will say,
He takes his own and stilly goes his way.

HENRY MORE. 1614.

How amiable are thy tabernacles,
O Lord of hosts !
My soul longeth, yea, even fainteth for the courts of the
Lord :
My heart and my flesh crieth out for the living God.
Yea, the sparrow hath found an house,
And the swallow a nest for herself, where she may lay
her young,
Even thine altars, O Lord of hosts, my King, and my
God.
Blessed are they that dwell in thy house :
They will be still praising thee.

Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee ;
In whose heart are the ways of them.
Who passing through the valley of Baca make it a well ;
The rain also filleth the pools.
They go from strength to strength,
Every one of them in Zion appeareth before God.

O Lord God of hosts, hear my prayer :
Give ear, O God of Jacob.

Behold, O God our shield,
And look upon the face of thine anointed.
For a day in thy courts is better than a thousand.
I had rather be a doorkeeper in the house of my God,
Than to dwell in the tents of wickedness.
For the Lord God is a sun and shield :
The Lord will give grace and glory :
No good thing will he withhold from them that walk
uprightly.
O Lord of hosts,—blessed is the man that trusteth in
thee.

PSALM lxxxiv.

No coward soul is mine,
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere ;
I see heaven's glories shine,
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,
Almighty, ever-present Deity !
Life, that in me has rest,
And I—undying Life—have power in Thee !

Vain are the thousand creeds
That move men's hearts ; unutterably vain ;
Worthless as withered weeds,
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one
Holding so fast by Thine infinity ;
So surely anchored on
The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love
Thy spirit animates eternal years,
Pervades and broods above,
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,
And suns and universes ceased to be,
And Thou were left alone,
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is no room for Death,
Nor atom that his might could render void :
Thou—Thou art Being and Breath,
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

‘EMILY BRONTË.

I THINK if thou couldst know,
Oh soul that will complain,
What lies concealed below
Our burden and our pain ;
How just our anguish brings
Nearer those longed-for things
We seek for now in vain,—
I think thou wouldst rejoice, and not complain.

I think if thou couldst see,
With thy dim mortal sight,
How meanings, dark to thee,
Are shadows hiding light ;
Truth's efforts crossed and vexed,
Life's purpose all perplexed,—
If thou couldst see them right,
I think that they would seem all clear, and wise,
and bright.

And yet thou canst not know,
And yet thou canst not see ;
Wisdom and sight are slow
In poor humanity.
If thou couldst trust, poor soul,
In Him who rules the whole,
Thou wouldst find peace and rest ;
Wisdom and sight are well, but Trust is best.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

"IF thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? and if in the land of peace, wherein thou trustedst, they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"

JEREMIAH xii. 5.

WE live not in our moments or our years :
The present we fling from us like the rind
Of some sweet Future, which we after find
Bitter to taste, or bind *that* in with fears,
And water it beforehand with our tears—
Vain tears for that which never may arrive :
Meanwhile the joy whereby we ought to live,
Neglected or unheeded, disappears.
Wiser it were to welcome and make ours
Whate'er of good, though small, the present brings—
Kind greetings, sunshine, song of birds, and flowers,
With a child's pure delight in little things !
And of the griefs unborn to rest secure,
Knowing that mercy ever will endure.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

EVERY religion, even the most imperfect and degraded, has something that ought to be sacred to us, for there is in all religions a secret yearning after the true, though unknown God. Whether we see the Papua squatting in dumb meditation before his fetish, or whether we listen to Firdusi exclaiming: "The height and the depth of the whole world have their centre in thee, O my God! I do not know thee what thou art: but I know that thou art what thou alone canst be," we ought to feel that the place whereon we stand is holy ground. There are philosophers, no doubt, to whom Christianity and all other religions are exploded errors, things belonging to the past, and to be replaced by more positive knowledge. To them the study of the religions of the world could only have a pathological interest, and their hearts could never warm at the sparks of truth that light up, like stars, the dark yet glorious night of the ancient world.

. . . But if they would study positive facts, if they would but read, patiently and thoughtfully, the history of the world, as it is, not as it might have been, they would see that, as in geology, so in the history of human thought, theoretic uniformity does not exist, and that the past is never altogether lost. The oldest formations of thought crop up everywhere, and if we dig but deep enough, we shall find that even the sandy desert in which we are asked to live, rests everywhere on the firm foundation of that primeval, yet indestructible granite of the human soul—religious faith.

MAX MÜLLER.

WHO, looking backward from his manhood's prime,
Sees not the spectre of his misspent time ?

And, through the shade
Of funeral cypress planted thick behind,
Hears no reproachful whisper on the wind
From his loved dead ?

Yet who, thus looking backward o'er his years,
Feels not his eyelids wet with grateful tears,
If he hath been
Permitted, weak and sinful as he was,
To cheer and aid, in some ennobling cause,
His fellow-men ?

If he hath hidden the outcast, or let in
A ray of sunshine to the cell of sin,—
If he hath lent
Strength to the weak, and in an hour of need,
Over the suffering, mindless of his creed
Or home, hath bent,

He has not lived in vain, and while he gives
The praise to Him, in whom he moves and lives,
With thankful heart ;
He gazes backward, and with hope before,
Knowing that from his works he nevermore
Can henceforth part.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

AND he spake a parable unto them to this end, that men ought always to pray, and not to faint; saying: There was in a city a judge, which feared not God, neither regarded man: and there was a widow in that city; and she came unto him, saying: Avenge me of mine adversary. And he would not for a while: but afterwards he said within himself: Though I fear not God, nor regard man; yet because this widow troubleth me, I will avenge her, lest by her continual coming she weary me. And the Lord saith: Hear what the unjust judge saith. And shall not God avenge his own elect, which cry day and night unto him, though he bear long with them? I tell you that he will avenge them speedily. Nevertheless, when the Son of Man cometh, shall he find faith on the earth?

And he spake this parable unto certain which trusted in themselves that they were righteous, and despised others: Two men went up into the temple to pray; the one a Pharisee, and the other a publican. The Pharisee stood and prayed thus with himself: God, I thank thee that I am not as other men are, extortioners, unjust, adulterers, or even as this publican. I fast twice in the week, I give tithes of all that I possess. And the publican, standing afar off, would not lift up so much as his eyes unto heaven, but smote upon his breast, saying: God be merciful to me a sinner. I tell you, this man went down down to his house justified rather than the other: for every one that exalteth himself shall be abased; and he that humbleth himself shall be exalted.

LUKE xviii. 1-14.

AND what is so rare as a day in June ?
Then, if ever, come perfect days ;
Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays ;
Whether we look, or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten ;
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers ;
The flush of life may well be seen
Thrilling back over hills and valleys ;
The cowslip startles in meadows green,
The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,
And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean
To be some happy creature's palace ;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives ;
His mate feels the eggs beneath her wings,
And the heart in her dumb breast flutters and sings ;
He sings to the wide world, and she to her nest—
In the nice ear of Nature which song is the best ?

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

ALL men naturally desire knowledge, but what availeth knowledge without the fear of God. Surely, an humble husbandman that serveth God is better than a proud philosopher who, neglecting himself, is occupied in studying the course of the heavens. Many words do not satisfy the soul; but a good life comforteth the mind and a pure conscience giveth great confidence toward God. The more thou knowest, and the better thou understandest, the more strictly shalt thou be judged, unless thy life be also the more holy. Be not therefore elated in thine own mind because of any art or science, but rather let the knowledge given thee make thee afraid. The highest and most profitable lesson is the true knowledge and lowly esteem of ourselves.

Happy is he whom truth by itself doth teach, not by figures and words that pass away, but as it is in itself. Our own opinion and our own sense do often deceive us, and they discern but little. O God, who art the truth, make me one with Thee in everlasting love. The more a man is at one within himself, and becometh of single heart, so much the more and higher things doth he understand without labour, for that he receiveth the light of wisdom from above. A humble knowledge of thyself is a surer way to God than a deep search after learning. O, if men bestowed as much labour in the rooting out of vices, as they do in the moving of questions, neither would so many evils be done, nor so great scandal given to the world. Truly at the day of judgment we shall not be examined as to what we have read, but as to what we have done; not as to how well we have spoken, but as to how religiously we have lived. He is truly great who hath great love.

THOMAS À KEMPIS. 1380.

How seldom, Friend ! a good great man inherits
Honour or wealth, with all his worth and pains !
It sounds like stories from the land of spirits,
If any man obtain that which he merits
Or any merit that which he obtains.

For shame, dear Friend ! renounce this canting
strain !

What wouldst thou have a good great man obtain ?
Place—titles—salary—a gilded chain,
Or throne of corses which his sword hath slain ?
Greatness and goodness are not means, but ends,—
Hath he not always treasures, always friends,
The good great man ? Three treasures—love and
light,
And calm thoughts regular as infants' breath ;
And three firm friends, more sure than day and
night—
Himself, his Maker, and the angel Death.

SAMUEL T. COLERIDGE. 1772.

* Richard Cobden born at Dunford, Midhurst, in West Sussex, 1804.

*Illustrated in London & Bos
190.*

LET there be many windows in your soul,
That all the glory of the universe
May beautify it. Not the narrow pane
Of one poor creed can catch the radiant rays
That shine from countless sources. Tear away
The blinds of superstition ; let the light
Pour through fair windows broad as truth itself,
And high as God.

Why should the spirit peer
Through some priest-curtained orifice, and grope
Along dim corridors of doubt, when all
The splendour from unfathomed seas of space
Might bathe it with their golden seas of love ?
Sweep up the debris of decaying faiths,
Sweep down the cobwebs of worn-out beliefs,
And throw your soul wide open to the light
Of reason and of knowledge. Tune your ear
To all the wordless music of the stars,
And to the voice of nature, and your heart
Shall turn to truth and goodness, as the plant
Turns to the sun. A thousand unseen hands
Reach down to help you from their peace-crowned
heights,
And all the forces of the firmament
Shall fortify your strength. Be not afraid
To thrust aside half truths and grasp the whole.

E. WHEELER WILCOX.

TAKE heed that ye do not your alms before men, to be seen of them : otherwise ye have no reward of your Father which is in heaven. Therefore when thou doest thine alms, do not sound a trumpet before thee, as the hypocrites do in the synagogues and in the streets, that they may have glory of men. Verily I say unto you : They have their reward. But when thou doest alms, let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth : that thine alms may be in secret : and thy Father which seeth in secret himself shall reward thee openly.

And when thou prayest, thou shalt not be as the hypocrites are : for they love to pray standing in the synagogues and in the corners of the streets, that they may be seen of men. Verily I say unto you, They have their reward. But thou, when thou prayest, enter into thy closet, and when thou hast shut thy door, pray to thy Father which is in secret ; and thy Father which seeth in secret shall reward thee openly. But when ye pray, use not vain repetitions as the heathen do : for they think that they shall be heard for their much speaking. Be not ye therefore like unto them : for your Father knoweth what things ye have need of, before ye ask him. After this manner therefore pray ye :

Our Father which art in heaven, Hallowed be thy name. Thy kingdom come. Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven. Give us this day our daily bread. And forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors. And lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil : For thine is the kingdom, and the power, and the glory, for ever. Amen.

For if ye forgive men their trespasses, your heavenly Father will also forgive you : but if ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father forgive your trespasses.

MATTHEW vi. 1-15.

"IN the way of righteousness is life ; and in the pathway thereof there is no death."

PROVERBS xii. 28.

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earthe and skie :
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angrie and brave
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is even in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet dayes and roses,
A box where sweetes compacted lie,
My musick shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweete and vertuous soule,
Like season'd timber, never gives ;
But though the whole worlde turn to coale,
Then chiefly lives.

GEORGE HERBERT. 1593.

GOD said—"Let there be light!"
Grim darkness felt His might,
And fled away;
Then startled seas and mountains cold
Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
And cried—" 'Tis day! 'tis day!"
"Hail, holy light!" exclaimed
The thundrous cloud, that flamed
O'er daisies white;
And lo! the rose, in crimson dress'd,
Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast;
And, blushing, murmur'd—"Light!"
Then was the skylark born;
Then rose th' embattled corn;
Then floods of praise
Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon;
And then, in stillest night, the moon
Pour'd forth her pensive lays.
Lo, heaven's bright bow is glad!
Lo, trees and flowers all clad
In glory, bloom!
And shall the mortal sons of God
Be senseless as the trodden clod,
And darker than the tomb?
No, by the mind of man!
By the swart artisan!
By God, our Sire!
Our souls have holy light within,
And every form of grief and sin
Shall see and feel its fire.
By earth, and hell, and heav'n,
The shroud of souls is riven!
Mind, mind alone
Is light, and hope, and life, and power!
Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,
The night of minds is gone!

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

* Written for the Printers of Sheffield on the passing of the Reform Bill, which came law June 7th, 1832.

THE sunlight glitters keen and bright,
Where, miles away,
Lies stretching to my dazzled sight
A luminous belt, a misty light,
Beyond the dark pine bluffs and wastes of sandy gray

The tremulous shadow of the sea !
Against its ground
Of silvery light, rock, hill, and tree,
Still as a picture, clear and free,
With varying outline mark the coast for miles around.

I draw a freer breath—I seem
Like all I see—
Waves in the sun—the white-winged gleam
Of sea-birds in the slanting beam—
And far-off sails which flit before the south-wind free.

So when Time's veil shall fall asunder,
The soul may know
No fearful change, nor sudden wonder,
Nor sink the weight of mystery under,
But with the upward rise, and with the vastness grow.

And all we shrink from now may seem
No new revealing ;
Familiar as our childhood's stream,
Or pleasant memory of a dream
The loved and cherished Past upon the new life stealing.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SWEET is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds : pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glistering with dew ; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers ; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild ; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry trains.

* * *

These then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain ; nor think, though man were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep,
All these with ceaseless praise His works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator ! oft in bands
While they keep watch on nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds,
In full harmonic number join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.

JOHN MILTON. 1608.

Do not all statesmen know, as you know, that upon peace, and peace alone, can be based the successful industry of a nation, and that by successful industry alone can be created that wealth which, permeating all classes of the people, not confined to great proprietors, great merchants, and great speculators, not running in a stream merely down your principal streets, but turning fertilizing rivulets into every bye-lane and every alley, tends so powerfully to promote the comfort, happiness, and contentment of a nation? . . . I believe that I understate the sum when I say that, in pursuit of this will-o'-the-wisp (the liberties of Europe and the balance of power), there has been expended from the industry of the people of this small island no less an amount than 2,000,000,000 sterling. When I try to think of that sum, a sort of vision passes before my mind's eye. I see your peasant labourer delve and plough, sow and reap, sweat beneath the summer sun, or grow prematurely old before the winter's blast. I see your noble mechanic, with his manly countenance and his matchless skill, toiling at his bench or at his forge. I see one of the workers in our factories in the north, a woman—a girl it may be—gentle and good, as many of them are, as your sisters and daughters are—I see her intent upon the spindle whose revolutions are so rapid that the eye fails altogether to detect them, or watching the attenuating flight of the unresisting shuttle. I turn again to another portion of your population, which, "plunged in mines, forgets a sun was made," and I see the man who brings up from the secret chambers of the earth the elements of the riches and greatness of his country. When I see all this, I have before me a mass of product and

of wealth which I am no more able to comprehend than I am that sum of which I have spoken, but I behold in its full proportions the hideous error of your government, whose fatal policy consumes in some cases a half, never less than a third, of all the results of that industry which God intended should fertilize and bless every home in England.

JOHN BRIGHT.

JUNE 11.

“THESE were the potters, and those that dwelt among plants and hedges ; there they dwelt with the king for his work.”

I CHRON. iv. 23.

THOU can'st not to thy place by accident,
It is the very place God meant for thee ;
And shouldst thou there small scope for action see,
Do not for this give room to discontent ;
Nor let the time thou owest to God be spent
In idly dreaming how thou mightest be,
In what concerns thy spiritual life, more free
From outward hindrance or impediment.
For presently this hindrance thou shalt find
That without which all goodness were a task
So slight, that Virtue never could grow strong ;
And wouldst thou do one duty to His mind,
The Imposer's—overburdened thou shalt ask,
And own thy need of grace to help, ere long.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

As one looks round upon the community of to-day, how clear the problem of hundreds of unhappy lives appears. Do we not all know men for whom it is just as clear as daylight that that is what they need, the sacrifice of themselves for other people? Rich men, who, with all their wealth, are weary and wretched; learned men whose learning only makes them querulous and jealous; believing men whose faith is always souring into bigotry and envy—every man knows what these men need, just something which shall make them let themselves go out into the open ocean of a complete self-sacrifice. They are rubbing and fretting and chafing themselves against the wooden wharves of their own interests to which they are tied. Sometime or other a great, slow, quiet tide, or a great, strong, furious storm, must come and break every rope that binds them, and carry them clear out to sea; and then they will for the first time know the true, manly joy for which a man was made, as a ship for the first time knows the full joy for which a ship was made, when she trusts herself to the open sea and with the wharf left far behind, feels the wind over her and the water under her, and recognizes her true life—only, the trust to the great ocean must be complete. No trial trip will do. No ship can tempt the sea, and learn its glory, so long as she goes moored by any rope, however long, by which she means to be drawn back again if the sea is too rough. The soul that trifles and toys with self-sacrifice never can get its true joy and power. Only the soul that with an overwhelming impulse and a perfect trust gives itself up for ever to the lives of other men, finds the delight and peace which such complete self-surrender has to give.

PHILLIPS BROOKS.

SPIRIT of beauty ! thy presence confessing,
God can we see in a sparkle of ore ;
Flowers and shells to our heart are expressing
Love like its own, but transcendentally more.

Spirit of beauty ! each bough in its bending,
Skies in their curve, and the sea in its swell,
Streams as they wind, hills and plains in their
blending
All, in our own, of God's happiness tell.

Spirit of beauty ! thou soul of our Maker,
Suddenly shown in a gleam or a tint ;
Oh, be each heart of thy joy a partaker ;
Love, and its store, are alike without stint.

Spirit of beauty ! thou teachest us sweetly ;
Prophets and psalmists yield holy delight :
Show us our Lord, and we then shall completely
Know thee as gentle, omnipotent might.

Spirit of beauty ! our offering we render,
Thee in thy skyey dominion we praise ;
Lark-like we rise to the shadowless splendour,
Pouring out song as the sun pours his rays.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

WHO is this that cometh from Edom, with dyed garments from Bozrah? this that is glorious in his apparel, travelling in the greatness of his strength?

I that speak in righteousness, mighty to save.

Wherefore art thou red in thine apparel, and thy garments like him that treadeth in the winefat?

I have trodden the winepress alone; and of the people there was none with me: for I will tread them in mine anger, and trample them in my fury; and their blood shall be sprinkled upon my garments, and I will stain all my raiment. For the day of vengeance is in mine heart, and the year of my redeemed is come. And I looked, and there was none to help; and I wondered that there was none to uphold: therefore mine own arm brought salvation unto me; and my fury, it upheld me. And I will tread down the people in mine anger, and make them drunk in my fury, and I will bring down their strength to the earth.

I will mention the lovingkindnesses of the Lord, and the praises of the Lord, according to all that the Lord hath bestowed on us, and the great goodness toward the house of Israel, which he hath bestowed on them according to his mercies and according to the multitude of his lovingkindnesses.

For he said: Surely they are my people, children that will not lie: so he was their Saviour. In all their affliction he was afflicted, and the angel of his presence saved them: in his love and in his pity he redeemed them; and he bare them, and carried them all the days of old. But they rebelled, and vexed his holy Spirit: therefore he was turned to be their enemy, and he fought against them.

Then he remembered the days of old, Moses, and his people, saying: Where is he that brought them up out of the sea with the shepherd of his flock?

Where is he that put his holy Spirit within him ? that led them by the right hand of Moses with his glorious arm, dividing the water before them, to make himself an everlasting name ? that led them through the deep, as an horse in the wilderness, that they should not stumble ? As a beast goeth down into the valley, the Spirit of the Lord caused him to rest : so didst thou lead thy people, to make thyself a glorious name.

Look down from heaven, and behold from the habitation of thy holiness and of thy glory : where is thy zeal and thy strength, the sounding of thy bowels and of thy mercies toward me ? are they restrained ? Doubtless thou art our Father, though Abraham be ignorant of us, and Israel acknowledge us not : thou, O Lord, art our Father, our Redeemer ; thy name is from everlasting.

ISAIAH lxiii. 1-16.

JUNE 15.

“ In the morning, then shall ye see the glory of the Lord.”

Ex. xvi. 7.

As on my bed at dawn I mused and prayed,
I saw my lattice pranked upon the wall,
The flaunting leaves and flitting birds withal—
A sunny phantom interlaced with shade ;
“ Thanks be to heaven ! ” in happy mood I said,
“ What sweeter aid my matins could befall
Than this fair glory from the East hath made ?
What holy sleights hath God, the Lord of all,
To bid us feel and see ! we are not free
To say we see not, for the glory comes
Nightly and daily, like the flowing sea ;
His lustre pierceth through the midnight glooms ;
And, at prime hour, behold ! He follows me
With golden shadows to my secret rooms ! ”

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

CLEAR and cool, clear and cool,
By laughing shallow, and dreaming pool ;
Cool and clear, cool and clear,
By shining shingle, and foaming weir ;
Under the crag where the ouzel sings,
And the ivied wall where the church-bell rings,
Undefiled, for the undefiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

Dank and foul, dank and foul,
By the smoky town in its murky cowl ;
Foul and dank, foul and dank,
By wharf and sewer and slimy bank ;
Darker and darker the farther I go,
Baser and baser the richer I grow ;
Who dare sport with the sin-defiled ?
Shrink from me, turn from me, mother and child.

Strong and free, strong and free,
The floodgates are open, away to the sea.
Free and strong, free and strong,
Cleansing my stream as I hurry along
To the golden sands, and the leaping bar,
And the taintless tide that awaits me afar,
As I lose myself in the infinite main,
Like a soul that has sinned and is pardoned again.
Undefiled for the undefiled ;
Play by me, bathe in me, mother and child.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

BUT I say unto you which hear : Love your enemies, do good to them which hate you, bless them that curse you, and pray for them which despitefully use you. And unto him that smiteth thee on the one cheek offer also the other ; and him that taketh away thy cloke forbid not to take thy coat also. Give to every man that asketh of thee ; and of him that taketh away thy goods ask them not again. And as ye would that men should do to you, do ye also to them likewise. For if ye love them which love you, what thank have ye ? for sinners also love those that love them. And if ye do good to them which do good to you, what thank have ye ? for sinners also do even the same. And if ye lend to them of whom ye hope to receive, what thank have ye ? for sinners also lend to sinners, to receive as much again. But love ye your enemies, and do good, and lend, hoping for nothing again ; and your reward shall be great, and ye shall be the children of the Highest : for he is kind unto the unthankful and to the evil. Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful. Judge not, and ye shall not be judged : condemn not, and ye shall not be condemned : forgive, and ye shall be forgiven : give, and it shall be given unto you ; good measure, pressed down, and shaken together, and running over, shall men give into your bosom. For with the same measure that ye mete withal it shall be measured to you again.

LUKE vi. 27-38.

OH North, with all thy vales of green !
O South, with all thy palms !
From peopled town and fields between
Uplift the voice of psalms ;
Raise, ancient East, the anthem high,
And let the youthful West reply.

Lo ! in the clouds of heaven appears
God's well-beloved Son ;
He brings a train of brighter years ;
His kingdom is begun.
He comes, a guilty world to bless
With mercy, truth, and righteousness.

Oh, Father ! haste the promised hour,
When at His feet shall lie,
All rule, authority and power
Beneath the ample sky.
When He shall reign from pole to pole,
The Lord of every human soul.

When all shall heed the words He said,
Amid their daily cares,
And, by the loving life He led,
Shall seek to pattern theirs ;
And He, who conquered death, shall win
The noblest conquest over sin.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

THERE is one form in which the rational criterion is applied which deserves special mention. Men still dispute about the origin of moral ideas, and analyse the secret of obligation, but they do not differ as to the ideas themselves. It is indeed a characteristic of the peculiar scepticism of the day that almost in proportion as it loses hold of religious convictions, it clings to the supreme obligations of the moral law ; while not only is there a general agreement as to the contents of morality, but such change as takes place in this respect is in the direction of admitted progress. As the race rises, so does its conception of duty ; and with its conception of duty, its thought of God. Man cannot permanently worship that which is lower than his highest, inferior to his best. The character of the Deity reflects the moral status of the worshipper : cruel men believe in cruel divinities : to the licentious not even the courts of heaven are pure. And therefore, when, as constantly happens, old forms of belief survive into a better time and claim the authority of prescription, their accordance with the highest morality becomes a test which not only may, but must, be applied to them. No evidence of authority can stand for a moment against an awakened conscience. What a man once clearly sees to be cruel, or revengeful, or unjust, he cannot ascribe to God. There are, I know, innumerable moral and intellectual subtleties in which he may take refuge in the hope of avoiding the antithesis which will show itself only in one light. But this force of doctrinal decay is always at work, and its efficacy is in proportion to the clearness of men's moral perceptions, and the degree in which they disengage themselves as an absolute law. It produces theories of atonement which avoid the naked substitution of the innocent for the guilty. It draws pictures of future retribution in which the omnipotent love of God is not baffled by the impenitent misery of *an eternal hell*.

HIBBERT LECTURES. 1883.

HE that dwelleth in the secret place of the most
High

Shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty.

I will say of the Lord, He is my refuge and my
fortress :

My God ; in him will I trust.

Surely he shall deliver thee from the snare of the
fowler,

And from the noisome pestilence.

He shall cover thee with his feathers,

And under his wings shalt thou trust :

His truth shall be thy shield and buckler,

Thou shalt not be afraid for the terror by night ;

Nor for the arrow that flieth by day ;

Nor for the pestilence that walketh in darkness ;

Nor for the destruction that wasteth at noonday.

A thousand shall fall at thy side,

And ten thousand at thy right hand ;

But it shall not come nigh thee.

Only with thine eyes shalt thou behold and see

The reward of the wicked.

Because thou has made the Lord, which is my
refuge,

Even the most High, thy habitation ;

There shall no evil befall thee,

Neither shall any plague come nigh thy dwelling.

For he shall give his angels charge over thee,

To keep thee in all thy ways.

They shall bear thee up in their hands,

Lest thou dash thy foot against a stone.

Thou shalt tread upon the lion and adder :

The young lion and the dragon shalt thou trample
under feet.

Because he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I
deliver him :

I will set him on high, because he hath known my name.

He shall call upon me, and I will answer him :

I will be with him in trouble ;

I will deliver him, and honour him.

With long life will I satisfy him,—and shew him my
salvation.

PSALM xci.

JUNE 21.

“WHAT ! Shall we receive good at the hand of God,
and shall we not receive evil ?”

JOB ii. 10.

COUNT each affliction, whether light or grave,
God's messenger sent down to thee ; do thou
With courtesy receive him ; rise and bow ;
And, ere his shadow pass thy threshold, crave
Permission first his heavenly feet to lave ;
Then lay before him all thou hast : allow
No cloud of passion to usurp thy brow,
Or mar thy hospitality ; no wave
Of mortal tumult to obliterate
The soul's marmoreal calmness : grief should be
Like joy, majestic, equable, sedate ;
Confirming, cleansing, raising, making free ;
Strong to consume small troubles ; to commend
Great thoughts, grave thoughts, thoughts lasting to the
end.

AUBREY DE VERE.

Is not His deed, whatever thing is done
In heaven and earth ? Did not He all create
To die again ? All ends that was begun :
Their times in His eternal book of fate
Are written sure, and have their certain date.
Who then can strive with strong necessity,
That holds the world in his still changing state ;
Or shun the death ordain'd by destiny ?
When hour of death is come, let none ask whence or
why.

He then does now enjoy eternal rest
And happy ease, which thou dost want and crave,
And further from it daily wanderest ;
What if some little pain the passage have
That makes frail flesh to fear the bitter wave ;
Is not short pain well borne, that brings long ease,
And lays the soul to sleep in quiet grave ?
Sleep after toil, port after stormy seas,
Ease after war, death after life, does greatly please.

EDMUND SPENSER. 1553.

ONE by one the sands are flowing,
One by one the moments fall ;
Some are coming, some are going ;
Do not strive to grasp them all.

One by one thy duties wait thee,
Let thy whole strength go to each ;
Let no future dreams elate thee,
Learn thou first what these can teach.

One by one (bright gifts from Heaven)
Joys are sent thee here below :
Take them readily when given,
Ready, too, to let them go.

One by one thy griefs shall meet thee,
Do not fear an armed band :
One will fade as others greet thee ;
Shadows passing through the land.

Do not look at life's long sorrow ;
See how small each moment's pain ;
God will help thee for to-morrow,
So each day begin again.

Every hour that fleets so slowly
Has its task to do or bear ;
Luminous the crown, and holy,
If thou set each gem with care.

Do not linger with regretting,
Or for passing hours despond ;
Nor, the daily toil forgetting,
Look too eagerly beyond.

Hours are golden links, God's token
Reaching heaven ; but one by one,
Take them, lest the chain be broken
Ere thy pilgrimage be done.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

THE most ancient of profane historians has told us that the Scythians of his time were a very warlike people, and that they elevated an old scimitar upon a platform as a symbol of Mars, for to Mars alone, I believe, they built altars and offered sacrifices. To this scimitar they offered sacrifices of horses and cattle, the main wealth of the country, and more costly sacrifices than to all the rest of their gods. I often ask myself whether we are at all advanced in one respect beyond those Scythians. What are our contributions to charity, to education, to morality, to religion, to justice, and to civil government, when compared with the wealth we expend in sacrifices to the old scimitar? . . . May I ask you to believe, as I do most devoutly believe, that the moral law was not written for men alone in their individual character, but that it was written as well for nations, and for nations great as this of which we are citizens. If nations reject and deride that moral law, there is a penalty which will inevitably follow. It may not come at once, it may not come in our lifetime; but, rely upon it, the great Italian is not a poet only, but a prophet, when he says—

“The sword of heaven is not in haste to smite,
Nor yet doth linger.”

We have experience, we have beacons, we have land-marks enough. We know what the past has cost us we know how much and how far we have wandered, but we are not left without a guide. It is true we have not as an ancient people had, Urim and Thummim—those oraculous gems on Aaron's breast—from which to take counsel, but we have the unchangeable and eternal principles of the moral law to guide us, and only so far as we walk by that guidance can we be permanently great nation, or our people a happy people.

JOHN BRIGHT.

BUT Love's a flower that will not die
For lack of leafy screen,
And Christian Hope can cheer the eye
That ne'er saw vernal green ;
Then be ye sure that Love can bless
Even in this crowded loneliness,
Where ever-moving myriads seem to say,
Go—thou art naught to us, nor we to thee—away !

There are in this loud stemming tide
Of human care and crime,
With whom the melodies abide
Of th' everlasting chime ;
Who carry music in their heart
Through dusky lane and wrangling mart,
Plying their daily task with busier feet,
Because their secret souls a holy strain repeat.

These gracious lives shed Gospel light
On Mammon's gloomiest cells,
As on some city's cheerless night
The tide of sunrise swells,
Till tower, and dome, and bridge-way proud,
Are mantled with a golden cloud,
And to wise hearts this certain hope is given—
"No mist that man may raise shall hide the eye of
Heaven."

JOHN KEBLE.

BLESS the Lord, O my soul :
And all that is within me, bless his holy name,
Bless the Lord, O my soul,—and forget not all his
benefits :

Who forgiveth all thine iniquities ;
Who healeth all thy diseases ;
Who redeemeth thy life from destruction ;
Who crowneth thee with lovingkindness and tender
mercies ;

Who satisfieth thy mouth with good things ;
So that thy youth is renewed like the eagle's.

The Lord executeth righteousness
And judgment for all that are oppressed,
He made known his ways unto Moses,
His acts unto the children of Israel.
The Lord is merciful and gracious,
Slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.
He will not always chide :
Neither will he keep his anger for ever.
He hath not dealt with us after our sins ;
Nor rewarded us according to our iniquities.

For as the heaven is high above the earth,
So great is his mercy toward them that fear him.
As far as the east is from the west,
So far hath he removed our transgressions from us.
Like as a father pitieth his children,
So the Lord pitieth them that fear him.
For he knoweth our frame ;
He remembereth that we are dust.

As for man, his days are as grass :
As a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.
For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone ;
And the place thereof shall know it no more.

* Repeal of the Corn Laws, 1846.

But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to
 everlasting upon them that fear him,
 And his righteousness unto children's children ;
 To such as keep his covenant, [them.
 And to those that remember his commandments to do
 The Lord hath prepared his throne in the heavens ;
 And his kingdom ruleth over all.
 Bless the Lord, ye his angels,
 That excel in strength, that do his commandments,
 Harkening unto the voice of his word.
 Bless ye the Lord, all ye his hosts ;
 Ye ministers of his, that do his pleasure. [dominion :
 Bless the Lord, all his works—in all places of his
 Bless the Lord, O my soul. PSALM ciii.

JUNE 27.

“ HELP thou mine unbelief.”

MARK ix. 24.

BECAUSE I seek Thee not, O seek Thou me !
 Because my lips are dumb, O hear the cry
 I do not utter as Thou passest by,
 And from my life-long bondage set me free !
 Because, content I perish, far from Thee,
 O seize me, snatch me from my fate, and try
 My soul in Thy consuming fire ! Draw nigh,
 And let me blinded my salvation see.
 If I were pouring at Thy feet my tears,
 If I were clamouring to see Thy face,
 I should not need Thee, Lord, as now I need,
 Whose dumb, dead soul knows neither hopes nor
 fears,
 Nor dreads the outer darkness of this place—
 Because I seek not, pray not, give Thou heed !
 AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

HERE, then, is a great truth for which we would contend—to be unjust is to be unwise. And since justice is not imposed upon nations more really than other branches of the Moral Law, the universal maxim is equally true—to deviate from purity of rectitude is impolitic as well as wrong. When will this truth be learnt and be acted upon? When shall we cast away the contrivances of a low and unworthy policy, and dare the venture of the consequences of virtue? When shall we, in political affairs, exercise a little of that confidence in the knowledge and protection of God which we are ready to admire in individual life? Not that it is to be assumed as certain that such fidelity would cost nothing. But whatever it might cost it would be worth the purchase. And neither reason nor experience allows the doubt that a faithful adherence to the Moral Law would more effectually serve national interests than they have ever yet been served by the utmost sagacity whilst violating that law. The contrivances of expediency have become so habitual to measures of State that it may probably be thought the dreamings of a visionary to suppose it possible that they should be substituted by purity of rectitude. And yet I believe that it will eventually be done by the gradual advance of sound principles upon the minds of men, principles which will assume more and more the rightful influence in the world, until at length the low contrivances of a fluctuating and immoral policy will be substituted by firm, and consistent, and invariable integrity.

JONATHAN DYMON

OUR slender life runs rippling by, and glides
 Into the silent hollow of the past ;
 What is there that abides
 To make the next age better for the last ?
 Is earth too poor to give us
 Something to live for here that shall outlive us ?
 Some more substantial boon
 Than such as flows and ebbs with Fortune's fickle moon?
 The little that we see
 From doubt is never free ;
 The little that we do
 Is but half-nobly true ;
 With our laborious hiving
 What men call treasure, and the gods call dross,
 Life seems a jest of Fate's contriving,
 Only secure in every one's conniving,
 A long account of nothings paid with loss,
 Where we poor puppets, jerked by unseen wires,
 After our little hour of strut and rave,
 With all our pasteboard passions and desires,
 Loves, hates, ambitions, and immortal fires,
 Are tossed pell-mell together in the grave.
 But stay ! no age was e'er degenerate,
 Unless men held it at too cheap a rate,
 For in our likeness still we shape our fate.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"ALL things that are of the earth turn to the earth again.

The life of one that laboureth and is contented,
shall be made sweet."

ECCLESIASTICUS, BOOK iv.

DAY of Life ! thine hours are fast advancing,
Faster, one by one !
Brilliant hopes, like diamonds adorning
Dewy meadows, disappear with morning,
'Neath the noon-day sun.

Now the mid-day heat and passion burneth,
May my arm be strong,
To plough in life's broad field beside my neighbour,
Singing with cheerful heart that lightens labour,
The old, untiring song !

Cast me gently on the shore at evening,
With the one I love !
May a sunset golden-calm surround us,
Sliding into darkness, where it found us,
Till the Dawn above !

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

THE tree of Faith its bare, dry boughs must shed
That nearer heaven the living ones may climb ;
The false must fail, though from our shores of time
The old lament be heard,—“ Great Pan is dead ! ”
That wail is Error’s, from his high place hurled ;
This sharp recoil is Evil undertrod ;
Our time’s unrest, an angel sent of God
Troubling with life the waters of the world.
Even as they list the winds of the Spirit blow
To turn or break our century-rusted vanes ;
Sands shift and waste ; the rock alone remains
Where, led of Heaven, the strong tides come and go,
And storm-clouds, rent by thunder-bolt and wind,
Leave, free of mist, the permanent stars behind.

Therefore I trust, although to outward sense
Both true and false seem shaken ; I will hold
With newer light my reverence for the old,
And calmly wait the births of Providence.
No gain is lost, the clear-eyed saints look down
Untroubled on the wreck of schemes and creeds ;
Love yet remains, its rosary of good deeds
Counting in task-field and o’er peopled town ;
Truth has charmed life ! the Inward Word survives,
And, day by day, its revelation brings ;
Faith, hope, and charity, whatsoever things
Which cannot be shaken, stand. Still holy lives
Reveal the Christ of whom the letter told,
And the new gospel verifies the old.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

I BELIEVE we are now at an era which in social importance, has not had its equal in the last 1,800 years. I believe that there is no event that has ever happened in the world's history, which in a moral and social point of view—is more favourable to the enduring interests of humanity than the establishment of the principle of Free Trade,—I do not mean in a pecuniary point of view merely, or as a principle applied to England alone; but we have a principle established now which is eternal in its truth and universal in its application, and which must be applied in all nations and throughout all times, and applied not simply to commerce, but to every item of the tariffs of the world; and if we are not mistaken in thinking that our principles are true, be assured that those results will follow, and at no very distant period. It is a world's revolution, and nothing else, and every meeting we have held may be looked back upon as the germ of a movement which will ultimately comprehend the whole world in its embrace. I see and feel, and always have felt, the great social and moral importance of this great question. Having known what I do of my fellow countrymen who have been engaged in this agitation—men who are the salt of this land, and who are active whenever any good is to be accomplished—I shall never despair of their moral power to conduct the good ship of the State through whatever storm may arise. . . . We are dispersing our elements to be ready for any other good work, and it is nothing but good work that will be attempted by good Leaguers. Our body will perish, but our spirit is abroad, and will pervade all the nations of the earth because it is the spirit of truth and justice, because it is the spirit of peace and goodwill amongst men.

RICHARD COBDEN.

* Speech made at the final meeting of the Anti-Corn-Law League, July 2nd, 1846.

“COME unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.”

MATTHEW xi. 28.

O, REST a while, but only for a while ;
Life's business presses, and the time is short :
Ease may the weary of reward beguile ;
Let not the workman lose what he has wrought.

Rest for a while, if only for a while ;
The strong birds tire, and gladly seek their nest :
With quiet heart enjoy heaven's quiet smile ;
What strength has he who never takes his rest ?

Rest for a while, though 'tis but for a while ;
Home flies the bee, then soon re-quits the hive :
Rest on thy staff, walk then another mile ;
Soon will the long, the final rest arrive.

O, rest a while, for rest is self-return ;
Leave the loud world, and visit thine own breast,
The meaning of thy labours thou wilt learn
When thus at peace, with Jesus for thy guest.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

NOTHING is left or lost—nothing of good,
Or lovely ; but whatever its first springs
Has drawn from God, returns to Him again :
That only which 'twere misery to retain
Is taken from you, which to keep were loss ;
Only the scum, the refuse, and the dross
Are borne away unto the grave of things ;
Meanwhile whatever gifts from Heaven descend
Thither again have flowed,
To the receptacle of all things good,
From Whom they come and unto Whom they tend,
Who is the First and Last, the Author and the End.
For doubt not but that in the worlds above
There must be other offices of love,
That other tasks and ministries there are,
Since it is promised that His servants there
Shall serve Him still. Therefore be strong, be strong,
Ye that remain, nor fruitlessly revolve,
Darkling, the riddles which ye cannot solve,
But do the works that unto you belong ;
Believing that for every mystery,
For all the death, the darkness, and the curse
Of this dim universe,
Needs a solution full of love must be :
And that the way whereby ye may attain
Nearest to this, is not thro' broodings vain
And half-rebellious, questionings of God,
But by a patient seeking to fulfil
The purpose of His everlasting will,
Treading the path which lowly men have trod.
Since it is ever they who are too proud
For this, that are the foremost and most loud
To judge His hidden judgments, these are still
The most perplexed and lost at His mysterious will.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

THERE is a prize which we are all aiming at, and the more power and goodness we have, so much more the energy of that aim. Every human being has a right to it, and in the pursuit we do not stand in each other's way. For it has a long scale of degrees, a wide variety of views, and every aspirant, by his success in the pursuit, does not hinder but helps his competitors. I might call it completeness, but that is later,—perhaps adjourned for ages. I prefer to call it Greatness. It is the fulfilment of a natural tendency in each man. It is a fruitful study. It is the best tonic to the young soul. And no man is unrelated ; therefore we admire eminent men, not for themselves but as representatives. It is very certain that we ought not to be, and shall not be contented with any goal we have reached. Our aim is no less than Greatness ; that which invites all, belongs to us all,—to which we are all sometimes untrue, cowardly, faithless, but of which we never quite despair, and which, in every sane moment, we resolve to make our own. It is also the only platform on which all men can meet. What anecdotes of any man do we wish to hear or read ? Only the best. Certainly not those in which he was degraded to the level of dulness or vice, but those in which he rose above all competition by obeying a Light that shone to him alone. This is the worthiest history of the world.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

“How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings, that publishes peace.”

ISAIAH lii. 7.

—

AH ! when shall all men's good
Be each man's rule, and universal Peace
Lie like a shaft of light across the land,
And like a lane of beams athwart the sea,
Thro' all the circle of the golden year ? . . .
Not in our time, nor in our children's time,
'Tis like the second world to us that live ;
'Twere all as one to fix our hopes on Heaven
As on this vision of the golden year.
. . . We sleep and wake and sleep, but all things
move ;
The Sun flies forward to his brother Sun ;
The dark Earth follows wheel'd in her ellipse ;
And human things returning on themselves
Move onward, leading up the golden year.
Ah, tho' the times, when some new thought can bud,
Are but as poets' seasons when they flower,
Yet seas, that daily gain upon the shore,
Have ebb and flow conditioning their march,
And slow and sure comes up the golden year.
When wealth no more shall rest in mounded heaps,
But smit with freer light shall slowly melt
In many streams to fatten lower lands,
And light shall spread, and man be liker man
Thro' all the season of the golden year.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

WILL lift up mine eyes unto the hills,
from whence cometh my help.
My help cometh from the Lord,
which made heaven and earth.
He will not suffer thy foot to be moved :
He that keepeth thee will not slumber.
Hold, he that keepeth Israel
shall neither slumber nor sleep.
The Lord is thy keeper :
The Lord is thy shade upon thy right hand.
The sun shall not smite thee by day,
nor the moon by night.
The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil :
He shall preserve thy soul.
The Lord shall preserve thy going out and thy coming in
from this time forth, and even for evermore.

PSALM CXXI.

WHEN we two climbed the mountain side
I blamed thy lagging pace,
Oft turning backward to deride
Thy slowness in the race ;
My burden then I did not see
Dropt from my shoulders, borne by thee.

When we two shared our noonday meal,
I mocked thine aspect dreary,
"This generous wine," I said, "should heal
The soul most sad and weary"—
And quaffing my o'er flowing wine,
Marked not where thou hadst emptied thine.

When we two laid us down to rest,
I chid thy long delay ;
"My sleep," I cried, "thou dost molest,
After the toilsome day"—
Well covered by thy silent care,
I marked not that thy couch was bare.

Thus through each pleasure and annoy
Both had a portion double,
One traveller drained his cup of joy,
The other, his of trouble ;
For each the loss with gain combined
Made thee sad-hearted, and me, blind.

The same Physician healed us both,
Altho' he touched but one ;
Whose touch at last, or glad or loth,
No mortal e'er may shun.
He laid his icy hand on thee,
And, wondrous charm ! gave sight to me.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

GOD is sweetness, meekness, gentleness, tenderness, bounding in mercy and lovingkindness, pitying the miserable, and naturally holding forth an helping hand towards them : yea, He is universally thus. There is not one miserable soul, not one perishing creature upon the face of the earth, but as He hath wisdom and power to help it, so He hath tender bowels, and an heart thereunto. And it is not for want of something to be done on His part, that souls perish, but the failing always as, and still is, on the creature's part. God loveth all His creatures, and cannot but be good to them. He is outwardly good, He is inwardly good to them all. He can do nothing against any one of them, but what stands with His love and mercy. He doth not forget Himself ; He does not lose His nature in the manifesting of His righteousness, wrath, and severity against sin and sinners.

Oh that thou couldest dwell in the knowledge and sense of this ; even that the Lord beholds thy sufferings with an eye of pity ; and is able, not only to uphold thee under them, but also to do thee good by them. Therefore, grieve not at thy lot, be not discontented, look not at the hardness of thy condition ; but when the storm and matters of vexation are sharp, look up to Him who can give meekness and patience, can lift up thy head over all, and cause thy life to grow and be a gain by all. If the Lord God help thee proportionally to thy condition of distress, thou wilt have no cause to complain, but to bless His name.

ISAAC PENINGTON. 1617.

THEY are all gone into a world of light,
And I alone sit lingering here !
Their very memory is fair and bright,
And my sad thoughts doth clear.

It glows and glitters in my cloudy breast,
Like stars upon some gloomy grove,
Or those faint beams in which the hill is dressed,
After the sun's remove.

I see them walking in an air of glory,
Whose light doth trample on my days,
My days, which are at best but dull and hoary,
Mere glimmerings and decays.

O holy hope, and high humility,
High as the heavens above !
These are your walks, and ye have showed them me,
To kindle my cold love.

Dear, beauteous Death ! the jewel of the just !
Shining nowhere but in the dark !
What mysteries do lie beyond thy dust,
Could man outlook that mark !

He that hath found some fledged bird's nest may know,
At first sight, if the bird be flown ;
But what fair field or grove he sings in now,
That is to him unknown.

And yet as angels, in some brighter dreams,
Call to the soul, when man doth sleep,
So some strange thoughts transcend our wonted themes,
And into glory peep !

HENRY VAUGHAN. 1621.

WHEN the Son of man shall come in his glory, and all the holy angels with him, then shall he sit upon the throne of his glory : and before him shall be gathered all nations : and he shall separate them one from another, as a shepherd divideth his sheep from the goats : and he shall set the sheep on his right hand, but the goats on the left. Then shall the King say unto them on his right hand : Come, ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world : for I was an hungred, and ye gave me meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave me drink : I was a stranger, and ye took me in : naked, and ye clothed me : I was sick, and ye visited me : I was in prison, and ye came unto me. Then shall the righteous answer him, saying : Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, and fed thee ? or thirsty, and gave thee drink ? When saw we thee a stranger, and took thee in ? or naked, and clothed thee ? Or when saw we thee sick, or in prison, and came unto thee ? And the King shall answer and say unto them : Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me.

Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand : Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels : for I was an hungred, and ye gave me no meat : I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink : I was a stranger, and ye took me not in : naked, and ye clothed me not : sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not. Then shall they also answer him, saying : Lord, when saw we thee an hungred, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee ? Then shall he answer them, saying : Verily I say unto you, Inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me. And these shall go away into everlasting punishment : but the righteous into life eternal.

MATTHEW XXV. 31-46.

“ FAITHFUL are the wounds of a friend.”

PROV. xxvii. 6.

REMEMBER me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land ;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more, day by day,
You tell me of our future that you planned ;
Only remember me ; you understand
It will be too late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for awhile
And afterwards remember, do not grieve ;
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

WHITHER, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seekst thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side ?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end ;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows ; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form ; yet in my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To aid our search after truth, God has given to us tradition—the voice of anterior humanity—and the voice of our own conscience. Wheresoever these accord, is truth ; wheresoever they are opposed, is error. To attain a harmony and consistence between the conscience of the individual and the conscience of humanity, no sacrifice is too great. The family, the city, the fatherland and humanity, are but different spheres in which to exercise our activity and our power of sacrifice towards this great aim.

God watches from above the inevitable progress of humanity, and from time to time He raises up the great in genius, in love, in thought, or in action, as priests of His truth and guides to the multitudes on their way.

Remember that Christianity is a revelation and a statement of principles, of certain relations of man with that which is beyond himself, which were unknown to Paganism. Remember that these principles are the same that are inscribed upon the banner of all lovers of liberty. Remember that religions are not changed by men, but by time, progress, and the manifestation of some new principle ; and that whosoever attempts to substitute himself for the age and for those causes, is guilty of a foolish and fatal mistake. Religion is eternal. It will be the soul, the thought of the new world. Every man has in his own heart an altar, upon which, if he invokes it in earnestness, purity and love, the Spirit of God will descend. Conscience is sacred ; it is free. But truth is one, and faith may anticipate the time when, from the free conscience of enlightened men, beneath the breath of God, shall be given forth a religious harmony, more mighty, more potent in love and life, than any to which humanity has yet lent ear.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

“MEN ought always to pray and not to faint”

LUKE xviii. 1.

BE not afraid to pray—to pray is right.
Pray if thou canst, with hope ; but ever pray,
Though hope be weak, or sick with long delay ;
Pray in the darkness, if there be no light.
Far is the time, remote from human sight,
When war and discord on the earth shall cease ;
Yet every prayer for universal peace
Avails the blessed time to expedite.
Whate'er is good to wish, ask that of Heaven,
Though it be what thou canst not hope to see :
Pray to be perfect, though material leaven
Forbids the spirit so on earth to be :
But if for any wish thou darest not pray,
Then pray to God to cast that wish away.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE. 1796.

WHEN wilt thou save the people ?
Oh, God of mercy ! when ?
Not kings and lords, but nations !
Not thrones and crowns, but men !
Flowers of thy heart, oh God, are they !
Let them not pass, like weeds, away !
Their heritage a sunless day !
God, save the people !

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
Strength aiding still the strong ?
Is it thy will, O Father,
That men should toil for wrong ?
" No ! " say thy mountains ; " No ! " thy skies :
" Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
And songs be heard, instead of sighs."
God, save the people !

When wilt thou save the people ?
Oh, God of mercy ! when ?
The people, Lord, the people !
Not thrones and crowns, but men !
God, save the people ; thine they are,
Thy children, as thy angels fair :
Save them from bondage, and despair !
God, save the people !

EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

* Peterloo Massacre ; so called because the soldiers attacked a vast and peaceful meeting of men and women held in St. Peter's fields, Manchester, to protest against the refusal of their rights—1819.

BRETHREN, I write no new commandment unto you, but an old commandment which ye had from the beginning. The old commandment is the word which ye have heard from the beginning. Again, a new commandment I write unto you, which thing is true in him and in you : because the darkness is past, and the true light now shineth. He that saith he is in the light, and hateth his brother, is in darkness even until now. He that loveth his brother abideth in the light, and there is none occasion of stumbling in him. But he that hateth his brother is in darkness, and walketh in darkness, and knoweth not whither he goeth, because that darkness hath blinded his eyes.

I write unto you, little children, because your sins are forgiven you for his name's sake. I write unto you, fathers, because ye have known him that is from the beginning. I write unto you, young men, because ye have overcome the wicked one.

I write unto you, little children, because ye have known the Father. I have written unto you, fathers, because ye have known him that is from the beginning. I have written unto you, young men, because ye are strong, and the word of God abideth in you, and ye have overcome the wicked one.

Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world.

If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him: For all that is in the world, the lust of the flesh, and the lust of the eyes, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world. And the world passeth away, and the lust thereof : but he that doeth the will of God abideth for ever.

ABIDE with me ; fast falls the eventide ;
The darkness deepens ; Lord, with me abide ;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
Change and decay in all around I see ;
O Thou, Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy Presence every passing hour ;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be ?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless ;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness ;
Where is death's sting ? Where, Grave, thy victory ?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes ;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies ;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows
flee ;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me.

HENRY FRANCIS LYTE. 1793.

ALL prosaic, and all bitter, disenchanted people are apt to talk as if poets and novelists *made* romance. They do,—just as much as craters make volcanoes,—no more. What is romance? Whence comes it? Plato spoke to the subject wisely, in his quaint way, some two thousand years ago when he said: “Man’s soul, in a former state, was winged and soared among the gods, and so it comes to pass that, in this life, when the soul, by the power of music or poetry, or by the sight of beauty, hath her remembrance quickened, forthwith there is a struggling and a pricking pain as of wings trying to come forth,—even as children in teething.” Let us look up in fear and reverence, and say: God is the great maker of romance. He, from whose hand came man and woman—He, who strung the great harp of Existence with all its wild, and wonderful, and manifold chords, and attuned them to one another—He is the great poet of life. Every impulse of beauty, of heroism, and every craving for purer love, fairer perfection, nobler type, and style of being, than that which closes like a prison-house around us, in the dim, daily walk of life, is God’s breath, God’s impulse, God’s reminder to the soul that there is something higher, sweeter, purer, yet to be attained.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

"BUT thou art the same, and thy years shall have no end."

PSALM cii. 27.

THEY drift away. Ah, God ! they drift for ever.
I watch the stream sweep onward to the sea,
Like some old battered buoy upon a roaring river,
Round whom the tide-waifs hang—then drift to sea.

I watch them drift—the old familiar faces,
Who fished and rode with me, by stream and wold,
Till ghosts, not men, fill old beloved places,
And, ah ! the land is rank with churchyard mould.

I watch them drift—the youthful aspirations,
Shores, landmarks, beacons, drift alike.

* * *

I watch them drift—the poets and the statesmen ;
The very streams run upward from the sea.

* * *

Yet overhead the boundless arch of heaven
Still fades to night, still blazes into day.

* * *

Ah, God ! My God ! Thou wilt not drift away.

CHARLES KINGSLEY.

O SING unto the Lord a new song ;
For he hath done marvellous things :
His right hand, and his holy arm, hath gotten him the
victory.

The Lord hath made known his salvation :
His righteousness hath he openly shewed in the sight of
the heathen.

He hath remembered his mercy and his truth toward
the house of Israel :

All the ends of the earth have seen the salvation of our
God.

Make a joyful noise unto the Lord, all the earth :

Make a loud noise, and rejoice, and sing praise.

Sing unto the Lord with the harp ;

With the harp, and the voice of a psalm.

With trumpets and sound of cornet

Make a joyful noise before the Lord, the King.

Let the sea roar, and the fulness thereof ;

The world, and they that dwell therein.

Let the floods clap their hands :

Let the hills be joyful together before the Lord ; for he
cometh to judge the earth :

With righteousness shall he judge the world,

And the people with equity.

PSALM xcvi.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display ;
And publishes to every land,
The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale ;
And nightly, to the listening earth,
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though, in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball ;
What though no real voice, nor sound,
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ;
In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine :
" The hand that made us is divine."

JOSEPH ADDISON. 1672.

WHAT is the real obstacle in our path? You have coiled at this Irish difficulty session after session; some of you have grown almost from boyhood to grey-headed old men since it first met you in your legislative career, and yet there is not in ancient or modern history a picture so humiliating as that which Ireland presents to the world at this moment. . . . Men turn with triumph to neighbouring countries, and speak in glowing terms of our glorious Constitution. It is true that abroad thrones and dynasties have been overturned whilst in England peace has reigned undisturbed. But take all the lives that have been lost in the last twelve months in Europe amidst the convulsions that have occurred—take all the cessation of trade, the destruction of industry, all the crushing of hopes and hearts, and they will not compare for an instant with the agonies which have been endured by the population of Ireland under your glorious Constitution. And there are those who now say that this is the ordering of Providence. But let us not lay these calamities at the door of Providence; it were sinful in us, of all men, to do so. God has blessed Ireland—and does still bless her—in position, in soil, in climate; He has not withdrawn His promises, nor are they unfulfilled; there is still the sunshine and the shower; still the seed-time and the harvest; and the affluent bosom of the earth yet offers sustenance for man. But man must do his part—we must do our part—we must retrace our steps—we must shun the blunders, and, I would even say, the crimes of our past legislation. We must free the land, and then we shall discover, and not till then, that industry, hopeful and remunerated—industry, free and inviolate, is the only sure foundation on which can be reared the enduring edifice of union and of peace.

JOHN BRIGHT.

WE cannot kindle when we will
The fire which in the heart resides ;
The spirit bloweth and is still,
In mystery our soul abides.
But tasks in hours of insight will'd
Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;
We bear the burden and the heat
Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
Not till the hours of light return,
All we have built do we discern.

Then when the clouds are off the soul,
When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
Ask, how *she* view'd thy self-control,
Thy struggling, task'd morality—
Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,
Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek ;
See, on her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek !
“ Ah, child !” she cries, “ that strife divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine ?

“ There is no effort on *my* brow—
I do not strive, I do not weep ;
I rush with the swift spheres, and glow
In joy, and when I will, I sleep.
Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once—but where ?

" I knew not yet the gauge of time,
Nor wore the manacles of space ;
I felt it in some other clime,
I saw it in some other place.
'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God."

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

JULY 25.

LIE not ; but let thy heart be true to God,
Thy mouth to it, thy actions to them bothe ;
Cowards tell lies, and those that fear the rode ;
The stormy working soule spits lies and frothe.
Dare to be true. Nothing can need a lie ;
A fault, which needs it most, grows two thereby.

Do all things like a man, not sneakingly ;
Think the King sees thee still, for his King does.
Simpering is but a large hypocrisy ;
Give it a corner, and the clue undoes.
Who fears to do ill sets himself a taske,
Who fears to do well, sure should weare a maske.

By all means use sometimes to be alone.
Salute thyself : see what thy soule doth weare.
Dare to look in thy cheste, for 'tis thine owne,
And tumble up and downe what thou find'st there.
Who cannot reste till he good fellows finde,
He breakes up house, turns out of doores his
minde.

GEORGE HERBERT. 1593.

At the same time came the disciples unto Jesus, saying: Who is the greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And Jesus called a little child unto him, and set him in the midst of them, and said: Verily I say unto you, Except ye be converted, and become as little children, ye shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever therefore shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven. And whoso shall receive one such little child in my name receiveth me. But whoso shall offend one of these little ones which believe in me, it were better for him that a millstone were hanged about his neck, and that he were drowned in the depth of the sea.

Woe unto the world because of offences! for it must needs be that offences come; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh! Wherefore if thy hand or thy foot offend thee, cut them off, and cast them from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life halt or maimed, rather than having two hands or two feet to be cast into everlasting fire. And if thine eye offend thee, pluck it out, and cast it from thee: it is better for thee to enter into life with one eye, rather than having two eyes to be cast into hell fire.

Take heed that ye despise not one of these little ones; for I say unto you: That in heaven their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven. For the Son of Man is come to save that which was lost. How, think ye? if a man have an hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray? And if so be that he find it, verily I say unto you, he rejoices more of that sheep, than of the ninety and nine which went not astray. Even so it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven, that one of these little ones should perish.

MATTHEW XVIII. 1-14.

FATHER of all ! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By Saint, by Savage, and by Sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord !

Thou great first Cause, least understood ;
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind ;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill ;
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Let free the human will.

If I am right, Thy grace impart,
Still in the right to stay ;
If I am wrong, oh teach my heart
To find that better way.

Teach me to feel another's Woe,
To hide the Fault I see ;
That Mercy I to others show,
That Mercy show to me.

Mean tho' I am, not wholly so,
Since quickened by Thy Breath ;
Oh lead me wherso'er I go,
Thro' this day's Life or Death.

To Thee, whose Temple is all Space,
Whose Altar, Earth, Sea, Skies,
One chorus let all Being raise,
All Nature's incense rise !

ALEXANDER POPE. 1688.

"OH that I had wings like a dove ! for then would
I fly away, and be at rest."

PSALM lv. 6.

THE bird let loose in eastern skies,
When hastening fondly home,
Ne'er stoops to earth her wing, nor flies
Where idle warblers roam ;
But high she shoots thro' air and light,
Above all low delay,
Where nothing earthly bounds her flight,
Nor shadow dims her way.

So grant me, God, from every care
And stain of passion free,
Aloft, through virtue's purer air,
To hold my course to thee !
No sin to cloud, no lure to stay
My soul, as home she springs ;—
Thy sunshine on her joyful way,
Thy freedom in her wings !

THOMAS MOORE. 1799.

THE importance of Truth and of the knowledge of Truth to all men, was unknown in any practical way to Heathenism, and may be considered as due essentially to Christianity. Christianity requires not merely truthfulness, but love of Truth. The Divine Son of Man represented His mission to be very principally to bear witness to the Truth ; and that question which the highest civilization of antiquity did not care to have answered, He has made through His spirit a perpetual aspiration of His disciples. Christianity in fact has added many new cardinal virtues to the old Pagan ones, and among them this, neither the last nor the least of all, the desire of moral progress. To seek Truth, and as it is found to live by it and to impart it to others—to cherish true personal convictions concerning human and divine relationships and to diffuse them, in every way to testify to the Truth which we live by—this is a new birth of Christianity.

Christianity, it is true, does not directly denounce some social evils, and it does not directly define some social rights ; nor does it furnish new instruments, nor found new institutions for realising its aims ; but, notwithstanding, it ever has been and ever will be, indirectly the most powerful adversary of such evils, and advocate of such rights. It is silent concerning slavery and tyranny and war ; it does not prescribe free political institutions, nor does it make mention of the cultivation of literature, nor of many modern benevolent associations : but to all social miseries and to all civilising agencies, it upholds the permanent and persuasive opponents and inducements respectively of the grand Idea of Brotherhood in Redemption—its law of Love, its principle of Progress, and its standard of Perfection.

REV. FREDERICK MYERS.

LISTEN to the water mill all the livelong day !
How the creaking of the wheels wears the hours away ;
Tranquilly the water glides useless on and still,
Never coming back again to that water mill.
And the proverb haunts my mind as the spell is cast—
“ The mill will never grind with the water that has
passed.”

Take the lesson to thyself, loving heart and true ;
Golden years are passing by, beauty's passing too.
Try to make the most of life, lose no honest way ;
All that thou canst call thine own, lies in this—to-day.
Power, intellect, and strength, may not, cannot last—
“ The mill will never grind with the water that has
passed.”

All the wasted hours of life that have flitted by,
All the good we might have done, lost without a sigh ;
Love, that we might once have saved with one single
word,
Thoughts conceived we might have penned perishing
unheard.
Take the lesson to thy heart, take and hold it fast—
“ The mill will never grind with the water that has
passed.”

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

WHERE is the true man's fatherland ?
Is it where he by chance is born ?
Doth not the yearning spirit scorn
In such scant borders to be spanned !
Oh, yes ! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven, wide and free !

Is it alone where freedom is,
Where God is God and man is man ?
Doth he not claim a broader span
For the soul's love of home than this ?
Oh, yes ! his fatherland must be
As the blue heaven, wide and free !

Where'er a human heart doth wear
Joy's myrtle-wreath or sorrow's gyves,
Where'er a human spirit strives
After a life more true and fair,
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland !

Where'er a single slave doth pine,
Where'er one man may help another,—
Thank God for such a birthright, brother,—
That spot of earth is thine and mine !
There is the true man's birthplace grand,
His is a world-wide fatherland !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

THAT there is an universal Light, the universality of all age hath plentifully testified. There is nothing more constant now that can plead either such antiquity or general consent. Not a Nation in the world ever knew an age in which it was destitute of such a discovery of internal Light, as gave them to discern evil from good ; that virtue was not ever most commendable, and vice above all things pernicious and damnable. This is matter of fact, and the most barbarous of Nations now inhabited are a clear demonstration of what I say.

The Soul then hath eyes as well as the body : and as men may see, if they please, when the sun is in the outward firmament, unless they wilfully close their eyes, so may all rational Souls see, if they will, by their eye of reason, that spiritual Sun, which gives as true discerning and direction to the Mind, how to think and desire, as the natural sun doth to the body, how to act and walk aright. . . Wherefore, stand still in thy Mind, wait to feel something that is divine, to prepare and dispose thee to worship God truly and acceptably. And thus taking up the Cross, and shutting the doors and windows of the Soul against everything that would interrupt their attendance upon God, how pleasant soever the object be in itself, how lawful or needful at another season, the power of the Almighty will break in, His Spirit will work and prepare the Heart, that it may offer up an acceptable sacrifice. It is He that discovers and presses wants upon the Soul ; and when it cries, it is He alone that can supply them.

WILLIAM PENN. 1644.

FOR the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our father's God !
Thou hast made thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod—
Thou hast fixed our ark of refuge
Where spoiler's foot ne'er trod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God !

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose lights must never die ;
We are guardians of an altar
Midst the silence of the sky ;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by Thy rod—
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God !

For the dark, resounding heavens,
When Thy still small voice is heard,
For the strong pines of the forest,
That by Thy breath are stirred ;
For the storms, on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad—
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God !

For the shadow of Thy presence
Round our camp of rock outspread ;
For the stern defiles of battle,
Bearing record of our dead ;
For the snows, and for the torrents,
For the free heart's burial sod ;
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee,
Our God, our father's God !

CAST thy bread upon the waters :
For thou shalt find it after many days.
Give a portion to seven and also to eight ;
For thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth.
If the clouds be full of rain, they empty themselves upon
the earth :
And if the tree fall toward the south, or toward the north,
In the place where the tree falleth, there it shall be.
He that observeth the wind shall not sow ;
And he that regardeth the clouds shall not reap.
In the morning sow thy seed,
And in the evening withhold not thine hand :
For thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this
or that,
Or whether they both shall be alike good.
Truly the light is sweet,
And a pleasant thing it is for the eyes to behold the sun :
But if a man live many years, and rejoice in them all ;
Yet let him remember the days of darkness ;
For they shall be many. All that cometh is vanity.
Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth ;
And let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth,
And walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of
thine eyes :
But know thou, that for all these things God will bring
thee into judgment.
Therefore remove sorrow from thy heart,
And put away evil from thy flesh :
For childhood and youth are vanity.

ECCLESIASTES xi.

“THE Lord shall give thee rest from thy sorrow,
and from thy fear, and from the hard bondage wherein
thou wast made to serve.”

ISAIAH xiv. 3.

SHE sat and wept beside His feet ; the weight
Of sin oppressed her heart ; for all the blame
And the poor malice of the worldly shame,
To her was past, extinct and out of date ;
Only the sin remained—the leprous state ;
She would be melted by the heat of love,
By fires far fiercer than are blown to prove
And purge the silver ore adulterate.
She sat and wept, and with her untressed hair
Still wiped the feet she was so blessed to touch ;
And He wiped off the soiling of despair
From her sweet soul because she loved so much.
I am a sinner, full of doubts and fears,
Make me a humble thing of love and tears.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE. 1796.

POUR forth the oil, pour boldly forth,
It will not fail until
Thou fairest vessels to provide,
Which it may largely fill.

But then, when such are found no more,
Though flowing broad and free
Till then, and nourished from on high,
It straightway stanch'd will be.

Dig channels for the streams of Love,
Where they may broadly run ;
And Love has overflowing streams
To fill them every one.

But if at any time thou cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of Love for thee
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That good thing from above ;
Ceasing to give, we cease to have—
Such is the law of Love.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

IF you will be governed by reason, and manage what lies before you with industry, vigour, and temper ; if you will not run out after new distraction, but keep your divinity pure, even as though you must at once render it up again, your mind staunch and well-disciplined, as if this trial of behaviour were your last ; and, if you will but cleave to this, and be true to the best of yourself, fearing and desiring nothing, but living up to your nature, standing boldly by the truth of your word, and satisfied therewith, then you will be a happy man. There are three things which belong to a man—body, soul, and mind. Sensation belongs to the body, impulse to the soul, and reason to the mind. To have the senses stamped with the impression of an object is common to animals ; to be hurried and convulsed with passion is the quality of beasts of prey and men of pleasure—of atheists and traitors too, and of those who do not care what they do when no man sees them. Now, since these qualities are common, let us find out the mark of a man of probity. His distinction, then, lies in letting reason guide his practice, in contentment with all that is allotted to him, keeping pure the divinity within him, untroubled by a crowd of appearances, preserving it tranquil, and obeying it as a god. He is all truth in his words and justice in his actions ; and if the whole world should disbelieve his integrity, dispute his character and question his happiness, he would neither take it ill in the least, nor turn aside from that path that leads to the aim of life, towards which he must move, pure, calm, well-prepared, and with perfect resignation in his fate.

MARCUS AURELIUS. 121 A.D.

"AND they heard the voice of the Lord God walking
in the garden in the cool of the day."

GEN. iii. 8.

THRICE happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamourous world doth live his own,
Though solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal Love ;
Oh, how more sweet is birds' harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widowed dove,
Than the smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful do, the evil approve !
Oh, how more sweet is zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalmed, which newborn flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
How sweet are streams, to poison drunk in gold !
The world is full of horrors, troubles, slights ;
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN. 1585.

BOWING thyself in dust before a Book,
And thinking the great God is thine alone,
O rash iconoclast, thou wilt not brook
What gods the heathen carves in wood and stone,
As if the Shepherd who from outer cold
Leads all His shivering lambs to one sure fold
Were careful for the fashion of His crook.

There is no broken reed so poor and base,
No rush, the bending tilt of swamp-fly blue,
But He therewith the ravening wolf can chase,
And guide His flock to springs and pastures new ;
Through ways unlooked for, and through many lands,
Far from the rich folds built with human hands,
The gracious footprints of His love I trace.

God is not dumb, that He should speak no more ;
If thou hast wanderings in the wilderness
And find'st not Sinai, 'tis thy soul is poor ;
There towers the Mountain of the Voice no less,
Which whoso seeks shall find, but he who bends,
Intent on manna still and mortal ends,
Sees it not, neither hears its thundered lore.

Slowly the Bible of the race is writ,
And not on paper leaves nor leaves of stone ;
Each age, each kindred, adds a verse to it,
Texts of despair or hope, of joy or moan.
While swings the sea, while mists the mountains shroud,
While thunder's surges burst on cliffs of cloud,
Still at the prophets' feet the nations sit.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

I WILL sing of the mercies of the Lord for ever :
With my mouth will I make known thy faithfulness to
all generations.

For I have said : Mercy shall be built up for ever :
Thy faithfulness shalt thou establish in the very heavens.
I have made a covenant with my chosen,
I have sworn unto David my servant,
Thy seed will I establish for ever,
And build up thy throne to all generations.

And the heavens shall praise thy wonders, O Lord :
Thy faithfulness also in the congregation of the saints.
For who in the heaven can be compared unto the Lord ?
Who among the sons of the mighty can be likened unto
the Lord ?

God is greatly to be feared in the assembly of the saints
And to be had in reverence of all them that are about
him.

O Lord God of hosts, who is a strong Lord like unto
thee ?

Or to thy faithfulness round about thee ?

Thou rulest the raging of the sea :

When the waves thereof arise, thou stillest them.

Thou hast broken Rahab in pieces, as one that is slain ;

Thou hast scattered thine enemies with thy strong arm.

The heavens are thine, the earth also is thine :

As for the world and the fulness thereof, thou hast
founded them.

The north and the south thou hast created them :

Tabor and Hermon shall rejoice in thy name.

Thou hast a mighty arm :

Strong is thy hand, and high is thy right hand.

Justice and judgment are the habitation of thy throne :

Mercy and truth shall go before thy face.

Blessed is the people that know the joyful sound :

They shall walk, O Lord, in the light of thy countenance.

In thy name shall they rejoice all the day :
 And in thy righteousness shall they be exalted.
 For thou art the glory of their strength :
 And in thy favour our horn shall be exalted.
 For the Lord is our defence ;
 And the Holy One of Israel is our king.

PSALM lxxxix. 1-18.

AUGUST 10.

“FOR I say unto you, that except your righteousness shall exceed the righteousness of the scribes and Pharisees, you shall in no case enter into the kingdom of heaven.”

MATT. v. 20.

SHALL it be said, O Lord ! shall it be said
 That men must be incited on their path
 Of trial through this world by hope or dread
 Of human accident in life or death ?
 Why on this world's vain wisdom waste we
 breath,
 Follies of false philosophy, inbred ?

Why preach the recompense that virtue hath—
 The worth of character—the glory shed
 On patriotic deeds ? Should we not ever
 Make Right our rule, which is immutable ;
 Nor fear a fall when strong in Principle ?
 Good works are acts of Faith. Christ does not sever
 The deed from the design, and the endeavour :
 But makes the basis of His law God's will !

SIR AUBREY DE VERE.

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from ? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons, upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace ;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far-widening as we go.

On stormy nights, when wild north-westerns rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave !
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from ? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

NOTHING is sweeter than Love, nothing more courageous, nothing higher, nothing wider, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller nor better in heaven and earth ; because Love is born of God, and cannot rest but in God, above all created beings. He that loveth, flieth, runneth, and rejoiceth ; he is free and is not bound.

He giveth all for all, and hath all in all ; because he resteth in One Highest above all things, from whom all that is good flows and proceeds.

Love feels no burden, thinks nothing of trouble, attempts what is above its strength, pleads no excuse of impossibility ; for it thinks all things lawful for itself and all things possible.

It is therefore able to undertake all things, and it completes many things, and brings them to a conclusion, where he who does not love, faints and falls down.

Love watcheth, and, sleeping, slumbereth not. Though weary, Love is not tired ; though pressed, it is not straitened, though alarmed, it is not confounded ; but as a lively flame and burning torch, it forces its way upwards, and securely passes through all.

Love is subject and obedient to its superiors ; unto itself mean and despised, unto God devout and thankful, trusting and hoping always in Him, even when God imparteth no relish of sweetness into it ; for without sorrow none liveth in Love.

THOMAS À KEMPIS. 1380.

WE asked not to be born : 'tis not by will
That we are here beneath the battle-smoke,
Without escape ; by good things as by ill,
By facts and mysteries enchained : no cloak
Of an Elijah, no stairs whereupon
Angels ascending and descending shine
Over the head here pillowed on a stone,
Anywhere found ; so say they who repine.
But each year hath its harvest, every day
Some clang of cymbals, laughter, or sweet moan ;
Yea, thought itself is triumph, nor would I pray
For rest, or shrink, if I could but command
Courage of heart,—courage of heart and hand.

Courage of heart and hand, Faith first of all :
Such is the prayer of the perplexèd man,
Mistrusting the still voice, and its true call
To work ; opposed it may be by the ban
Of social ills. Prayer answered by desires
Within the soul for more than sense receives,
And by sky-pointing fingers of fair spires,
From whose kind creeds the refuged mortal weaves
Protecting garments for this pilgrim-strife,
Passing from world to world. But let us here,
With full breast bare to all the winds of life,
And ready hand, and answering eye and ear,
Gain faith and courage through self-harmony ;
Cheerful in strong repose,—fearless to live or die.

WILLIAM BELL SCOTT.

“FOR this shall every one that is godly pray unto thee in a time when thou mayest be found ; surely in the floods of great waters they shall not come nigh unto him.”

PSALM xxxii. 6.

WHEN death is coming near,
When thy heart shrinks in fear
And thy limbs fail,
Then raise thy hands and pray
To Him who smoothes thy way
Through the dark vale.

Seest thou the eastern dawn,
Hear'st thou in the red morn
The angel's song ?
Oh, lift thy drooping head,
Thou who in gloom and dread
Hast lain so long.

Death comes to set thee free ;
Oh, meet him cheerily
As thy true friend,
And all thy fears shall cease,
And in eternal peace
Thy penance end.

FRIEDRICH FOUQUÉ. 1777.

COMFORT ye, comfort ye my people, saith your God. Speak ye comfortably to Jerusalem, and cry unto her, that her warfare is accomplished, that her iniquity is pardoned : for she hath received of the Lord's hand double for all her sins.

The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness : Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight in the desert a highway for our God. Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low : and the crooked shall be made straight, and the rough places plain : and the glory of the Lord shall be revealed, and all flesh shall see it together : for the mouth of the Lord hath spoken it.

The voice said : Cry. And he said : What shall I cry ? All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field : the grass withereth, the flower fadeth ; because the spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it : surely the people is grass. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth : but the word of our God shall stand for ever.

O Zion, that bringest good tidings, get thee up into the high mountain ; O Jerusalem, that bringeth good tidings, lift up thy voice with strength ; lift it up, be not afraid ; say unto the cities of Judah : Behold your God ! Behold, the Lord God will come with strong hand, and his arm shall rule for him : behold, his reward is with him, and his work before him. He shall feed his flock like a shepherd : he shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom, and shall gently lead those that are with young.

Who hath measured the waters in the hollow of his hand, and meted out heaven with the span, and comprehended the dust of the earth in a measure, and weighed the mountains in scales, and the hills in a balance ?

Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord, or being his counsellor hath taught him? With whom took he counsel, and who instructed him, and taught him in the path of judgment, and taught him knowledge, and shewed to him the way of understanding?

Behold, the nations are as a drop of a bucket, and are counted as the small dust of the balance : behold, he taketh up the isles as a very little thing. And Lebanon is not sufficient to burn, nor the beasts thereof sufficient for a burnt offering. All nations before him are as nothing ; and they are counted to him less than nothing, and vanity. . . . Yea, they shall not be planted : yea, they shall not be sown : yea, their stock shall not take root in the earth : and he shall also blow upon them, and they shall wither, and the whirlwind shall take them away as stubble. To whom then will ye liken me, or shall I be equal ? saith the Holy One. Lift up your eyes on high, and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their host by number : he calleth them all by names by the greatness of his might, for that he is strong in power ; not one faileth. Why sayest thou, O Jacob, and speakest, O Israel, My way is hid from the Lord, and my judgment is passed over from my God ? Hast thou not known ? hast thou not heard, that the everlasting God, the Lord, the Creator of the ends of the earth, fainteth not, neither is weary ? there is no searching of his understanding. He giveth power to the faint ; and to them that have no might he increaseth strength. Even the youths shall faint and be weary, and the young men shall utterly fall : But they that wait upon the Lord shall renew their strength ; they shall mount up with wings as eagles ; they shall run, and not be weary ; and they shall walk, and not faint.

WHAT shall I do lest life in silence pass ?
And if it do,
And never prompt the bray of noisy brass,
What need'st thou rue ?
Remember aye the ocean deeps are mute ;
The shallows roar ;
Worth is the ocean—Fame is but the bruit
Along the shore.

What shall I do to be for ever known ?
Thy duty ever.
This did full many who yet slept unknown—
Oh ! never, never !
Think'st thou, perchance, that they remain unknown
Whom *thou* knowst not ?
By angel-trumps in heaven their praise is blown—
Divine their lot.

What shall I do to gain eternal life ?
Discharge aright
The simple dues with which each day is rife ;
Yea, with thy might.
Ere perfect scheme of action thou devise
Will life be fled,
While he, who ever acts as conscience cries,
Shall live, though dead.

Translation from SCHILLER.

THOSE of us who have travelled in mountain countries know how one range of hills rises behind another, one ever seeming the highest till yet a higher appears behind it ; each has its own beauty, each its own peculiarity. So is it with the various kinds of lesser happiness.

But in mountain countries there is one range., one line of lofty summits, which always conveys a new sense of beauty, of awe, of sublimity, which nothing else can give—the range of eternal snow. High above all the rest we can see the white peaks standing out in the blue sky, catching the first rays of the rising sun, and the last rays of the sun as it departs. So is it with the range of high Christian character, which our Lord has set before us in the Sermon on the Mount. High above all earthly, lower happiness, the blessedness of those Eight Beatitudes towers into the heaven itself. They are white with the snows of eternity ; they give a grace, a meaning, a dignity, to all the rest of the earth over which they brood. And when the shades of evening gather round us, when the darkness of sorrow and sickness closes in, when other common, worldly characters become cold and dead and lifeless, then those higher points of true Christian goodness stand out brighter and brighter ; the gleaming daylight can be seen reflected on their summits, when it has vanished everywhere besides ; they are still there, living gospels to instruct and cheer us. On the tops of mountains, how beautiful are their feet who, even by silent goodness, bring peace and goodwill to men.

ARTHUR PENRHYN STANLEY.

ALL are architects of Fate,
Working in these walls of Time ;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;
Each thing in its place is best ;
And what seems but idle show,
Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,
Time is with materials filled ;
Our to-days and yesterdays
Are the blocks with which we build.

In the elder days of art,
Builders wrought with greatest care,
Each minute and unseen part ;
For the Gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,
Both the unseen and the seen ;
Make the house, where God may dwell,
Beautiful, entire and clean.

Build to-day, then, strong and sure,
With a firm and ample base ;
And ascending and secure,
Shall to-morrow find its place.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

GOD, who at sundry times and in divers manners spake in time past unto the fathers by the prophets, hath in these last days spoken unto us by his Son, whom he hath appointed heir of all things, by whom also he made the worlds ; who being the brightness of his glory, and the express image of his person, and upholding all things by the word of his power, when he had by himself purged our sins, sat down on the right hand of the Majesty on high ; being made so much better than the angels, as he hath by inheritance obtained a more excellent name than they.

For unto which of the angels said he at any time : Thou art my Son, this day have I begotten thee ? And again : I will be to him a Father, and he shall be to me a Son ? And again, when he bringeth in the firstbegotten into the world, he saith : And let all the angels of God worship him.

And of the angels he saith : Who maketh his angels spirits, and his ministers a flame of fire. But unto the Son he saith : Thy throne, O God, is for ever and ever : a sceptre of righteousness is the sceptre of thy kingdom. Thou hast loved righteousness, and hated iniquity ; therefore God, even thy God, hath anointed thee with the oil of gladness above thy fellows. And thou, Lord, in the beginning hast laid the foundation of the earth ; and the heavens are the works of thine hands : they shall perish ; but thou remainest ; and they all shall wax old as doth a garment ; and as a vesture shalt thou fold them up, and they shall be changed : but thou art the same, and thy years shall not fail.

But to which of the angels said he at any time : Sit on my right hand, until I make thine enemies thy footstool ? Are they not all ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs of salvation ?

"AND he said unto them : Why are ye so fearful ?
How is it that ye have no faith ?"

MARK iv. 40.

WHEN vain desire at last and vain regret
Go hand in hand to death, and all is vain,
What shall assuage the unforgotten pain
And teach the unforgetful to forget ?
Shall Peace be still a sunk stream long unmet,—
Or may the soul at once in a green plain
Stoop through the sprays of some sweet life-fountain
And cull the dew-drenched flowering amulet ?

Ah ! when the wan soul in that golden air
Between the scripted petals softly blown
Peers breathless for the gift of grace unknown,—
Ah ! let none other written spell so'er,
But only the one Hope's one name be there,—
Not less nor more, but even that word alone.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI.

It is certain that almost every offence against the relative duties of morality has its origin, if not in the malevolent propensities, at least in those propensities which are incongruous with Love. I do not know whether it is possible to disregard any one obligation that respects the intercourse of man with man without violating this great Christian law. This universal applicability can easily be illustrated by referring to the obligations of Justice,—obligations which, in civilized communities, are called into operation more frequently than almost any other.

He who estimates the obligations of Justice by a reference to that Benevolence which Christianity prescribes, will form to himself a much more pure and perfect standard than he who refers to the law of the land, to the apprehension of exposure, or to the desire of reputation. There are many ways in which a man can be unjust without censure from the public, and without violating the laws ; but there is no way in which he can be unjust without disregarding Christian Benevolence.

It is an universal and very sensitive test. He who does regard it, who uniformly considers whether his conduct towards another is consonant with pure goodwill, cannot be voluntarily unjust ; nor can he who commits injustice do it without the consciousness, if he will reflect, that he is violating the law of Love. That integrity which is founded upon Love, when compared with that which has any other basis, is recommended by its honour and dignity as well as by its rectitude. It is more worthy the man as well as the Christian, more beautiful in the eye of infidelity as well as of religion.

JONATHAN DYMOND.

OUR birth is but a sleep and a forgetting :
The soul that rises with us, our life's star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !

Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,—
He sees it in his joy ;
The youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 1770.

O COME, let us sing unto the Lord ;
Let us make a joyful noise to the rock of our salvation,
Let us come before his presence with thanksgiving,
And make a joyful noise unto him with psalms.
For the Lord is a great God,—and a great King above
all gods.

In his hand are the deep places of the earth :
The strength of the hills is his also.
The sea is his, and he made it :
And his hands formed the dry land.
O come, let us worship and bow down :
Let us kneel before the Lord our maker.
For he is our God ;—and we are the people of his
pasture,
And the sheep of his hand.

To-day if ye will hear his voice,
Harden not your heart, as in the provocation,
And as in the day of temptation in the wilderness :
When your fathers tempted me,
Proved me, and saw my work.
Forty years long was I grieved with this generation,
And said : It is a people that do err in their heart,
And they have not known my ways :
Unto whom I sware in my wrath
That they should not enter into my rest.

PSALM xcv.

How is it that any great thing is accomplished? By love of justice, by constant devotion to a great cause, and by an unfaltering faith that what is right will in the end succeed. . . . Thus, in spite of all that persecution could do, opinion grew in the North in favour of freedom, but in the South, alas! in favour of that most devilish delusion that slavery was a divine institution. Neither fact, nor argument, nor counsel, nor philosophy, nor religion, could by any possibility affect the discussion of the question when once the Church leaders of the South had taught their people that slavery was a divine institution; for then they took their stand on other and different, and what they in their blindness thought higher grounds, and they said: "Evil be thou my good"; and so they exchanged light for darkness, and freedom for bondage, and good for evil, and, if you like, heaven for hell. Of course, unless there was some stupendous miracle, greater than is on record even in the inspired writings, it was impossible that war should not spring out of that state of things; and the political slaveholders, "that dreadful brotherhood, in whom all turbulent passions were let loose," the moment they found that the Presidential Election of 1860 was adverse to the cause of slavery, took up arms to sustain their cherished and endangered system. Then came the outbreak which had been so often foretold, so often menaced; and the ground reeled under the nation during four years of agony, until at last, after the smoke of the battle-field had cleared away, the horrid shape which had cast its shadow over a whole continent had vanished, and was gone for ever.

At a public breakfast given to William Lloyd Garrison in St. James's Hall, London, June 29, 1867.

AN ancient and renowned poet has said—

“ Unholy is the voice
Of loud thanksgiving over slaughtered men.”

It becomes us not to rejoice, but to be humbled, that a chastisement so terrible should have fallen upon any of our race ; but we may be thankful for this—that this chastisement was not sent in vain. The great triumph in the field was not all ; there came after it another great triumph—a triumph over passion, and there came up before the world the spectacle, not of armies and military commanders, but of the magnanimity and mercy of a powerful and victorious nation. . . . When I read the description of the men and women (who were leaders in the cause of emancipation) I was led, I know not how, to think of a very striking passage, which I am sure must be familiar to most here, because it is to be found in the Epistle to the Hebrews. After the writer of that epistle has described the great men and fathers of the nation, he says :—“ Time would fail me to tell of Gideon, of Barak, of Samson, of Jephtha, of David, of Samuel, and the Prophets, who through faith subdued kingdoms, wrought righteousness, obtained promises, stopped the mouths of lions, quenched the violence of fire, escaped the edge of the sword, out of weakness were made strong, waxed valiant in fight, turned to flight the armies of the aliens.”

I ask if this grand passage of the inspired writer may not be applied to that heroic band who have made America the perpetual home of freedom ?

JOHN BRIGHT.

AIR, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform, and mix
And nourish all things, let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise ;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling still advance His praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble, as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune His praise.
Join voices, all ye living souls : ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill or valley, fountain or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught His praise.
Hail, universal Lord ! be bounteous still
To give us only good ; and if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.

JOHN MILTON. 1608.

MANY, if God should make them kings,
Might not disgrace the throne He gave ;
How few who could as well fulfil
The holier office of a slave.

I hold him great who, for Love's sake,
Can give, with generous, earnest will—
Yet he who takes for Love's sweet sake,
I think I hold more generous still.

I bow before the noble mind
That freely some great wrong forgives ;
Yet nobler is the one forgiven,
Who bears that burden well, and lives.

Glorious it is to wear the crown
Of a deserved and pure success ;—
He who knows how to fail has won
A crown whose lustre is not less.

Great may he be who can command
And rule with just and tender sway ;
Yet is diviner wisdom taught
Better by him who can obey.

Blessèd are those that die for God,
And earn the martyr's crown of light—
Yet he who lives for God may be
A greater conqueror in His sight.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

AND it was at Jerusalem the feast of the dedication, and it was winter. And Jesus walked in the temple in Solomon's porch. Then came the Jews round about him, and said unto him : How long dost thou make us to doubt ? If thou be the Christ, tell us plainly. Jesus answered them : I told you, and ye believed not : the works that I do in my Father's name, they bear witness of me. But ye believe not, because ye are not of my sheep, as I said unto you. My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me : and I give unto them eternal life ; and they shall never perish, neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand. My Father, which gave them me, is greater than all ; and no man is able to pluck them out of my Father's hand. I and my Father are one. Then the Jews took up stones again to stone him. Jesus answered them : Many good works have I shewed you from my Father ; for which of those works do ye stone me ? The Jews answered him, saying : For a good work we stone thee not ; but for blasphemy ; and because that thou, being a man, makest thyself God. Jesus answered them : Is it not written in your law, I said, ye are gods ? If he called them gods, unto whom the word of God came, and the scripture cannot be broken ; say ye of him, whom the Father hath sanctified, and sent into the world : Thou blasphemest ; because I said, I am the Son of God ? If I do not the works of my Father, believe me not. But if I do, though ye believe not me, believe the works : that ye may know, and believe, that the Father is in me, and I in him.

JOHN X. 22-38.

TRUTH is one ;
And, in all lands beneath the sun,
Whoso hath eyes to see may see
The tokens of its unity.
Nor doth it lessen what He taught,
Or make the gospel Jesus brought
Less precious, that His lips re-told
Some portion of that truth of old ;
Denying not the proven seers,
The tested wisdom of the years ;
Confirming with His own impress
The common law of righteousness.
We search the world for Truth ; we cull
The good, the pure, the beautiful,
From graven stone and written scroll,
From all old flower-fields of the soul ;
And weary seekers of the best,
We come back laden from our quest,
To find that all the sages said
Is in the Book our mothers read,
And all our treasure of old thought
In His harmonious fulness wrought,
Who gathers in one sheaf complete
The scattered blades of God's sown wheat,
The common growth that maketh good
His all-embracing Fatherhood.

So welcome I from every source
The tokens of that primal Force
Older than heaven itself, yet new
As the young heart it reaches to,
Beneath whose steady impulse rolls
The tidal wave of human souls ;
Guide, Comforter, and inward Word,
The eternal Spirit of the Lord !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

"To him that soweth righteousness shall be a rich reward."

PROV. xi. 18.

BE what thou seemest ; live thy creed ;
Hold up to earth the torch Divine ;
Be what thou prayest to be made ;
Let the great Master's steps be thine.

Fill up each hour with what will last ;
Buy up the moments as they go ;
The life above, when this is past,
Is the ripe fruit of life below.

Sow Truth if thou the Truth wouldst reap ;
Who sows the false shall reap the vain :
Erect and sound thy conscience keep ;
From hollow words and deeds refrain.

Sow Love, and taste its fruitage pure ;
Sow Peace, and reap its harvest bright,
Sow sunbeams on the rock and moor,
And find a harvest-home of light.

HORATIUS BONAR.

THE Science of Language has taught us that there is order and wisdom in all languages, and that even the most degraded jargons contain the ruins of former greatness and beauty. The Science of Religion, will, I hope, produce a similar change in our views of barbarous forms of faith and worship ; and missionaries, instead of looking only for points of difference, will look more anxiously for any common ground, any spark of the true light that may still be revived, any altar that may be dedicated afresh to the true God. And even to us at home, a wider view of the religious life of the world may teach many a useful lesson. Immense as is the difference between our own, and all other religions of the world—and few can know that difference who have not honestly examined the foundations of their own as well as of other religions—the position which believers and unbelievers of faith occupy with regard to their various forms of faith is very much the same all over the world. The difficulties which trouble us, have troubled the hearts and minds of men as far back as we can trace the beginnings of religious life. The great problems touching the relation of the Finite to the Infinite, of the human mind as the recipient, and of the Divine Spirit as the source of truth, are old problems indeed ; and while watching their appearance in different countries, and their treatment under varying circumstances, we shall be able, I believe, to profit ourselves, both by the errors which others committed before, and by the truth which they discovered. We shall know the rocks that threaten every religion in this changing and shifting world of ours, and having watched many a storm of religious controversy and many a shipwreck in distant seas, we shall face with greater calmness and prudence the troubled waters at home.

MAX MÜLLER.

"BUT let judgment run down as waters, and
righteousness as a mighty stream."

AMOS v. 24.

THE victories of Right
Are born of strife.
There were no Day were there no Night,
Nor, without dying, Life.
There only doth Right triumph, where the Wrong
Is mightiest and most strong ;
There were no Good, indeed, were there no Ill.
And when the final victory shall come,
Burst forth, oh awful sun, and draw Creation forth.
Not within Time or Space
Lines drawn in opposite ways grow one,
But in some infinite place
Before the eternal throne ;
There, ways to-day divergent, Right and Wrong,
Approach the nearer that they grow more long.
There at the eternal feet,
Fused, joined, and grown complete,
The circle rounds itself, the enclosing wall
Of the universe sinks down, and God is all in all.

LEWIS MORRIS.

BUT where shall wisdom be found ?
And where is the place of understanding ?
Man knoweth not the price thereof ;
Neither is it found in the land of the living.
The depth saith : It is not in me :
And the sea saith : It is not with me.
It cannot be gotten for gold,
Neither shall silver be weighed for the price thereof.
It cannot be valued with the gold of Ophir,
With the precious onyx, or the sapphire.
The gold and the crystal cannot equal it : [gold.
And the exchange of it shall not be for jewels of fine
No mention shall be made of coral, or of pearls :
For the price of wisdom is above rubies.
The topaz of Ethiopia shall not equal it,
Neither shall it be valued with pure gold.

Whence then cometh wisdom ?
And where is the place of understanding ?
Seeing it is hid from the eyes of all living,
And kept close from the fowls of the air.
Destruction and death say :
We have heard the fame thereof with our ears.
God understandeth the way thereof,
And he knoweth the place thereof.
For he looketh to the ends of the earth,
And seeth under the whole heaven ;
To make the weight for the winds ;
And he weigheth the waters by measure.
When he made a decree for the rain,
And a way for the lightning of the thunder :
Then did he see it, and declare it :
He prepared it, yea, and searched it out.
And unto man he said :
Behold, the fear of the Lord, that is wisdom ;
And to depart from evil is understanding.

LORD, grant us grace to mount by steps of grace
From grace to grace, nearer, my God, to Thee ;
Not tarrying for to-morrow,
Lest we lie down in sorrow,
And never see
Unveiled Thy face.

Life is a vapour vanishing in haste ;
Life is a day whose sun grows pale to set ;
Life is a stint and sorrow
One day and not the morrow ;
Precious, while yet
It runs to waste.

Lord, strengthen us ; lest fainting by the way
We come not to Thee, we who come from far ;
Lord, bring us to that morrow,
Which makes an end of sorrow,
Where all saints are
On holyday.

When all the saints rest who have heard Thy call,
Have risen and striven and now rejoice in rest ;
Call us too home from sorrow,
To rest in Thee to-morrow ;
In Thee our Best,
In Thee our All.

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soule leave
 To do the like ; our bodies but forerun
 The spirit's duty ; true hearts spread and heave
 Unto their God as flowers do to the sun.
 Give Him thy first thoughts ; then so shalt thou keep
 Him company all day, and in Him sleepe.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures ; note the hush
 And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
 Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
 And oak doth know I Am. Canst thou not sing ?
 O leave thy cares and follies ! Go this waye,
 And thou art sure to prosper all the daye.

Serve God before the world ; let Him not go
 Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
 The whole unto Him, and remember who
 Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine.
 Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
 Then journey on, and have an eye to Heav'n.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
 Keep well thy temper, mix not with each claye ;
 Despatch necessities ; life hath a load
 Which must be carried on, and safely maye.
 Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the hearte
 Be God's alone, and choose the better parte.

HENRY VAUGHAN. 1621.

At that time Jesus went on the sabbath day through the corn ; and his disciples were an hungred, and began to pluck the ears of corn, and to eat. But when the Pharisees saw it, they said unto him : Behold, thy disciples do that which is not lawful to do upon the sabbath day. But he said unto them : Have ye not read what David did, when he was an hungred, and they that were with him ; how he entered into the house of God, and did eat the shewbread, which was not lawful for him to eat, neither for them which were with him, but only for the priests ? Or have ye not read in the law, how that on the sabbath days the priests in the temple profane the sabbath, and are blameless ? But I say unto you : That in this place is one greater than the temple. But if ye had known what this meaneth, I will have mercy and not sacrifice, ye would not have condemned the guiltless. For the Son of man is Lord even of the sabbath day.

And when he was departed thence, he went into their synagogue : and, behold, there was a man which had his hand withered. And they asked him, saying : Is it lawful to heal on the sabbath day ? that they might accuse him. And he said unto them : What man shall there be among you, that shall have one sheep, and if it fall into a pit on the sabbath day, will he not lay hold on it, and lift it out ? How much then is a man better than a sheep ? Wherefore it is lawful to do well on the sabbath days. Then saith he to the man : Stretch forth thine hand. And he stretched it forth ; and it was restored whole, like as the other.

MATTHEW xii. 1-13.

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces blown,
I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown.

Thou who hast made my home of life so pleasant,
Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay !

Be near me when all else is from me drifting :
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade and shine,
And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but Thee, my Father ! let Thy Spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold ;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if—my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through Thy abounding grace—
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among Thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striving cease,
And flows for ever through heaven's green expansions
The river of Thy peace.

There, from the music round about me stealing,
I fain would learn the new and holy song,
And find at last, beneath Thy trees of healing,
The life for which I long.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

* John G. Whittier died at Amesbury, Massachusetts, 1892.

"SPEAK unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

EXODUS xiv. 15.

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But, westward, look, the land is bright.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

ONCE in an age, God sends to some of us a friend who loves in us, not a false imagining, an unreal character, but looking through all the rubbish of our imperfections, loves in us the divine ideal of our nature,—loves, not the man that we are, but the angel that we may be. Such friends seem inspired by a divine spirit of prophecy,—like the mother of St. Augustine, who, in the midst of the wayward, reckless youth of her son, beheld him, in a vision, standing, clothed in white, a ministering priest at the right hand of God, as he has stood for long ages since.

But these wonderful soul friends, to whom God grants such perception, are the exceptions in life ; yet sometimes we are blessed with one who sees through us, as Michael Angelo saw through a block of marble, when he attacked it in a divine fervour, declaring that an angel was imprisoned within it ; and it is often the resolute and delicate hand of such a friend that sets the angel free.

These be soul-artists, who go through this world looking among their fellows with reverence, as one looks amid the dust and rubbish of our shops for hidden works of Titian and Leonardo, and finding them, however cracked or torn or painted over with tawdry daubs of pretenders, immediately recognise the divine original, and set themselves to change and restore. Such be God's real priests, whose ordination and anointing are from the Holy Spirit ; and he who hath not this enthusiasm is not ordained of God, though whole synods of bishops laid hands on him.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
 Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
 Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
 Or from the shade of saintly palms,
 Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still ?
With me one little year ago :—
The chill weight of the winter snow
 For months upon her grave has lain ;
And now, when summer south-winds blow,
 And briar and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad ; the briar-rose fills
The air with sweetness ; all the hills
 Stretch green to June's unclouded sky ;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart ! remembering thee,
 Am I not richer than of old ?
Safe in thy immortality,

* On this day (1841) my father's young wife, Elizabeth Priestman, died :
Leamington.—M.B.C.

What change can reach the wealth I hold ?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me ?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are ;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand ?

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

SEPTEMBER 11.

" THY word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

PSALM CXIX. 105.

How peacefully the broad and golden moon
Comes up to gaze upon the reaper's toil !
That they who own the land for many a mile,
May bless her beams, and they who take the boon
Of scatter'd ears ; oh ! beautiful ! how soon
The dusk is turned to silver without soil,
Which makes the fair sheaves fairer than at noon,
And guides the gleaner to his slender spoil.
So, to our souls, the Lord of Love and Might
Sends harvest-hours, when daylight disappears ;
When age and sorrow, like a coming night,
Darken our field of work with doubts and fears,
He times the presence of His heavenly Light
To rise up softly o'er our silver hairs.

CHARLES TENNYSON TURNER.

GIVE unto the Lord, O ye mighty,
Give unto the Lord glory and strength.
Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name ;
Worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness.

The voice of the Lord is upon the waters :
The God of glory thundereth :
The Lord is upon many waters.
The voice of the Lord is powerful ;
The voice of the Lord is full of majesty.
The voice of the Lord breaketh the cedars ;
Yea, the Lord breaketh the cedars of Lebanon.
He maketh them also to skip like a calf ;
Lebanon and Sirion like a young unicorn.
The voice of the Lord divideth the flames of fire.
The voice of the Lord shaketh the wilderness ;
The Lord shaketh the wilderness of Kadesh.
The voice of the Lord maketh the hinds to calve,
And discovereth the forests :
And in his temple doth every one speak of his glory.

The Lord sitteth upon the flood ;
Yea, the Lord sitteth King for ever.
The Lord will give strength unto his people ;
The Lord will bless his people with peace.

PSALM xxix.

THE glories of our birth and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against Fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings ;
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;
But their strong nerves at last must yield—
They tame but one another still ;
Early or late
They stoop to Fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow—
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds !
All heads must come
To the cold tomb—
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in the dust.

JAMES SHIRLEY. 1599.

Wm Mc Kenley dying in Buffalo. 1901

WOULD it be too much to say that, if not the only, at least the most precious part of a creed for any man is that which is apparently adapted to approve itself to his mind and heart as the answer to his real needs—that which has a perceptible tendency to awaken in him new springs of action, new hopes and new aims, and which is calculated to produce in him a more intelligent homage and a more reverential love of God as a Father which is in heaven? Assuredly the emotions which a religion enkindles in a man, and the energies it inspires and develops in him, are of more importance than the entireness of his reception of any doctrines which, however abstractedly true they may be, have no apparent connection with his character or his destiny.

What a religion makes a man become is of more consequence than what it makes him profess. For belief is a mere means: the end of all creeds must be assumed to be the Transformation of Character. And that creed and character are separable—and not even necessarily allied—is an assertion which the testimony of all ecclesiastical history requires us to admit, and the experience of every day compels us most painfully to verify. The little influence for good produced by the reiterated profession of belief in many articles of a theoretic creed, and the passionate advocacy of doctrinal dogmas by those who violate the primary principles of the gospel, would rather tend to impress upon one who deems likeness to Christ as the one thing needful for his disciple, the deliberate conviction that zeal for doctrine is not the first of Christian graces, nor want of a complete speculative creed the greatest loss a Christian can sustain.

REV. FREDERICK MYERS.

TRUTH is fair ; should we forego it ?
Can we sigh right for a wrong ?
God Himself is the best Poet,
And the Real is His song.
Sing His truth out fair and full,
And secure His beautiful.

Truth is large : our aspiration
Scarce embraces half we be.
Shame, to stand in His creation
And doubt Truth's sufficiency !—
To think God's song unexcelling
The poor tales of our telling.

What is true and just and honest,
What is lovely, what is pure,
All of praise that hath admonisht,
All of virtue, shall endure ;
These are themes for poets' uses,
Stirring nobler than the Muses.

O brave poets, keep back nothing,
Nor mix falsehood with the whole ;
Look up Godward ; speak the truth in
Worthy song from earnest soul :
Hold, in high poetic duty,
Truest Truth the fairest Beauty !

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

"I SHALL see him, but not now ; I shall behold him, but not nigh : there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel, and shall smite the corners of Moab, and destroy all the children of Sheth."

NUMBERS xxiv. 17.

O FOR a sculptor's hand,
That thou might'st take thy stand,
Thy wild hair floating on the eastern breeze,
Thy transc'd yet open gaze
Fix'd on the desert haze,
As one who deep in Heaven some airy pageant sees.
He watched till knowledge came
Upon his soul like flame,
Not of those magic fires at random caught :
But true prophetic light
Flash'd o'er him high and bright,
Flash'd once, and died away, and left his darken'd
thought.
Lo ! from yon argent field,
To him and us reveal'd,
One gentle Star glides down, on earth to dwell.
Chain'd as they are below,
Our eyes can see its glow,
And as it mounts again, may track its brightness well.
Sceptre and Star divine,
Who in Thine inmost shrine
Hast made us worshippers, O claim Thine own ;
More than Thy seers we know—
O teach our love to grow
Up to Thy heavenly light, and reap what Thou hast
sown.

JOHN KEBLE.

VERILY, verily, I say unto you : He that entereth not by the door into the sheepfold, but climbeth up some other way, the same is a thief and a robber. But he that entereth in by the door is the shepherd of the sheep. To him the porter openeth ; and the sheep hear his voice : and he calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out. And when he putteth forth his own sheep, he goeth before them, and the sheep follow him : for they know his voice. And a stranger will they not follow, but will flee from him : for they know not the voice of strangers. This parable spake Jesus unto them : but they understood not what things they were which he spake unto them.

Then said Jesus unto them again : Verily, verily, I say unto you, I am the door of the sheep. All that ever came before me are thieves and robbers : but the sheep did not hear them. I am the door : by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture. The thief cometh not, but for to steal, and to kill, and to destroy : I am come that they might have life, and that they might have it more abundantly. I am the good shepherd : the good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep. But he that is an hireling, and not the shepherd, whose own the sheep are not, seeth the wolf coming, and leaveth the sheep, and fleeth : and the wolf catcheth them, and scattereth the sheep. The hireling fleeth because he is an hireling, and careth not for the sheep. I am the good shepherd, and know my sheep, and am known of mine. As the Father knoweth me, even so know I the Father : and I lay down my life for the sheep. And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold : them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice, and there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.

JOHN X. 1-16.

THE thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benedictions : not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be bless'd—
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise ;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings ;
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing ;
 Uphold us—cherish—and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,
 To perish never ;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor man nor boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
 Hence, in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither ;
 Can in a moment travel thither,—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH. 1770.

THIS is self-reliance—to repose calmly on the thought which is deepest in our bosoms, and be unmoved if the world will not accept it yet. To live on your own convictions against the world, is to overcome the world—to believe that which is truest in you is true for all; to abide by that, and not be over-anxious to be heard or understood, or sympathised with : that is independence. It is not difficult to get away into retirement, and then live upon your own convictions : nor is it difficult to mix with men and follow their convictions ; but to enter into the world, and then live out firmly and fearlessly according to your own conscience, that is Christian greatness.

There is a cowardice in this age which is not Christian. We shrink from the consequences of truth. We ask what men will think ; what others will say—whether they will not stare with astonishment. Perhaps they will ; but he who is calculating that will accomplish nothing in this life. The Father—the Father who is with us and in us—what does He think ? God's work cannot be done without a spirit of independence. A man is got some way in the Christian life when he has learned to say humbly and yet majestically ; “ I dare to be alone.”

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases : it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways,
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in ; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season ; the mid-forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms ;
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
We have imagin'd for the mighty dead ;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read :
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.
Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour ; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine or gloom o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

JOHN KEATS. 1796.

“BUT unto you that fear my name shall the Sun of
ghtheousness arise with healing in his wings.”

MALACHI iv. 2.

OUR course is onward, onward into light :
What though the darkness gathereth amain,
Yet to return or tarry, both are vain.
How tarry, when around us is thick night ?
Whither return ? what flower yet ever might,
In days of gloom and cold and stormy rain,
Enclose itself in its green bud again,
Hiding from wrath of tempest out of sight ?
Courage—we travel through a darksome cave ;
But still as nearer to the light we draw,
Fresh gales will reach us from the upper air,
And wholesome dews of heaven our foreheads lave,
The darkness lighten more, till full of awe
We stand in the open sunshine unaware.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

HE spake also this parable : A certain man had a fig tree planted in his vineyard ; and he came and sought fruit thereon, and found none. Then said he unto the dresser of his vineyard : Behold, these three years I come seeking fruit on this fig tree, and find none : cut it down ; why cumbereth it the ground ? And he answering said unto him : Lord, let it alone this year also, till I shall dig about it, and dung it ; and if it bear fruit, well ; and if not, then after that thou shalt cut it down. And he was teaching in one of the synagogues on the sabbath. And, behold, there was a woman which had a spirit of infirmity eighteen years, and was bowed together, and could in no wise lift up herself. And when Jesus saw her, he called her to him, and said unto her : Woman, thou art loosed from thine infirmity. And he laid his hands on her : and immediately she was made straight, and glorified God. And the ruler of the synagogue answered with indignation, because that Jesus had healed on the sabbath day, and said unto the people : There are six days in which men ought to work : in them therefore come and be healed, and not on the sabbath day. The Lord then answered him, and said : Thou hypocrite, doth not each one of you on the sabbath loose his ox or his ass from the stall, and lead him away to watering ? And ought not this woman, being a daughter of Abraham, whom Satan hath bound, lo, these eighteen years, be loosed from this bond on the sabbath day ? And when he had said these things, all his adversaries were ashamed : and all the people rejoiced for all the glorious things that were done by him.

LUKE xiii. 6-17.

YE who love the haunts of Nature,
Love the sunshine of the meadow,
Love the shadow of the forest,
Love the wind among the branches,
And the rain-shower and the snow-storm,
And the rushing of great rivers
Through their palisades of pine-trees,
And the thunder in the mountains,
Whose innumerable echoes
Flap like eagles in their eyries ;—

Ye who love a nation's legends,
Love the ballads of a people
That like voices from afar off
Call to us to pause and listen,
Speak in tones so plain and childlike,
Scarcely can the ear distinguish
Whether they are sung or spoken ;—

Ye whose hearts are fresh and simple,
Who have faith in God and Nature,
Who believe that in all ages
Every human heart is human,
That in even savage bosoms
There are longings, yearnings, strivings,
For the good they comprehend not,
That the feeble hands and helpless,
Groping blindly in the darkness,
Touch God's right hand in that darkness,
And are lifted up and strengthened :—
Listen to this simple story,
To this Song of Hiawatha !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

BUT, speaking to such an audience, I think I may put before you higher considerations even than those of property and the institutions of your country. I may remind you of duties more solemn, and of obligations more imperative. You profess to be a Christian nation. You make it your boast even—though boasting is somewhat out of place in such questions—you make it your boast that you are a protestant people, and that you draw your rule of doctrine and practice as from a well pure and undefiled, from the living oracles of God, and from the direct revelation of the Omnipotent. You have even conceived the magnificent project of illuminating the whole earth, even to its remotest and darkest recesses, by the dissemination of the volume of the New Testament, in whose every page are written for ever the words of peace. Within the limits of this island alone, on every Sabbath, 20,000, yes, far more than 20,000 temples are thrown open, in which devout men and women assemble that they may worship Him who is the “Prince of Peace.”

Is this a reality? or is your Christianity a romance? is your profession a dream? No, I am sure that your Christianity is not a romance, and I am equally sure that your profession is not a dream. It is because I believe this that I appeal to you with confidence, and that I have hope and faith in the future. I believe that we shall see, and at no very distant time, sound economic principles spreading much more widely amongst the people; a sense of justice growing up in a soil which hitherto has been deemed unfruitful; and, what will be better than all—the churches of the United Kingdom—the churches of Britain awaking, as it were, from their slumbers, and girding up their loins to more glorious work, when they shall not only accept and believe in

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Th

the prophecy, but labour earnestly for its fulfilment, that there shall come a time—a blessed time—a time which shall last for ever—when “nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.”

JOHN BRIGHT.

SEPTEMBER 25.

“So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.”

PSALM XC. 12.

THE seas are quiet when the winds are o'er,
So calm are we when passions are no more !
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries :
The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made.

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become
As they draw near to their eternal home ;
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

EDMUND WALLER. 1605.

GIVE ear, O Shepherd of Israel,
 Thou that ledest Joseph like a flock ;
 Thou that dwellest between the cherubims, shine forth.
 Before Ephraim and Benjamin and Manasseh
 Stir up thy strength,—and come and save us.
 Turn us again, O God,
 And cause thy face to shine ; and we shall be saved.

O Lord God of hosts,
 How long wilt thou be angry against the prayer of thy
 people ?
 Thou feedest them with the bread of tears ;
 And givest them tears to drink in great measure,
 Thou makest us a strife unto our neighbours :
 And our enemies laugh among themselves.
 Turn us again, O God of hosts,
 And cause thy face to shine ; and we shall be saved.

Thou hast brought a vine out of Egypt :
 Thou hast cast out the heathen, and planted it.
 Thou preparedst room before it, [land.
 And didst cause it to take deep root, and it filled the
 The hills were covered with the shadow of it,
 And the boughs thereof were like the goodly cedars.
 She sent out her boughs unto the sea,
 And her branches unto the river.
 Why hast thou then broken down her hedges,
 So that all they which pass by the way do pluck her ?
 The boar out of the wood doth waste it,
 And the wild beast of the field doth devour it.
 Return, we beseech thee, O God of hosts : [vine ;
 Look down from heaven, and behold,—and visit this
 And the vineyard which thy right hand hath planted,
 And the branch that thou madest strong for thyself.
 It is burned with fire, it is cut down :
 They perish at the rebuke of thy countenance.

Let thy hand be upon the man of thy right hand,
Upon the son of man whom thou madest strong for
thyself.

So will not we go back from thee :

Quicken us, and we will call upon thy name.

Turn us again, O Lord God of hosts,

Cause thy face to shine ; and we shall be saved.

PSALM lxxx.

SEPTEMBER 27.

“ THEN hear thou in heaven, thy dwelling place :
and when thou hearest, forgive.”

I KINGS viii. 30.

AND slowly answer'd Arthur from the barge :

“ The old order changeth, yielding place to new,

And God fulfils himself in many ways,

Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.

Comfort thyself : what comfort is in me ?

I have lived my life, and that which I have done

May He within himself make pure ! but thou,

If thou shouldst never see my face again,

Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer

Than this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice

Rise like a fountain for me night and day.

For what are men better than sheep or goats

That nourish a blind life within the brain,

If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer

Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?

For so the whole round earth is every way

Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.”

ALFRED TENNYSON.

THREE pilgrims once from Palèstine were landed
Upon an island in the main storm-tost.
They, craving refuge, came not empty handed,
But in return gave all they had not lost.
One planted firm his cross upon the granite ;
One dropped his anchor deep from shifting sands ;
And one, a heart so large he scarce could span it,
Charged with men's sorrows, bore with loving hands.
Straight from the tomb of their dear Lord and Master,
Those precious gifts, amid the storm and strife,
Fearing with them no shipwreck, no disaster,
They brought to sweeten and ennoble life.
The first was Faith, with large eyes ever growing
More bright, the longer that they lifted be.
The second Hope, about whose feet are flowing
A tide that bore bright things from far at sea.
The third was Charity, the well beloved one,
Who heals all wounds with his sweet tender lips,
And for the thorn, where'er he has removed one,
Lays light a rose-leaf with his finger-tips.
Faith, Hope, and Charity. If all else perish,
Grasp what we may of each, with eager hand.
Happy is he, who these three gifts can cherish,
Brought by the Pilgrims from the Holy Land !

HAMILTON AÏDÉ.

I BELIEVE that the root of almost every schism and heresy from which the Christian church has ever suffered, has been the effort of men to earn, rather than to receive, their salvation ; and that the reason that preaching is so commonly ineffectual is, that it calls on men oftener to work for God, than to behold God working for them. If, for every rebuke that we utter of men's vices, we put forth a claim upon their hearts ; if, for every assertion of God's demands from them, we could substitute a display of His kindness to them ! if, side by side, with every warning of death, we could exhibit proofs and promises of immortality ; if, in fine, instead of assuming the being of an awful Deity, which men, though they cannot and dare not deny, are always unwilling, sometimes unable to conceive, we were to show them a near, visible, inevitable, but all-beneficent Deity, whose presence makes the earth itself a heaven, I think there would be fewer deaf children sitting in the market-place. . . . We cannot say how far it is right, while men are perishing round about us, while grief, and pain, and wrath, and impiety, and death, and all the powers of the air, are working wildly, and the cry of blood going up to heaven, that any of us should take hand from the plough ; but this we know, that there will come a time when the service of God shall be the beholding of Him ; and though in these stormy seas where we are now driven up and down, His Spirit is dimly seen on the face of the waters, and we are left to cast anchors out of the stern and wish for the day—that day will come when all the creatures of God shall be full of eyes within, and “ there shall be no more curse, but His servants shall serve Him and shall see His face.”

JOHN RUSKIN.

SOMETIMES the simplest word,
Though often heard
And heeded not,
The shadow of a bird
Flashing across a sunny spot,
A breath of air,
A bullock's low,
A smell of flowers,
Hath power to call from everywhere
The spirits of forgotten hours ;
Hours when the heart was fresh and young,
When every string in freedom rung,
Ere life had shed one leaf of green,
And the cold earth had come between
The spirit and its right,
Blotting with a dull eclipse
The heavenly Light
That gave a glory to the sight
And words of wonder to the sinless lips—

* * *

O glorious Power !
O daily second birth !
Who the most lowly wayside flower
Canst clothe with right to make anew our earth,
And by a pebble small
Canst give us back our childhood's dower,
Break custom's freezing thrall,
And to the wilted soul its lusty spring recall.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

"HE giveth his beloved sleep."

PSALM CXXVII. 2.

OF all the thoughts of God that are
Borne inward into souls afar,
Along the Psalmist's music deep,
Now tell me if that any is,
For gift or grace, surpassing this—
"He giveth His beloved, sleep"?

What would we give to our beloved?
The hero's heart to be unmoved,
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep,
The patriot's voice to teach and rouse,
The monarch's crown to light the brows?—
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

What do we give to our beloved?
A little faith all undisproved,
A little dust to overweep,
And bitter memories to make
The whole world blasted for our sake:
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

"Sleep soft, beloved!" we sometimes say,
Who have no time to charm away
Sad dreams that through the eyelids creep:
But never doleful dream again
Shall break the happy slumber when
He giveth His beloved, sleep.

O earth, so full of dreary noises!
O men, with wailing in your voices!
O dèlvèd gold, the wailers heap!
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall!
God strikes a silence through you all,
And giveth His beloved, sleep.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

AND he shewed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month : and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations. And there shall be no more curse : but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it ; and his servants shall serve him : and they shall see his face ; and his name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there ; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun ; for the Lord God giveth them light : and they shall reign for ever and ever.

And he said unto me : These sayings are faithful and true : and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent his angel to shew unto his servants the things which must shortly be done. Behold, I come quickly : blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book. And I John saw these things and heard them. And when I had heard and seen, I fell down to worship before the feet of the angel which shewed me these things. Then saith he unto me : See 'thou do it not : for I am thy fellow-servant, and of thy brethren the prophets, and of them which keep the sayings of this book : worship God.

And he saith unto me : Seal not the sayings of the prophecy of this book : for the time is at hand. He that is unjust, let him be unjust still : and he which is filthy, let him be filthy still : and he that is righteous, let him be righteous still : and he that is holy, let him be holy still. And, behold, I come quickly ; and my reward is with me, to give every man according as his work shall be.

I am Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end, the first and the last. Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life,

and may enter in through the gates into the city. For without are dogs, and sorcerers, and whoremongers, and murderers, and idolaters, and whosoever loveth and maketh a lie.

I Jesus have sent mine angel to testify unto you these things in the churches. I am the root and the offspring of David, and the bright and morning star. And the Spirit and the bride say : Come. And let him that heareth say : Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely.

REVELATION xxii. 1-17.

OCTOBER 3.

“LORD, how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him ? Till seven times ?”

MATT. xviii. 21.

THE fairest action of our human life

Is scorning to revenge an injury :

For who forgives without a further strife

His adversary's heart to him doth tie :

And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said

To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,

To yield to worth, it must be nobly done :

But if of baser metal be his mind,

In base revenge there is no honour won.

Who would a worthy courage overthrow ?

And who would wrestle with a worthless foe ?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield ;

Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor :

Great hearts are task'd beyond their power but sold :

The weakest lion will the loudest roar.

Truth's school for certain does this same allow,

High heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

God said to Man and Woman : " By thy sweat,
And by thy travail, thou shalt conquer earth : "
Not by thy ease or pleasure :—and no good
Or glory of this life that comes by pain—
How poor were earth if all its martyrdoms,
If all its struggling signs of sacrifice
Were swept away and all were satiate—smooth ;
If this were such a heaven of soul and sense
As some have dreamed of ;—and we human still.
Nay, we were fashioned not for perfect peace
In this world, howsoever in the next :
And what we win and hold is through some strife—

 If suffering is indeed our Law of Life,
If this world, through our fathers' sin and ours,
May not be perfect any more until
The slow development of centuries
Do bring to birth a higher race than we,
It is so much the more a fitting school
Of patience, for the time we must remain,—
Of charity towards fellow-wayfarers
Beside us bearing each his human cross,
In secret or in sight, but each his own ;
And furthermore of hope, the unblamed hope
Of the new world wherein all things are new,
Where only their own works do follow them
Who rest from pain and labour, and by faith
And love have won a nearer step towards God—

 Hope thitherward for this life's recompense ;
For here what one sows must another reap,
And children suffer for their fathers' sins
While they live here ; but in that other world
Shall each man reap his own inheritance :
Such heritage as he has left behind
For those who follow here, who are the worse
Or better for his sojourning with them.

H. E. HAMILTON KING.

FAITHFULNESS to the Light is the watchword of all who hunger and thirst after righteousness—of all seekers after the kingdom of heaven. Is this merely an equivalent for the commonplace expression, "obedience to conscience"? Surely not. Conscience, as we all know, is liable to perversion, to morbid exaggerations, to partial insensibility, to twists and crotchets of all sorts, and itself needs correction by various external standards. Conscience, therefore, cannot be our supreme and absolute guide. In a broad and practical sense, we all know that if there were nothing above conscience, conscience would assuredly lead many of us into the ditch; nay, that, for want of enlightenment from above, it actually has led many there.

The Light by which our conscience must be enlightened, the Light in obedience to which is our supreme good, must be something purer than this fallible faculty itself. It must be that power within us, if any such power there be, which is one with all the wisdom, all the goodness, all the order and harmony, without us; one with the power which makes for righteousness, one with the eternal will towards all goodness. It must be a power as all-pervading and immanent in the spirit of man as is the power of gravity in the outer world he inhabits. It must be the power in which we live and move and have our being—the power and presence of God.

CAROLINE E. STEPHEN.

THE Lord is my light and my salvation ;
Whom shall I fear ?
The Lord is the strength of my life ;
Of whom shall I be afraid ?
When the wicked, even mine enemies and my foes,
Came upon me to eat up my flesh, they stumbled and
fell.
Though an host should encamp against me, my heart
shall not fear :
Though war should rise against me, in this will I be
confident.
One thing have I desired of the Lord, that will I seek
after ;
That I may dwell in the house of the Lord all the days
of my life, [temple.
To behold the beauty of the Lord, and to inquire in his
For in the time of trouble he shall hide me in his
pavilion :
In the secret of his tabernacle shall he hide me ;
He shall set me up upon a rock.
And now shall mine head be lifted up above mine
enemies round about me :
Therefore will I offer in his tabernacle sacrifices of joy ;
I will sing, yea, I will sing praises unto the Lord.
Hear, O Lord, when I cry with my voice ;
Have mercy also upon me, and answer me.
When thou saidst: Seek ye my face ; my heart said
unto thee :
Thy face, Lord, will I seek.
Hide not thy face far from me ;
Put not thy servant away in anger :
Thou hast been my help ; leave me not,
Neither forsake me, O God of my salvation.
When my father and my mother forsake me,
Then the Lord will take me up.

Teach me thy way, O Lord,
And lead me in a plain path, because of mine enemies.
Deliver me not over unto the will of mine enemies :
For false witnesses are risen up against me,
And such as breathe out cruelty.
I had fainted, unless I had believed to see the goodness
of the Lord
In the land of the living.

PSALM xxvii.

OCTOBER 7.

“ NEVERTHELESS, we, according to his promise, look
for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth
righteousness.”

2 PETER iii. 13.

Ay, thou art welcome, heaven's delicious breath !
When woods begin to wear the crimson leaf,
And suns grow meek, and the meek suns grow brief,
And the year smiles as it draws near its death.
Wind of the sunny south ! oh, still delay
In the gay woods, and in the golden air,
Like to a good old age released from care,
Journeying, in long serenity, away.
In such a bright, late quiet, would that I
Might wear out life like thee, 'mid bowers and
brooks,
And, dearer yet, the sunshine of kind looks,
And music of kind voices ever nigh ;
And when my last sand twinkled in the glass,
Pass silently from men, as thou dost pass.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

God, to remove His ways from human sense,
Placed heaven from earth so far, that earthly sight,
If it presume, might err in things too high,
And no advantage gain. What if the sun
Be centre to the world ; and other stars,
By his attractive virtue and their own
Incited, dance about him various rounds ?
Their wandering course, now high, now low, then hid,
Progressive, retrograde, or standing still,
In six thou seest ; and what if seventh to these,
The planet earth, so steadfast though she seem,
Insensibly there different motives move ? . . .
But whether thus these things, or whether not ;
Whether the sun, predominant in heaven,
Rise on the earth ; or earth rise on the sun ;
He from the east his flaming road begin,
Or she from west her silent course advance,
With inoffensive pace that spinning sleeps
On her soft axle ; while she paces even,
And bears thee soft with the smooth air along ;
Solicit not thy thoughts with matters hid ;
Leave them to God alone above ; Him serve and fear.
. Heaven is for thee too high
To know what passes there ; be lowly wise :
Think only what concerns thee, and thy being ;
Dream not of other worlds ; what creatures there
Live, in what state, condition or degree :
Contented that thus far hath been revealed,
Not of earth only but of highest heaven.

JOHN MILTON. 1608.

WE believe in one God, the Father and Educator of Humanity, the absolute living Thought, of whom our world is a ray, and the universe an incarnation.

We believe in Conscience—the revelation of life to the individual, and in Tradition—the revelation of life to humanity—as the sole means given to us by God by which to comprehend His design ; and that when the voice of Conscience and the voice of Tradition are harmonised in an affirmation, that affirmation is the Truth, or a portion of the Truth.

We believe that Conscience and Tradition, if religiously interrogated, will reveal to us that the law of Life is Progress, a revelation vouchsafed to all and continuous.

We believe in the instinct of Progress, innate in Humanity from the beginning, but now become a leading tendency of the human intellect ; and that it is in virtue of this revelation that Humanity advances from epoch to epoch, from religion to religion, upon the path of improvement assigned to it.

We believe that as God is one, so is life one, throughout its twofold manifestation, in the individual and in collective humanity.

We believe it to be the duty of each and all to sanctify the earth, by realizing here as much as it is possible to realize of the law of God. And from this faith we deduce our morality.

JOSEPH MAZZINI.

"PURE religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this : To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

JAMES i. 27.

O BROTHER man ! fold to thy heart thy brother ;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there ;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn ; each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of Him whose holy work was "doing good" ;
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

Then shall all shackles fall ; the stormy clangour
Of wild war music o'er the earth shall cease ;
Love shall tread out the baleful fire of anger,
And in its ashes plant the tree of peace !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

O ONLY Source of all our light and life,
Whom as our truth, our strength, we see and feel,
But whom the hours of mortal moral strife
Alone aright reveal !

Mine inmost soul, before Thee inly brought,
The presence owns ineffable, divine ;
Chastised each rebel, self-enc centred thought,
My will adoreth Thine.

With eye down-dropt, if then this earthly mind
Speechless remain, or speechless e'en depart ;
Nor seek to see—for what of earthly kind
Can see Thee as 'Thou art ?

If well assured 'tis but profanely bold
In thought's abstractest forms to seem to see,
It dare not dare the dread communion hold
In ways unworthy Thee ;

O, not unowned, Thou shalt unnamed forgive ;
In worldly walks the prayerless heart prepare ;
And, if in work its life it seem to live,
Shalt make that work be prayer.

Nor times shall lack, when, while the work it plies,
Unsummoned powers the blinding film shall part,
And, scarce by happy tears made dim, the eyes
In recognition start.

But, as Thou willest give, or e'en forbear
The beatific, supersensual sight,
So, with Thy blessing blest, that humbler prayer
Approach Thee morn and night.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

THE wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad for them ; and the desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.

It shall blossom abundantly, and rejoice even with joy and singing : the glory of Lebanon shall be given unto it, the excellency of Carmel and Sharon, they shall see the glory of the Lord, and the excellency of our God.

Strengthen ye the weak hands, and confirm the feeble knees.

Say to them that are of a fearful heart : Be strong, fear not : behold your God will come with vengeance, even God with a recompense ; he will come and save you.

Then the eyes of the blind shall be opened, and the ears of the deaf shall be unstopped.

Then shall the lame man leap as an hart, and the tongue of the dumb sing : for in the wilderness shall waters break out, and streams in the desert.

And the parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water : in the habitation of dragons, where each lay, shall be grass with reeds and rushes.

And an highway shall be there, and a way, and it shall be called, The way of holiness ; the unclean shall not pass over it ; but it shall be for those : the way-faring men, though fools, shall not err therein.

No lion shall be there, nor any ravenous beast shall go up thereon, it shall not be found there ; but the redeemed shall walk there :

And the ransomed of the Lord shall return, and come to Zion with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads : they shall obtain joy and gladness, and sorrow and sighing shall flee away.

I do not ask, O Lord, that life may be
A pleasant road ;
I do not ask that Thou wouldst take from me
Aught of its load :
I do not ask that flowers should always spring
Beneath my feet ;
I know too well the poison and the sting
Of things too sweet.
For one thing only, Lord, dear Lord, I plead :
Lead me aright—
Though strength should falter and though heart should
bleed,
Through peace to light.
I do not ask, O Lord, that Thou shouldst shed
Full radiance here :
Give but a ray of peace, that I may tread
Without a fear.
I do not ask my cross to understand,
My way to see ;
Better in darkness just to feel Thy hand,
And follow Thee.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

I AM one of those who admit—as every sensible man must admit—that an Act which the Parliament of the United Kingdom has passed, the Parliament of the United Kingdom can repeal. And further, I am willing to admit, what everybody in England allows with regard to any foreign country, that any nation, believing it to be its interest, has a right to both ask for and strive for national independence.

But then, we are not come, I hope not absolutely, to the point at which that important question must be decided. I am willing and anxious, if possible, to supplement that fraudulent—as I may call it—Act of Union, by deeds of generosity and justice, which shall really unite the three kingdoms. . . .

In thinking of this great question there always comes to my aid a feeling which I have had ever since I entered the political field—a deep and abiding faith in justice. I believe that justice may be called, of all things, the miracle-worker amongst men. I believe that all men are to be reached by it, and all bodies of men—the inhabitants of provinces as of nations; and there is nothing I believe more firmly than this—that if there be a people on the face of the earth whose hearts are accessible to justice, it is the Irish people. And there can be no great measure of this kind accomplished unless all concerned lend willing hands; and there can be no great act of national and historic reconciliation unless all the parties hitherto opposed are willing to be reconciled.

We are met—we are met in the city of the violated Treaty—violated, as I admit, incessantly during almost two centuries of time. Let us make a new treaty—not written on parchment—not bound with an oath. Its conditions should be these—justice on the part of Great Britain; forgiveness on the part of Ireland.

It shall be written in the hearts of these nations ;
and we will pray to Him who is the common Father of
all peoples, and in whose hand are the destinies of all
states, that He will make it last for ever and for ever
inviolate.

JOHN BRIGHT.

Limerick, 1868.

OCTOBER 15.

“STAND therefore, having your loins girt about with
truth, and having on the breastplate of righteousness ;
and your feet shod with the preparation of the gospel
of peace.”

EPHES. vi. 14 and 15.

FOIL'D by our fellow-men, depress'd, outworn,
We leave the brutal world to take its way,
And, Patience ! in another life, we say,
The world shall be thrust down, and we up-borne.

And will not, then, the immortal armies scorn
The world's poor routed leavings ? or will they,
Who fail'd under the heat of this life's day,
Support the fervours of the heavenly morn ?

No, no ! the energy of life may be
Kept on after the grave, but not begun ;
And he who flagg'd not in the earthly strife,
From strength to strength advancing—only he,
His soul well-knit, and all his battles won,
Mounts, and that hardly, to eternal life.

MATTHEW ARNOLD.

HAPPY those early days when I
Shined in my angel-infancy !
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought ;
When yet I had not walked above
A mile or two from my first love,
And looking back, at that short space,
Could see a glimpse of his bright face ;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And, in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity ;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense ;
But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.
O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track !
That I might once more reach that plain
Where first I left my glorious train,
From whence th' enlightened spirit sees
That shady city of palm-trees !
But ah ! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way !
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps must move ;
And, when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

HENRY VAUGHAN. 1621.

"IN the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thy hand : for thou knowest not whether shall prosper, either this or that, or whether they both shall be alike good."

ECCLES. xi. 6.

Not all who seem to fail, have failed indeed ;
Not all who fail, have therefore worked in vain ;
For all our acts to many issues lead,
And out of earnest purpose, pure and plain,
Enforced by honest toil of hands or brain,
The Lord will fashion in His own good time
(Be this the labourer's proudly humble creed)
Such ends as, to His wisdom, fittest chime
With His vast love's eternal harmonies—
There is no failure for the good and wise.
What though thy seed should fall by the wayside,
And the birds snatch it, yet the birds are fed,
Or they may bear it far across the tide
To give rich harvests after thou art dead.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

NEITHER party expected for the war the magnitude or the duration which it has already attained. Neither anticipated that the cause of the conflict might cease with, or even before the conflict itself should cease. Each looked for an easier triumph, and a result less fundamental and astounding.

Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God, and each invokes His aid against the other. It may seem strange that any men should dare to ask a just God's assistance in wringing their bread from the sweat of other men's faces ; but let us judge not that we be not judged. The prayers of both could not be answered. That of neither has been answered fully. The Almighty has His own purposes. "Woe unto the world because of offences, for it must needs be that offences come ; but woe to that man by whom the offence cometh." If we shall suppose that American slavery is one of these offences, which in the providence of God must needs come, but which having continued through His appointed time, He now wills to remove, and that He gives to both North and South this terrible war as the woe due to those by whom the offence came, shall we discern therein any departure from those divine attributes which the believers in a living God always ascribe to Him ? Fondly do we hope, fervently do we pray, that this mighty scourge of war may soon pass away. Yet, if God wills that it continue until all the wealth piled by the bondman's two hundred and fifty years of unrequited toil shall be sunk, and until every drop of blood drawn with the lash shall be paid with another drawn by the sword, as was said three thousand years ago ; so, still it must be said : "The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous altogether."

With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow and orphans, to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

OCTOBER 19.

"HE that loveth not knoweth not God ; for God is love."

I JOHN iv. 8.

ANGEL of Charity, who, from above,
Comest to dwell a pilgrim here,
Thy voice is music, thy smile is love,
And Pity's soul is in thy tear.
When on the shrine of God were laid
First-fruits of all most good and fair,
That ever bloomed in Eden's shade,
Thine was the holiest-offering there.

Hope and her sister, Faith, were given
But as our guides to yonder sky ;
Soon as they reached the verge of heaven,
There, lost in perfect bliss, they die ;
But, long as Love, almighty Love,
Shall on His throne of thrones abide,
Thou, Charity, shalt dwell above,
Smiling for ever by His side !

THOMAS MOORE. 1779.



WISDOM shall praise herself, and shall glory in the midst of her people. In the congregation of the Most High shall she open her mouth, and glory in the presence of his power.

I came forth from the mouth of the Most High,
And covered the earth as a mist.
I dwelt in high places,
And my throne is in the pillar of the cloud.
Alone I compassed the circuit of heaven,
And walked in the depth of the abyss.
In the waves of the sea, and in all the earth,
And in every people and nation I got a possession.
With all these I sought rest ;
And in whose inheritance shall I lodge ?
Then the Creator of all things gave me a commandment :
And he that created me made my tabernacle to rest,
And said : Let thy tabernacle be in Jacob,
And thine inheritance in Israel.
He created me from the beginning before the world ;
And to the end I shall not fail.
Come unto me, ye that are desirous of me,
And be ye filled with my produce.
For my memorial is sweeter than honey,
And mine inheritance than the honeycomb.
They that eat me shall yet be hungry ;
And they that drink me shall yet be thirsty.
He that obeyeth me shall not be ashamed
And they that work in me shall not do amiss.

ECCLESIASTICUS, BOOK ii.

I HEARD the trailing garments of the Night,
Sweep through her marble halls !
I saw her sable skirts all fringed with light
From the celestial walls.

I felt her presence, by its spell of might,
Stoop o'er me from above ;
The calm, majestic presence of the Night,
As of the one I love.

I heard the sounds of sorrow and delight,
The manifold, soft chimes,
That fill the haunted chambers of the Night,
Like some old poet's rhymes.

From the cool cisterns of the midnight air,
My spirit drank repose ;
The fountain of perpetual peace flows there,—
From those deep cisterns flows.

O ! holy Night ! from thee I learn to bear
What man has borne before ;
Thou layest thy finger on the lips of Care,
And they complain no more.

Peace ! Peace ! Orestes-like I breathe this prayer ;
Descend with broad-winged flight,
The welcome, the thrice-prayed for, the most fair,
The best, beloved Night !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

IN the beginning was the Word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. The same was in the beginning with God. All things were made by him; and without him was not anything made that was made. In him was life; and the life was the light of men. And the light shineth in darkness; and the darkness comprehended it not.

There was a man sent from God whose name was John. The same came for a witness, to bear witness of the Light, that all men through him might believe. He was not that Light, but was sent to bear witness of that Light. That was the true Light, which lighteth every man that cometh into the world. He was in the world, and the world was made by him, and the world knew him not. He came unto his own, and his own received him not. But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name: which were born, not of blood, nor of the will of the flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God. And the Word was made flesh, and dwelt among us (and we beheld his glory, the glory as of the only begotten of the Father), full of grace and truth.

John bare record of him, and cried, saying: This is he of whom I spake, He that cometh after me is preferred before me: for he was before me. And of his fulness have all we received and grace for grace. For the law was given by Moses, but grace and truth came by Jesus Christ.

JOHN i. 1-17.

SEE ! through the heavenly arch
With silent, stately march
The starry ranks for ever sweep ;
In graduate scale of might
They all are sons of light,
And all their times and orders keep.

O glorious, countless host,
Which shall I praise the most ?
Your lustrous groups, or course exact ?
Ye on your way sublime
Defy confusing time
Your light to dim, your path distract.

Earth's early fathers saw
The gospel and the law
In the firm beauty of the skies :
O Thou unswerving Will,
The unveiled heavens still
Show thee as glorious, good, and wise.

Lord of the starry night,
With awe and with delight
Under Thy temple dome we pray ;
Still as we gaze above,
Temper our fear with love,
That we may filial homage pay.

Not as the primal force
Impelling nature's course,
We know Thee, but as Father dear :
O, if with foolish mind
We judge Thee weakly kind,
Correct false love with filial fear.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

THE souls that would really be richer in duty in some new position are precisely those who borrow no excuses from the old ; who even esteem it full of privileges, plenteous in occasions of good, frequent in divine appeals, which they chide their graceless and unloving temper for not heeding more. Wretched and barren is the discontent that quarrels with its tools instead of with its skill ; and, by criticising Providence, manages to keep up complacency with self. How gentle should we be, if we were not provoked ; how pious, if we were not busy ; the sick would be patient, only he is not in health ; the obscure would do great things, only he is not conspicuous. . . . Every temptation to evil resisted and overcome—every sacrifice of worldly good or pleasure for conscience sake, makes the soul purer and stronger. It is of vast importance whether the soul, which is to live for ever, is a truthful, pure and noble soul, made strong through the conquest of many and great temptations ; with affections set upon all that is good and beautiful ; with conscience that clearly sees the difference between right and wrong, and a firm will, resolute to choose the right.

JAMES MARTINEAU.

GOD sends His teachers unto every age,
To every clime, and every race of men,
With revelations fitted to their growth
And shape of mind, nor gives the realm of Truth
Into the selfish rule of one sole race :
Therefore each form of worship that hath swayed
The life of man, and given it to grasp
The master-key of knowledge, reverence,
Infolds some germs of goodness and of right ;
Else never had the eager soul, which loathes
The slothful down of pampered ignorance,
Found in it even a moment's fitful rest.

There is an instinct in the human heart
Which makes that all the fables it hath coined,
To justify the reign of its belief
And strengthen it by beauty's right divine,
Veil in their inner cells a mystic gift,
Which, like the hazel twig, in faithful hands,
Points surely to the hidden springs of Truth.
For, as in nature naught is made in vain,
But all things have within their hull of use
A wisdom and a meaning which may speak
Of spiritual secrets to the ear
Of spirit ; so, in whatsoe'er the heart
Hath fashioned for a solace to itself,
To make its aspirations suit its creed,
And from the niggard hands of falsehood wring
Its needful food of truth, there ever is
A sympathy with Nature, which reveals,
Not less than her own works, pure gleams of light.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

BLESSED be the Lord my strength,
Which teacheth my hands to war, and my fingers to
fight :

My goodness, and my fortress ; my high tower, and my
deliverer ;

My shield, and he in whom I trust ; who subdueth my
people under me.

Lord, what is man, that thou takest knowledge of him ;
Or the son of man, that thou makest account of him !

Man is like to vanity :

His days are as a shadow that passeth away.

Bow thy heavens, O Lord, and come down :
Touch the mountains, and they shall smoke.

Cast forth lightning, and scatter them :
Shoot out thine arrows, and destroy them.

Send thine hand from above ;

Rid me, and deliver me out of great waters,
From the hand of strange children ;

Whose mouth speaketh vanity,

And their right hand is a right hand of falsehood.

I will sing a new song unto thee, O God :

Upon a psaltery and an instrument of ten strings will I
sing praises unto thee.

It is he that giveth salvation unto kings :

Who delivereth David his servant from the hurtful
sword.

Rid me, and deliver me from the hand of strange
children,

Whose mouth speaketh vanity,

And their right hand is a right hand of falsehood :

That our sons may be as plants grown up in their
youth ;

hat our daughters may be as corner stones, polished
after the similitude of a palace :

hat our garners may be full, affording all manner of
store ;

hat our sheep may bring forth thousands and ten
thousands in our streets :

hat our oxen may be strong to labour ;

hat there be no breaking in or going out ;

hat there be no complaining in our streets.

lappy is that people, that is in such a case :

ea, happy is that people, whose God is the Lord.

PSALM cxliv.

OCTOBER 27.

“THERE may be many that say, who will show us
ny good? Lord, lift thou up the light of thy
ountenance upon us.”

PSALM iv. 6.

THE wisest of us all, when woe
Darkens our narrow path below,
Are childish to the last degree,
And think what *is* must always be.
It rains, and there is gloom around,
Slippery and sullen is the ground,
And slow the step ; within our sight
Nothing is cheerful, nothing bright.
Meanwhile the sun on high, although
We will not think it can be so,
Is shining at this very hour
In all his glory, all his power ;
And when the cloud is past, again
Will dry up every drop of rain.

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR. 1775.

LAUNCH thy bark, mariner ! Christian, God speed thee !
Let loose the rudder bands—good angels lead thee !
Set thy sails warily, tempests will come ;
Steer thy course steadily, Christian, steer home !

Look to the weather-bow ! breakers are round thee ;
Let fall the plummet now, shallows may ground thee ;
Reef in the foresail there ! hold the helm fast ;
So—let the vessel wear—there swept the blast.

“ What of the night, watchman, what of the night ?
“ Cloudy—all quiet—no land yet—all’s right.”
Be wakeful, be vigilant—danger may be
At an hour when all seemeth securest to thee.

How gains the leak so fast ! clear out the hold—
Hoist up thy merchandise, heave out thy gold ;
There—let the ingots go—now the ship rights ;
Hurrah ! the harbour’s near—lo, the red lights !

Slacken not sail yet, at inlet or island ;
Straight for the beacon steer, straight for the highland ;
Crowd all thy canvas on, cut through the foam,
Christian ! cast anchor now—Heaven is thy home !

CAROLINE A. BOWLES.

WHEN Divine Love takes place in the hearts of any people, and they steadily act in a principle of universal righteousness, then the true intent of the law is fulfilled, though their outward modes of proceeding may be various ; but when men are possessed by that spirit, hinted at by the prophet, and looking over their wealth, say in their hearts : “ Have we not taken to us horns by our own strength ? ” they deviate from the Divine Law, and do not count their possessions so strictly God’s, nor the weak and poor entitled to so much of the increase thereof, but that they may indulge their desires, in conforming to worldly pomp.

Thus when house is joined to house, and field laid to field, until there is no place and the poor are thereby straightened, though this is done by bargain and purchase, yet so far as it stands distinguished from universal Love, so far that woe predicted by the prophet will accompany their proceedings. As He who first founded the earth was then the true proprietor of it, so He still remains, and though He hath given it to the children of men, so that multitudes of people have had their sustenance from it, while they continued here ; yet He hath not alienated it, but His right is as good as ever, nor can any apply the increase of their possessions contrary to universal Love, without being justly chargeable with usurpation.

JOHN WOOLMAN. 1720.

THEREFORE to whom turn I but to thee, the ineffable
Name ?

Builder and maker, Thou, of houses not made with
hands !

What, have fear of change from Thee who art ever the
same ?

Doubt that Thy power can fill the heart that Thy power
expands ?

There shall never be one lost good ! What was, shall
live as before ;

The evil is null, is naught, is silence implying sound ;
What was good shall be good, with, for evil, so much
good more ;

On the earth the broken arcs ; in the heaven a perfect
round.

All we have willed or hoped or dreamed of good shall
exist ;

Not its semblance, but itself ; no beauty, nor good,
nor power

Whose voice has gone forth, but each survives for the
melodist,

When eternity affirms the conception of an hour.

The high that proved too high, the heroic for earth too
hard,

The passion that left the ground to lose itself in the
sky,

Are music sent up to God by the lover and the bard ;

Enough that He heard it once : we shall hear it by and
by.

ROBERT BROWNING.

“WHETHER a man be rich or poor, a good heart
taketh at all times a cheerful countenance.”

ECCLESIASTICUS, BOOK ii.

I'LL hope no more
For things that will not come,
And if they do, they prove but cumbersome :
Wealth brings much woe ;
And, since it fortunes so,
'Tis better to be poor
Than so to abound,
As to be drowned,
Or overwhelmed with store.

Pale Care, avaunt !
I'll learn to be content
With what small stock thy bounty gave or lent.
What may conduce
To my most healthful use,
Almighty God ! me grant ;
But that, or this,
That hurtful is,
Deny thy suppliant.

ROBERT HERRICK. 1591.

AND he said : A certain man had two sons : and the younger of them said to his father : Father, give me the portion of goods that falleth to me. And he divided unto them his living. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all, there arose a mighty famine in that land ; and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country ; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat : and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself, he said : How many hired servants of my father's have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger ! I will arise and go to my father, and will say unto him : Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and am no more worthy to be called thy son : make me as one of thy hired servants. And he arose, and came to his father. But when he was yet a great way off, his father saw him, and had compassion, and ran, and fell on his neck, and kissed him. And the son said unto him : Father, I have sinned against heaven, and in thy sight, and am no more worthy to be called thy son. But the father said to his servants : Bring forth the best robe and put it on him ; and put a ring on his hand, and shoes on his feet : and bring hither the fatted calf, and kill it ; and let us eat and be merry : for this my son was dead and is alive again ; he was lost, and is found. And they began to be merry. Now his elder son was in the field : and as he came and drew nigh to the house, he heard musick and dancing. And he called one of the servants, and asked what these things meant. And he said unto him : Thy brother is come ; and thy father hath killed the fatted calf, because he hath received him safe and sound. And he was angry, and would not go in : therefore

me his father out, and intreated him. And he answered said to his father : Lo, these many years do I serve thee, neither transgressed I at any time thy commandment : and yet thou never gavest me a kid, that I might make merry with my friends : but as soon as this thy son was come, which hath devoured thy living with whoredoms, thou hast killed for him the fatted calf. And he said unto him : Son, thou art ever with me, and all that I have is thine. It was meet that we should make merry, and be glad : for this thy brother was dead, and alive again ; and was lost, and is found.

LUKE xv. 11-32.

NOVEMBER 2.

“As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you.”

ISAIAH lxvi. 13.

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet
 From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low,
 Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so
 Who art not missed by any that entreat.
 Speak to me as to Mary at Thy feet !
 And if no precious gums my hands bestow,
 Let my tears drop like amber while I go
 In reach of Thy divinest voice complete,
 In humanest affection—thus, in sooth,
 To lose the sense of losing. As a child,
 Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore,
 Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth,
 Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,
 He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

O LIGHT so white and pure,
Oft clouded and yet sure ;
Oh inner radiance of the heart,
That drawest all men, whatsoe'er Thou art ;
Spring of the soul, that dost remove
Winter with rays of love,
And dost dispel of Thy far-working might
The clouds of ill and night,
For every soul which cometh to the earth ;
That beamest on us at our birth,
And paling somewhat in life's grosser day,
Lightest a pillar of fire, our evening way ;
What matter by what Name
We call Thee ? still art Thou the same,
God call we Thee, or Good, still through the strife
Unchangeable alone, of all our changeful life,
With awestruck souls we seek Thee, we adore
Thy greatness ever more and more,
We turn to Thee with worship, till at last,
Our journey well-nigh past,
When now our day of life draws to its end,
Looking, with less of awe and more of love,
To Thy high throne above,
We see no dazzling brightness as of old,
No kingly splendours cold,
But the sweet presence of a heavenly friend.

LEWIS MORRIS.

MY son, despise not the chastening of the Lord ;
Neither be weary of his correction :
For whom the Lord loveth he correcteth ;
Even as a father the son in whom he delighteth.

Happy is the man that findeth wisdom,
And the man that getteth understanding.
For the merchandise of it is better than the merchandise of silver,
And the gain thereof than fine gold.
She is more precious than rubies :
And all the things thou canst desire are not to be compared unto her.
Length of days is in her right hand ;
And in her left hand riches and honour.
Her ways are ways of pleasantness,
And all her paths are peace.
She is a tree of life to them that lay hold upon her :
And happy is every one that retaineth her.
The Lord by wisdom hath founded the earth ;
By understanding hath he established the heavens.
By his knowledge the depths are broken up,
And the clouds drop down the dew.

My son, let not them depart from thine eyes :
Keep sound wisdom and discretion : [neck.
So shall they be life unto thy soul—and grace to thy
Then shalt thou walk in thy way safely,
And thy foot shall not stumble.
When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid :
Yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet.
Be not afraid of sudden fear, [cometh.
Neither of the desolation of the wicked, when it
For the Lord shall be thy confidence,
And shall keep thy foot from being taken.

UPON every subject of questionable rectitude that is sanctioned by habit and the usages of society, a person should place himself in the independent situation of an enquirer. He should not seek for arguments to defend an existing practice, but should simply enquire what our practice ought to be. We therefore invite the reader to suppose himself to be one of the listeners at the Mount—to know nothing of the customs of the present day, and to have no desire to justify them. Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time : Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths ; but I say unto you : Swear not at all ; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne ; nor by the earth, for it is his footstool ; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the Great King. Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black. But let your communications be : Yea, yea ; nay, nay ; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil.

If any person should take a New Testament and read these words to ten intelligent Asiatics who had never heard of them before, does any man believe that a single individual of them would think that the words did not prohibit *all* oaths ? . . . If therefore it is indeed true that Jesus Christ has imperatively forbidden us to employ an oath, a duty, an imperative duty is laid upon us. It is worse than merely vain to hear His laws unless we obey them. How does it happen then, that although persons frequently acknowledge they think oaths are forbidden, so few when they are called upon to swear, decline to do it ?

By what means do the persons of whom we speak suppose that the will of God respecting oaths is to be effected ? To whose practice do they look for an exemplification of the Christian standard ?

Do they await some miracle, by which the whole world shall be convinced, and oaths shall be abolished without the agency of man? Such are not the means by which it is the pleasure of the universal Lord to act. He effects His moral purposes by the instrumentality of faithful men. Where are these faithful men?

JONATHAN DYMOND.

NOVEMBER 6.

“A MAN’S life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.”

LUKE xii. 15.

SOME murmur when their sky is clear
And wholly bright to view,
If one small speck of dark appear
In their great heaven of blue.
And some with thankful love are filled,
If but one streak of light,
One ray of God’s good mercy gild
The darkness of their night.

In palaces are hearts that ask,
In discontent and pride,
Why life is such a dreary task,
And all good things denied.
And hearts in poorest huts admire
How love has in their aid
(Love that not ever seems to tire)
Such rich provision made.

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

O BLESSED Well of Love ! O Floure of grace !
O glorious Morning-starre ! O Lampe of Light !
Most lively image of Thy Father's face,
Eternal King of Glorie, Lord of Might,
Meeke Lambe of God, before all worlds behight,
How can we Thee requite for all this good ?
Or what can prize that Thy most precious blood ?

Yet naught Thou ask'st in lieu of all this love,
But love of us, for guerdon of Thy paine :
Ay me ! what can we lesse than that behove ?
Had He required life of us againe,
Had it been wrong to aske His owne with gaine ?
He gave us life, He it restored lost ;
Then life were least, that us so little cost.

But He our life hath left unto us free,
Free that was thrall, and blessed that was bann'd ;
Ne ought demands but that we loving be,
As He himselfe hath lov'd us afore-hand
And bound thereto with an eternal band,
Him first to love that was so dearely bought,
And next our brethren, to His image wrought.

With all thy hart, with all thy soule and mind,
Thou must Him love, and His beheasts embrace ;
All other loves, with which the wind doth blind
Weake fancies, and stir up affections base,
Thou must renounce and utterly displace,
And give thyselfe unto Him full and free,
That full and freely gave Himselfe for thee.

EDMUND SPENSER. 1553.

“AND there shall be one fold, and one shepherd.”

JOHN X. 16.

HE did but float a little way
Adown the stream of time,
With dreamy eyes watching the ripples play,
Or hearkening their fairy chime ;
His slender sail
Ne'er felt the gale ;
He did but float a little way,
And, putting to the shore
While yet 'twas early day,
Went calmly on his way,
To dwell with us no more !
No jarring did he feel,
No grating on his shallop's keel ;
A strip of silver sand
Mingled the waters with the land
Where he was seen no more ;
Oh stern word—Nevermore !
Full short his journey was ; no dust
Of earth unto his sandals gave ;
The weary weight that old men must,
He bore not to the grave.
He seemed a cherub who had lost his way,
And wandered hither, so his stay
With us was short, and 'twas most meet
That he should be no delver in earth's clod,
Nor need to pause and cleanse his feet
To stand before his God :
Oh blest word—Evermore !

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

* On this day (1864), my brother Leonard died at Llandudno, aged 58 years.
—M.B.C.

THERE is a close analogy between the world of Nature and the world of spirit. They bear the impress of the same hand ; and hence the principles of Nature and its laws are the types and shadows of the Invisible. Just as two books, though on different subjects, proceeding from the same pen, manifest indications of the thought of one mind, so the world's visible and invisible are two books written by the same finger, and governed by the same Idea. Or, rather, they are but one book, separated into two only by the narrow range of our view. For it is impossible to study the universe at all without perceiving that it is one system. Begin with what science you will, as soon as you get beyond the rudiments, you are constrained to associate it with another. . . . It was upon this principle that Christ taught. Truths come forth from His lips not stated simply on authority, but based on the analogy of the universe. His human mind, in perfect harmony with the Divine Mind with which it mixed, discerned the connection of things, and read the eternal will in the simplest laws of Nature. For instance, if it were a question whether God would give His spirit to them that asked, it was not replied to by a truth revealed on His authority ; the answer was derived from facts lying open to all men's observation. "Behold the fowls of the air,"—"behold the lilies of the field,"—learn from them the answer to your question. A principle was there. God supplies the wants which He has created. He feeds the ravens—He clothes the lilies—He will feed with His spirit the craving spirits of His children.

FREDERICK W. ROBERTSON.

I LOVE and love not : Lord, it breaks my heart
 To love and not to love.
Thou veiled within Thy glory, gone apart
 Into Thy shrine, which is above,
Dost Thou not love me, Lord, or care
 For this mine ill ?
“ I love thee here or there,
 I will accept thy broken heart, lie still.”

Lord, it was well with me in time gone by
 That cometh not again,
When I was fresh and cheerful, who but I ?
 I fresh ! I cheerful ! worn with pain
Now, out of sight and out of heart ;
 O Lord, how long ?
“ I watch thee as thou art,
 I will accept thy fainting heart, be strong.”

Lie still, be strong, to-day ; but, Lord,
 What of to-morrow, Lord ? To-morrow,
Shall there be rest from toil, be truce from sorrow,
 Be living green upon the sward
Now but a barren grave to me,
 Be joy for sorrow ?
“ Did I not die for thee ?
 Do I not live for thee ? Leave me to-morrow.”

CHRISTINA ROSSETTI.

THEN came Peter to him, and said : Lord how oft shall my brother sin against me, and I forgive him ? till seven times ? Jesus saith unto him : I say not unto thee, Until seven times : but, Until seventy times seven. Therefore is the kingdom of heaven likened unto a certain king, which would take account of his servants. And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents. But forasmuch as he had not to pay, his lord commanded him to be sold, and his wife, and children, and all that he had, and payment to be made. The servant therefore fell down, and worshipped him, saying : Lord, have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. Then the lord of that servant was moved with compassion, and loosed him, and forgave him the debt. But the same servant went out, and found one of his fellow-servants, which owed him an hundred pence : and he laid hands on him and took him by the throat, saying : Pay me that thou owest. And his fellow-servant fell down at his feet, and besought him, saying : Have patience with me, and I will pay thee all. And he would not : but went and cast him into prison, till he should pay the debt. So when his fellow-servants saw what was done, they were very sorry, and came and told unto their lord all that was done. Then his lord, after that he had called him, said unto him : O thou wicked servant, I forgave thee all that debt, because thou desiredst me : shouldst not thou also have had compassion on thy fellow-servant, even as I had pity on thee ? And his lord was wroth, and delivered him to the tormentors, till he should pay all that was due unto him. So likewise shall my heavenly Father do also unto you, if ye from your hearts forgive not every one his brother their trespasses.

“FORGETTING those things which are behind, and
aching forth unto those things which are before, I
ess towards the mark.”

PHIL. iii. 13, 14.

Who would true valour see,
Let him come hither ;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather ;
There's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent,
To be a Pilgrim.

Who so beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound,
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright ;
He'll with a giant fight
But he will have a right
To be a Pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
Can daunt his spirit ;
He knows he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away.
He'll not fear what men say,
He'll labour night and day
To be a Pilgrim.

JOHN BUNYAN. 1628.

O God, our spirits unassisted
Must unsuccessful be ;
Who ever hath the world resisted
Except by help from Thee ?
But saved by a divine alliance
From terrors of defeat,
Unvauntingly, yet with defiance,
One man the world may meet.

Though evil hearts together leaguings
May do the righteous wrong ;
And cruel craft with force intriguing
Feel confidently strong ;
We know, if but the Saviour's story
With hearts of faith we read,
That God through sufferings unto glory
Salvation's sons will lead.

Say not, O soul, thou art defeated,
Because thou art distress ;
If thou of better things art cheated,
Thou canst not be of best :
Thy heaviest sighs with swift ascending
Plead, and thy God attends ;
And soon, the clouded heavens rending,
In comfort's beam descends.

My soul is for a crown aspiring,
The crown of righteousness ;
My soul is for the truth enquiring,—
For God, and nothing less :
Sin, sorrow, and the dark conspiring,
Assault me and I bleed ;
Tired am I, but through love untiring
I know I shall succeed.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

WE are, after all, of one religion.

I imagine that there will come a time in the history of the world when men will be astonished that Catholics and Protestants have had so much animosity against and suspicion of each other. I accept the belief in a grand passage, which I once met with in the writings of the illustrious founder of the colony of Pennsylvania. He says that "The humble, meek, merciful, just, pious, and devout souls are everywhere of one religion, and when death has taken off the mask they will know one another, though the diverse liveries they wear here make them strangers." Now, may I ask the House to act in this spirit, and then our work will be easy. The noble Lord, towards the conclusion of his speech, spoke of the cloud which rests at present over Ireland. It is a dark and heavy cloud, and its darkness extends over the feelings of men in all parts of the British Empire. But there is a consolation which we may all take to ourselves.

An inspired king and bard and prophet has left us words which are not only the expression of a fact, but which we may take as the utterance of a prophecy. He says: "To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness." Let us try to be just. That cloud will be dispelled. The dangers which surround us will vanish, and we may yet have the happiness of leaving to our children the heritage of an honourable citizenship in a united and prosperous Empire.

JOHN BRIGHT.

THOU unrelenting Past !
Strong are the barriers round thy dark domain,
And fetters sure and fast,
Hold all that enter thy unbreathing reign.

My spirit yearns to bring
The lost ones back—yearns with desire intense,
And struggles hard to wring
Thy bolts apart, and pluck thy captives thence.

In vain—thy gates deny
All passage save to those who hence depart ;
Nor to the streaming eye
Thou giv'st them back—nor to the broken heart.

In thy abysses hide
Beauty and excellence unknown—to thee
Earth's wonders and her pride
Are gather'd, as the waters to the sea.

Labours of good to man,
Unpublish'd charity, unbroken faith,—
Love that 'midst grief began,
And grew with years, and falter'd not in death.

Full many a mighty name
Lurks in thy depths, unutter'd, unrevered ;
With thee are silent fame,
Forgotten arts, and wisdom disappear'd.

Thine for a space are they—
Yet shalt thou yield thy treasures up at last ;
Thy gates shall yet give way,
Thy bolts shall fall, inexorable Past !

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

“THOU hast given a banner to them that fear thee,
that it may be displayed because of the truth.”

PSALM lx. 4.

THOU must be true thyself,
If thou the truth would'st teach ;
Thy soul must overflow, if thou
Another's soul would'st reach ;
It needs the overflow of heart,
To give the lips full speech.

Think truly, and thy thoughts
Shall the world's famine feed ;
Speak truly, and each word of thine
Shall be a fruitful seed ;
Live truly, and thy life shall be
A great and noble creed.

HORATIUS BONAR.

* On this day—(1811) my father was born at Green Bank, Rochdale.—M.B.C.

PRAISE waiteth for thee, O God, in Sion :
And unto thee shall the vow be performed.
O thou that hearest prayer,—unto thee shall all flesh
come.

Iniquities prevail against me :
As for our transgressions, thou shalt purge them away.
Blessed is the man whom thou choosest,
And causest to approach unto thee, that he may dwell
in thy courts :

We shall be satisfied with the goodness of thy house,
Even of thy holy temple.

By terrible things in righteousness wilt thou answer us,
O God of our salvation :

Who art the confidence of all the ends of the earth,
and of them that are afar off upon the sea :

Which by his strength setteth fast the mountains ;

Being girded with power :

Which stilleth the noise of the seas,

The noise of their waves, and the tumult of the people.

They also that dwell in the uttermost parts are afraid at
thy tokens :

Thou makest the outgoings of the morning and evening
to rejoice.

Thou visitest the earth and waterest it :

Thou greatly enrichest it

With the river of God, which is full of water :

Thou preparest them corn, when thou hast so provided
for it.

Thou waterest the ridges thereof abundantly : thou
settlest the furrows thereof :

Thou makest it soft with showers : thou blessest the
springing thereof.

Thou crownest the year with thy goodness ;

And thy paths drop fatness.

They drop upon the pastures of the wilderness :

nd the little hills rejoice on every side.
he pastures are clothed with flocks ;
he valleys also are covered over with corn ;
hey shout for joy, they also sing.

PSALM lxxv.

NOVEMBER 18.

“ THY servants are ready to do whatsoever my Lord
e King shall appoint.”

2 SAMUEL xv. 15.

I KNOW not if or dark or bright
 Shall be my lot,
If that wherein my hopes delight
 Is best or not.
My bark is wafted to the strand
 By breath divine,
And on the helm there rests a hand
 Other than mine.
One who has known in storms to sail
 I have on board :
Above the raging of the gale
 I hear my Lord.
He holds me, when the billows smite
 I shall not fall.
If sharp, 'tis short, if long, 'tis light,—
 He tempers all.
Safe to the Land, safe to the Land—
 The end is this,
And then with Him go hand in hand
 Far into bliss.

HENRY ALFORD.

WHAT ! and shall He wait,
And must He wait, not only till we say :
" Good Lord, the house is clean, the hearth is swept,
The children sleep, the mackerel boats are in,
And all the nets are mended ; therefore I
Will slowly to the door and open it " :
He stands and knocks, while we do say : " Good Lord,
The gentle folk are come to worship here,
And I will up and open to Thee soon ;
But first, I pray, a little longer wait,
For I am taken up with them ; my eyes
Must needs regard the fashion of their clothes,
And count the gains I think to make by them ;
Forsooth they are of much account, good Lord !
Therefore, have patience with me—wait, dear Lord !
Or come again "—

What ! must He wait for this—
For this ? Aye, He doth wait for this, and still,
Waiting for this, He patient, railleth not ;
Waiting for this, e'en this He saith : " Behold !
I stand at the door and knock."

O patient hand !
Knocking and waiting—knocking in the night
When work is done ! I charge you by the sea
Whereby you fill your children's mouths, and by
The might of Him who made it ! by the mother's milk
He drew, and by His Father, God over all,
Blessed for ever, that ye answer Him !
Open the door with shame, if ye have sinned ;
If ye be sorry, open it with sighs.
Albeit the place be bare for poverty,
And comfortless for lack of plenishing,
Be not ashamed for that, but open it,
And take Him in that comes to sup with thee ;
" Behold ! " He saith : " I stand at the door and
knock ! "

JEAN INGELow.

So they asked Mr. Feeble-mind how he fell into Giant Slay-good's hands. Then said the poor man : " I am a poor sickly man as you see, and because Death did usually knock once a-day at my door, I thought I should never be well at home ; so I betook myself to a pilgrim's life, and have travelled hither from the town of Uncertain, where I and my father were born. I am a man of no strength at all of body, nor yet of mind ; but would, if I could, though I can but crawl, spend my life in the pilgrim's way. When I came at the gate, that is at the head of the way, the Lord of that place did entertain me freely ; neither objected he against my feeble looks, nor against my feeble mind, but gave me such things as were necessary for my journey, and bid me hope to the end. When I came to Assault-lane, then this Giant met with me, and bid me prepare for an encounter ; but, alas ! feeble one that I was, I had more need of a cordial ; so he came up and took me. Robbed I looked to be, and robbed to be sure I am ; but I am, as you see, escaped with life, for the which I thank my King as the author, and you as the means. Other brunts I also look for ; but this I am resolved on, to wit, to run when I can, to go when I cannot run, and to creep when I cannot go. As to the main, I thank Him that loved me, I am fixed ; my way is before me, my mind is beyond the river that has no bridge : though I am, as you see, but of a feeble mind." And, behold, as they were then in the heat of their discourse, Mr. Ready-to-halt came by, with his crutches in his hand, and he also was going on pilgrimage.

JOHN BUNYAN. 1628.

We ask for Peace, oh Lord !
Thy children ask Thy Peace ;
Not what the world calls rest,
That toil and care should cease,
That through bright sunny hours
Calm life should fleet away,
And tranquil night should fade
In smiling day ;—
It is not for such Peace that we would pray.

We ask for Peace, oh Lord !
Yet not to stand secure,
Girt round with iron Pride,
Contented to endure :
Crushing the gentle strings
That human hearts should know,
Untouched by others' joy
Or others' woe ;—
Thou, oh dear Lord, wilt never teach us so.

We ask Thy Peace, oh Lord !
Through storm, and fear, and strife,
To light and guide us on,
Through a long struggling life :
While no success or gain
Shall cheer the desperate fight,
Or nerve what the world calls
Our wasted might ;—
Yet passing through the darkness to the light.

It is Thine own, oh Lord,
Who toil while others sleep ;
Who sow with loving care
What other hands shall reap :

They lean on Thee entranced,
In calm and perfect rest :
Give us that Peace, oh Lord,
Divine and blest,
Thou keepest for those hearts who love Thee best.

ADELAIDE ANNE PROCTER.

NOVEMBER 22.

“BUT the manifestation of the Spirit is given to every man to profit withal.”

I COR. xii. 7.

WE do differ when we most agree,
For words are not the same to you and me.
And it may be our several spiritual needs
Are best supplied by seeming different creeds.
And differing, we agree in one
Inseparable Communion.
If the true Life be in our hearts—the Faith,
Which not to want is Death ;
To want is penance ; to desire
Is purgatorial fire ;
To hope is Paradise ; and to believe
Is all of Heaven that Earth can e'er receive.

HARTLEY COLERIDGE. 1796.

WHEREFORE lift up the hands which hang down, and the feeble knees ; and make straight paths for your feet, lest that which is lame be turned out of the way ; but let it rather be healed. Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord : looking diligently lest any man fail of the grace of God ; lest any root of bitterness springing up trouble you, and thereby many be defiled ; lest there be any fornicator, or profane person, as Esau, who for one morsel of meat sold his birthright. For ye know how that afterward, when he would have inherited the blessing, he was rejected : for he found no place of repentance, though he sought it carefully with tears.

For ye are not come unto the mount that might be touched, and that burned with fire, nor unto blackness, and darkness, and tempest, and the sound of a trumpet, and the voice of words ; which voice they that heard intreated that the word should not be spoken to them any more : (for they could not endure that which was commanded, And if so much as a beast touch the mountain, it shall be stoned, or thrust through with a dart : and so terrible was the sight, that Moses said : I exceedingly fear and quake :) but ye are come unto mount Sion, and unto the city of the living God, the heavenly Jerusalem, and to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly and church of the firstborn, which are written in heaven, and to God the Judge of all, and to the spirits of just men made perfect, and to Jesus the mediator of the new covenant, and to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.

MAN is God's image ; but a poor man is
Christ's stamp to boote : both images regarde.
God reckons for him, counts the favour His ;
Write, " so much given to God " ; thou shalt be hearde.
Let thy alms go before, and keep heaven's gate
Open for thee ; or bothe may be too late.

Be usefulle when thou livest, that they maye
Bothe wante and wishe thy pleasing presence stille.
Kindnesse, good parts, great places, are the waye
To compasse this. Find out men's wants and wille,
And meete them there. All earthly joys go lesse
To the one joy of doing kindnesses.

Scorne no man's love, though of a meane degree ;
(Love is a present for a mighty king),
Much lesse make anyone thine enemy ;
As guns destroye, so may a little sling.
The cunning workman never dothe refuse
The meanest toole that he may chance to use.

Pitch thy behaviour low ; thy projects high ;
So shalt thou humble and magnanimous be ;
Sink not in spirit : who aimeth at the sky
Shoots higher much than he that means a tree.
A grain of glory mixed with humbleness
Cures bothe a fever and lethargicness.

GEORGE HERBERT. 1593.

“ WE have done that which was our duty to do.”

LUKE xvii. 10.

Not once or twice in our rough island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He that walks it, only thirsting
For the right, and learns to deaden
Love of self, before his journey closes,
He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting
Into glossy purples, which outredden
All voluptuous garden roses.

Not once or twice in our fair island story,
The path of duty was the way to glory :
He, that ever following her commands,
On with toil of heart and knees and hands,
Through the long gorge to the far light has won
His path upward, and prevail'd,
Shall find the toppling crags of duty scaled
Are close upon the shining table-lands
To which our God Himself is moon and sun.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

IF there is one thing which a comparative study of religions places in the clearest light, it is the inevitable decay to which every religion is exposed. It may seem almost like a truism, that no religion can continue to be what it was during the lifetime of its founder and its first apostles. Yet it is but seldom borne in mind that without constant reformation, *i.e.*, without a constant return to its fountain-head, every religion, even the most perfect, nay the most perfect on account of its very perfection more even than others, suffers from its contact with the world, as the purest air suffers from the mere fact of its being breathed. Wherever we can trace back a religion to its first beginnings, we find it free from many of the blemishes that offend us in its later phases. The founders of the ancient religions of the world, as far as we can judge, were minds of a high stamp, full of noble aspirations, yearning for truth, devoted to the welfare of their neighbours, examples of purity and unselfishness. What they desired to found upon earth was but seldom realised, and their sayings, if presented in their original form, offer often a strange contrast to the practice of those who profess to be their disciples. . . . If we find that the Christianity of the nineteenth century does not win as many hearts as it ought, let us remember that it was the Christianity of the first century in all its dogmatic simplicity, but with its overpowering love of God and man, that conquered the world and superseded religions and philosophies.

MAX MÜLLER.

WHAT matter how the night behaved ?
 What matter how the north-wind raved ?
 Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
 Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
 O Time and Change !—with hair as gray
 As was my sire's that winter day,
 How strange it seems, with so much gone
 Of life and love, to still live on !

* * * *

Henceforward, listen as we will,
 The voices of that hearth are still ;
 Look where we may, the wide earth o'er
 Those lighted faces smile no more.
 We tread the paths their feet have worn,
 We sit beneath their orchard trees,
 We hear, like them, the hum of bees,
 And rustle of the bladed corn ;
 We turn the pages that they read,
 Their written words we linger o'er,
 But in the sun they cast no shade,
 No voice is heard, no sign is made,
 No step is on the conscious floor !
 Yet Love will dream, and Faith will trust,
 (Since He who knows our need is just),
 That somehow, somewhere meet we must.
 Alas for him who never sees
 The stars shine through his cypress trees !
 Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
 Nor looks to see the breaking day
 Across the mournful marbles play !
 Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
 The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
 That Life is ever Lord of Death,
 And Love can never lose its own !

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

* On this day (1839) my father was married to Elizabeth Priestman, of Summerhill, Newcastle-on-Tyne.—M.B.C.

EXTOL not riches then, the toil of fools,
The wise man's cumbrance, if not snare ; more apt
To slacken Virtue and abate her edge,
Than prompt her to do aught may merit praise.
What if with like aversion I reject
Riches and realms ? yet not, for that a crown,
Golden in show, is but a wreath of thorns,
Brings dangers, troubles, cares, and sleepless nights,
To him who wears the royal diadem,
When on his shoulders each man's burden lies ;
For therein stands the office of a king,
His honour, virtue, merit and chief praise,
That for the publick all this weight he bears.
Yet he who reigns within himself, and rules
Passions, desires, and fears, is more a king ;
Which every wise and virtuous man attains ;
And who attains not, ill aspires to rule
Cities of men, or headstrong multitudes,
Subject himself to anarchy within,
Or lawless passions in him, which he serves.
But to guide nations in the way of truth
By saving doctrine, and from error lead
To know, and knowing, worship God aright,
Is yet more kingly ; this attracts the soul,
Governs the inner man, the nobler part :
That other o'er the body only reigns,
And oft by force ; which to a generous mind,
So reigning, can be no sincere delight.
Besides, to give a kingdom hath been thought
Greater and nobler done, and to lay down
Far more magnanimous, than to assume.
Riches are needless then, both for themselves,
And for thy reason why they should be sought,
To gain a sceptre, ofttest better missed.

JOHN MILTON. 1608.

THE heavens declare the glory of God ;
And the firmament sheweth his handywork.
Day unto day uttereth speech,
And night unto night sheweth knowledge.
There is no speech nor language,
Where their voice is not heard.
Their line is gone out through all the earth,
And their words to the end of the world.
In them hath he set a tabernacle for the sun,
Which is as a bridegroom coming out of his chamber,
And rejoiceth as a strong man to run a race.
His going forth is from the end of the heaven,
And his circuit unto the ends of it :
And there is nothing hid from the heat thereof.

The law of the Lord is perfect, converting the soul :
The testimony of the Lord is sure, making wise the
simple.

The statutes of the Lord are right, rejoicing the heart :
The commandment of the Lord is pure, enlightening
the eyes.

The fear of the Lord is clean, enduring for ever :
The judgments of the Lord are true and righteous
altogether.

More to be desired are they than gold, yea, than much
fine gold :

Sweeter also than honey and the honeycomb.
Moreover by them is thy servant warned :
And in keeping of them there is great reward.

Who can understand his errors ?
Cleanse thou me from secret faults.
Keep back thy servant also from presumptuous sins ;
Let them not have dominion over me :
Then shall I be upright,
And I shall be innocent from the great transgression.

Let the words of my mouth
And the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy
sight,
O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

PSALM xix.

NOVEMBER 30.

I SORROWED that the golden day was dead,
Its light no more the country-side adorning ;
But whilst I grieved, behold, the east grew red
With Morning.

I sighed that merry Spring was forced to go
And doff the wreaths that did so well become her ;
But whilst I murmured at her absence—lo,
'Twas Summer.

I mourned because the daffodils were killed
By burning skies that scorched my early posies ;
But while for these I pined, my hands were filled
With roses.

Half broken-hearted I bewailed the end
Of friendship, than which none had once seemed
nearer ;
But whilst I wept, I found a closer Friend,
And dearer.

Thus I learned old pleasures are estranged,
Only that something better may be given
Until, at last, we find this earth exchanged
For Heaven.

AUTHOR UNKNOWN.

JOHN WICKLIFFE, as the House knows, lived 500 years ago. He was born in the town of Richmond, and he is perhaps the first of Protestant reformers. John Wickliffe was obliged to consider this question—as to what should be done with regard to religious endowments; and he said: “If Churches make bad use of their endowments I think it best to take them away from them.” It is not too much for us to say that if endowments are found to be mischievous Parliament may put them to other uses. It is sometimes a wonder to me how it is that in 500 years we make so little progress on some subjects. That was the opinion of Wickliffe in the fourteenth century, and we are now discussing the same subject in this House, and right honourable and learned gentlemen get up and denounce as almost sacrilege and spoliation any attempt on the part of the Imperial Parliament to deal with the endowments of the State Church in Ireland. And as to their uses. If I were particular as to the sacred nature of the endowments, I should even then be satisfied with the propositions of this Bill—for, after all, I hope it is not far from Christianity to charity; and we know that the Divine Founder of our faith has left much more of the doings of the compassionate and loving heart than He has of dogma. I am not able to give the column, or the chapter, or the verse, or the page; but what has always struck me most in reading the narratives of the Gospel is how much of kindness and how much of compassion there was, and how much also there was of dealing kindly with all that were sickly, with all that were suffering. Do you think that it will be a misappropriation of the surplus funds of this great establishment to apply them to some kind of object such as that described in the Bill?

Do you not think that from the charitable dealing with these matters even a sweeter incense may arise than when these vast funds are applied to maintain three times the number of clergy than are of the slightest use to the Church with which they are connected? We can do but little, it is true. We cannot relume the extinguished lamp of reason. We cannot make the dumb to speak. It is not given to us :—

“From the thick film to purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeballs pour the day.”

But at least we can lessen the load of affliction, and we can make life more tolerable to the vast numbers who suffer. When I look at this great measure, and I can assure the House that I have looked at it much more than the majority of honorable members, because I have seen it grow from time to time, and from clause to clause, and have watched its growth and its completion with great and increasing interest. I look at this measure as one tending to a more true and solid union between Ireland and Great Britain. I believe it will give tranquillity to our people. I repeat, I see this measure giving tranquillity to our people, greater strength to the realm, and adding a new lustre and dignity to the Crown. I dare claim then for this Bill the support of all thoughtful and good people within the bounds of the British Empire, and I cannot doubt that in its early and great results it will have the blessings of the Supreme, for I believe it to be founded on those principles of justice and mercy which are the glorious attributes of His eternal reign.

JOHN BRIGHT.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on !
The night is dark and I am far from home—
 Lead Thou me on !
Keep Thou my feet ; I do not ask to see
The distant scene, one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on.
I loved to choose and see my path ; but now
 Lead Thou me on !
I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will : remember not past years.

So long Thy power hath blessed me, sure it still
 Will lead me on,
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone ;
And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

JOHN HENRY NEWMAN.

To weary hearts, to mourning homes,
God's meekest Angel gently comes :
No power has he to banish pain,
Or give us back our lost again ;
And yet in tenderest love, our dear
And Heavenly Father, sends him here.

There's quiet in that Angel's glance,
There's rest in his still countenance !
He mocks no grief with idle cheer,
Nor wounds with words the mourner's ear ;
But ills and woes he may not cure
He kindly trains us to endure.

Angel of Patience ! sent to calm
Our feverish brows with cooling palm ;
To lay the storms of hope and fear,
And reconcile life's smile and tear ;
The throbs of wounded pride to still,
And make our own our Father's will.

O thou who mournest on thy way,
With longings for the close of day ;
He walks with thee, that Angel kind,
And gently whispers : " Be resigned :
Bear up, bear on, the end shall tell
The dear Lord ordereth all things well."

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

1906. Funeral H. B. D. Staples

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling place—in all generations.

Before the mountains were brought forth,
Or ever thou hadst formed the earth or the world,
Even from everlasting to everlasting thou art God.

Thou turnest man to destruction ;

And sayest : Return, ye children of men.

For a thousand years in thy sight

Are but as yesterday when it is past,

And as a watch in the night.

Thou carriest them away as with a flood ; they are as a sleep :

In the morning they are like grass which groweth up.

In the morning it flourisheth and groweth up ;

In the evening it is cut down and withereth.

For we are consumed by thine anger,

And by thy wrath are we troubled.

Thou hast set our iniquities before thee,
Our secret sins in the light of thy countenance.

For all our days are passed away in thy wrath :

We spend our years as a tale that is told.

The days of our years are threescore years and ten ;

And if by reason of strength they be fourscore years,

Yet is their strength labour and sorrow ;

For it is soon cut off, and we fly away.

Who knoweth the power of thine anger ?

Even according to thy fear, so is thy wrath.

So teach us to number our days,

That we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.

Return, O Lord, how long ?

And let it repent thee concerning thy servants.

O satisfy us early with thy mercy ;

That we may rejoice and be glad all our days.

Make us glad according to the days wherein thou hast
afflicted us,

And the years wherein we have seen evil.
Let thy work appear unto thy servants,
And thy glory unto their children.
And let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us ;
And establish thou the work of our hands upon us ;
Yea the work of our hands establish thou it.

PSALM xc.

DECEMBER 6.

“ BE strong, all ye people of the land, saith the Lord, and work ; for I am with you, saith the Lord of hosts.”

HAGGAI ii. 4.

I THINK we are too ready with complaint
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope
Of yon grey blank of sky, we might grow faint
To muse upon eternity's constraint
Round our aspirant souls ; but since the scope
Must widen early, is it well to droop,
For a few days consumed in loss and taint ?
O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted,
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road,
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod
To meet the flints ? At least it may be said :
“ Because the way is short, I thank Thee, God.”

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

WHEN the enemy is near thee,
 Call on us !
In our hands we will upbear thee,
He shall neither scathe nor scare thee,
He shall fly thee and shall fear thee ;
 Call on us !

Call when all good friends have left thee,
Of all good sights and sounds bereft thee ;
Call when hope and heart are sinking,
When the brain is sick with thinking,—
 Help, oh help !
Call, and following close behind thee,
There shall haste and there shall find thee,
 Help, sure help.

When the panic comes upon thee,
When necessity seems on thee,
Hope and choice have all foregone thee,
Fate and force are closing o'er thee,
And but one way stands before thee,
 Call on us !

Oh ! and if thou dost not call,
But be faithful, that is all,
Go right on, and close behind thee,
There shall follow still and find thee,
 Help, sure help.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH.

AND, behold, a certain lawyer stood up, and tempted him, saying : Master, what shall I do to inherit eternal life ? He said unto him : What is written in the law ? how readest thou ? And he answering said : Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy strength, and with all thy mind ; and thy neighbour as thyself. And he said unto him : Thou hast answered right : this do, and thou shalt live. But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus : And who is my neighbour ? And Jesus answering said : A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way : and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was : and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And on the morrow when he departed, he took out two pence, and gave them to the host, and said unto him : Take care of him ; and whatsoever thou spendest more, when I come again, I will repay thee. Which now of these three, thinkest thou, was neighbour unto him that fell among thieves ? And he said : He that shewed mercy on him. Then said Jesus unto him : Go, and do thou likewise.

LUKE x. 25-37.

Go into thy closet ; shut thy door ;
And pray to Him in secret ; He will hear.
But think not thou, by one wild bound, to clear
The numberless ascensions, more and more,
Of starry stairs that must be climbed, before
Thou comest to the Father's likeness near ;
And bendest down to kiss the feet so dear
That step by step, their mounting flights passed o'er.
Be thou content, if on thy weary need
There falls a sense of showers and of the spring ;
A hope, that makes it possible to fling
Sickness aside, and go and do the deed ;
For highest aspiration will not lead
Unto the calm beyond all questioning.

And do not fear to hope. Can poet's brain
More than the Father's heart rich good invent ?
Each time we smell the autumn's dying scent,
We know the primrose time will come again ;
Not more we hope, nor less would soothe our pain.
Be bounteous in thy faith, for not misspent
Is confidence unto the Father lent :
'Thy need is sown and rooted for His rain.
His thoughts are as thine own ; nor are His ways
Other than thine, but by their loftier sense
Of beauty infinite and love intense.
Work on. One day, beyond all thoughts of praise,
A sunny joy shall crown thee with its rays ;
Nor other than thy need, thy recompense.

GEORGE MACDONALD.

In a small chamber, friendless and unseen,
Toiled o'er his types one poor, unlearned young
man ;
The place was dark, unfurnished and mean ;
Yet there the freedom of a race began.

Such earnest natures are the fiery pith,
The compact nucleus, round which systems grow ;
Mass after mass becomes inspired therewith,
And whirls impregnate with the central glow.

O Truth ! O Freedom ! how are ye still born
In the rude stable, in the manger nurst !
What humble hands unbar those gates of morn
Through which the splendours of the New Day
burst !

Shall we not heed the lesson taught of old,
And by the Present's lips repeated still,
In our own single manhood to be bold,
Fortressed in conscience and impregnable will ?

O small beginnings, ye are great and strong,
Based on a faithful heart and weariless brain !
Ye build the future fair, ye conquer wrong,
Ye earn the crown and wear it not in vain.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL.

* William Lloyd Garrison, born at Newburyport, Massachusetts, 1805.

I do not mean to assert that because the teaching of Christ, as we have it in its earliest records, embraces no dogmatic system, it is on that account not full of great and fruitful theological truths. Such a truth, the most fundamental, perhaps the most original of all, is the Fatherhood of God, and the relations of trust, love, obedience, awe, in which His human children stand to Him. A correlative truth is the Brotherhood of Man, a fraternity which transcends all differences of country, colour, speech. A third is the Kingdom of God—the perfect society in which the new life poured into the individual heart was meant to issue. A fourth is the Future State, connected with this by the bond of those ethical principles which must be conceived of as tying all human life together. But it is remarkable how Christ is content with the simplest statement of these truths. In regard to the nature of God, He seems to me to stand on the plain ground of His ancestral monotheism. In regard to God's lovingkindness, equity, forbearance, forgiveness, omniscience, He is emphatic in statement, vivid in illustration ; but of a philosophical doctrine of Divine attributes there is no trace. And it is even more to be noticed that He seems to consider these few and simple truths sufficient, not only for the instruction, but for the purification, the elevation, the impulse of human life. It is from them that His appeals derive all their winning charm, His warnings all their awful significance. They are the force of His own religious life, and He considers them adequate to feed the religious life of others.

It is not that, like a consummate artist, He is able in the strength and versatility of genius to produce the greatest effects with the simplest means, but that in the region of practical religion the simplest means are alone

necessary and alone efficacious. There are no more solemn and moving truths than those of which I have spoken. When others of a more derivative and complex kind seem to sway the hearts of men, it is only in the hidden energy of these.

THE HIBBERT LECTURES. 1883.

DECEMBER 12.

"To the upright there ariseth light in the darkness."

PSALM cxii. 4.

I SAID : "The darkness shall content my soul" ;

God said : "Let there be light."

I said : "The night shall see me reach my goal" ;

Instead came dawning bright.

I bared my head to meet the smiter's stroke ;

There came sweet dropping oil.

I waited, trembling, but the voice that spoke

Said gently : "Cease thy toil."

I looked for evil, stern of face and pale ;

Came good, too fair to tell.

I leant on God when other joys did fail ;

He gave me these as well.

SARAH WILLIAMS.

FLY, envious Time, till thou run out thy race ;
Call on the lazy, leaden-stepping hours,
Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace :
And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,
Which is no more than what is false and vain,
And merely mortal dross ;
So little is our loss,
So little is our gain !
For when as each thing bad thou hast entomb'd,
And last of all thy greedy self consumed,
Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss
With an individual kiss ;
And Joy shall overtake us as a flood ;
When everything that is sincerely good
And perfectly divine,
With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine
About the supreme throne
Of Him, to whose happy-making sight alone
When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb ;
Then, all this earthly grossness quit,
Attired with stars, we shall for ever sit,
Triumphing over Death, and Chance, and thee, O
Time.

JOHN MILTON. 1608.

AFTER this I beheld, and lo, a great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations, and kindreds, and people, and tongues, stood before the throne, and before the Lamb, clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands ; and cried with a loud voice, saying : Salvation to our God which sitteth upon the throne, and unto the Lamb. And all the angels stood round about the throne, and about the elders and the four beasts, and fell before the throne on their faces, and worshipped God, saying : Amen : Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God for ever and ever. Amen.

And one of the elders answered, saying unto me : What are these which are arrayed in white robes ? and whence came they ? And I said unto him : Sir, thou knowest. And he said to me : These are they which came out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes, and made them white in the blood of the Lamb. Therefore are they before the throne of God, and serve him day and night in his temple : and he that sitteth on the throne shall dwell among them. They shall hunger no more, neither thirst any more ; neither shall the sun light on them, nor any heat. For the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters : and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes.

REVELATION vii. 9-17.

HEAV'N from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
Oh blindness to the future ! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by heav'n :
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore ;
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast :
Man never Is, but always To be blest :
The soul uneasy and confin'd from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind ;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far on the solar walk, or milky way :
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, a humbler heav'n ;
Some safer world in depth of wood embrac'd,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire ;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

ALEXANDER POPE. 1688.

As our bodies, to be in health, must be generally exercised, so our minds, to be in health, must be generally cultivated. You would not call a man healthy who had strong arms but was paralytic in his feet ; nor one who could walk well, but had no use of his hands ; nor one who could see well, if he could not hear. You would not voluntarily reduce your bodies to any such partially developed state. Much more, then, you would not, if you could help it, reduce your minds to it. Now your minds are endowed with a vast number of gifts of totally different uses—limbs of mind, as it were, which, if you don't exercise, you cripple. One is curiosity ; that is a gift, a capacity of pleasure in knowing ; which if you destroy, you make yourself cold and dull. Another is sympathy ; the power of sharing in the feelings of living creatures, which if you destroy, you make yourselves hard and cruel. Another of your limbs of mind is admiration ; the power of enjoying beauty or ingenuity, which if you destroy, you make yourself base and irreverent. Another is wit ; or the power of playing with the lights on the many sides of truth, which if you destroy, you make yourself gloomy, and less useful and cheering to others than you might be. So that in choosing your way of work it should be your aim to bring out all these faculties, not one merely, but all of them. To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures and thinking about them ; and to cultivate admiration you must be among beautiful things and looking at them.

JOHN RUSKIN.

I WILL bless the Lord at all times :
His praise shall continually be in my mouth.
My soul shall make her boast in the Lord :
The humble shall hear thereof, and be glad.
O magnify the Lord with me,
And let us exalt his name together.
I sought the Lord, and he heard me,
And delivered me from all my fears.
They looked unto him, and were lightened :
And their faces were not ashamed.
This poor man cried, and the Lord heard him,
And saved him out of all his troubles.
The angel of the Lord encampeth round about them
that fear him,
And delivereth them.
O taste and see that the Lord is good :
Blessed is the man that trusteth in him.
O fear the Lord, ye his saints :
For there is no want to them that fear him.
The young lions do lack, and suffer hunger :
But they that seek the Lord shall not want any good
thing.
Come, ye children, hearken unto me :
I will teach you the fear of the Lord.
What man is he that desireth life,
And loveth many days, that he may see good ?
Keep thy tongue from evil,
And thy lips from speaking guile.
Depart from evil, and do good ;
Seek peace, and pursue it.
The eyes of the Lord are upon the righteous,
And his ears are open unto their cry.
The face of the Lord is against them that do evil,
To cut off the remembrance of them from the earth.
The righteous cry, and the Lord heareth,
And delivereth them out of all their troubles.

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e Lord is nigh unto them that are of a broken heart ;
 d saveth such as be of a contrite spirit.
 ny are the afflictions of the righteous :
 t the Lord delivereth him out of them all.
 : keepeth all his bones :—not one of them is broken.
 il shall slay the wicked :
 d they that hate the righteous shall be desolate.
 e Lord redeemeth the soul of his servants :
 d none of them that trust in him shall be desolate.

PSALM xxxiv.

DECEMBER 18.

“EVEN them will I bring to my holy mountain, and
 ke them joyful in my house of prayer.”

ISAIAH lvi. 7.

WHO shall say that to no mortal
 Heaven e'er oped its mystic portal,
 Gave no dream or revelation
 Save to one peculiar nation ?
 Souls sincere, now voiceless, nameless,
 Knelt at altars, fired and flameless,
 Asked of Nature, asked of Reason,
 Sought through every sign and season
 Seeking God ; through darkness groping,
 Wishing, striving, longing, hoping,
 Weeping, praying, panting, pining
 For the light on Israel shining ?
 Oh, it must be ! God's sweet kindness
 Pities erring human blindness ;
 And the soul whose pure endeavour
 Strives towards God, shall live for ever ;
 Live by the great Father's favour,
 Saved by an unheard-of Saviour !

G. L. TAYLOR.

CHRIST to the young man said : " Yet one thing
more ;

If thou wouldst perfect be,
Sell all thou hast and give it to the poor,
And come and follow Me ! "

Within this temple, Christ again, unseen,
Those sacred words hath said,
And His invisible hands to-day have been
Laid on a young man's head.

And evermore beside him on his way
The unseen Christ shall move,
That he may lean upon His arm and say ;
" Dost thou, dear Lord, approve ? "

Beside him at the marriage feast shall be,
To make the scene more fair ;
Beside him in the dark Gethsemane
Of pain and midnight prayer.

O holy trust ! O endless sense of rest !
Like the beloved John
To lay his head upon the Saviour's breast,
And thus to journey on !

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

IN every home,
Wherever there are loving hearts and mild,
Thou still dost deign to come,
Clothed with the likeness of a little child ;
Upon the hearth Thou still
Dweldest with them at meat, or work, or play ;
Thou who all space dost fill
Art with the pure and humble day by day ;
Thou treasurest the tears they weep,
And watchest o'er them while they sleep.

Spirit and Word !
That still art hid in every faithful heart,
Indwelling Thought and Lord—
How should they doubt who know Thee as Thou art ?
How think to bring Thee near
By magic words, or signs, or any spell,
Who art among us here,
Who always in the loving soul dost dwell.
Who art the staff and stay indeed
Of the weak knees and hands that bleed ?

Then let them take
Their pagan trappings and their lifeless lore ;
Let us arise and make
A worthy temple where was none before.
Each soul is its own shrine,
Its priesthood, its sufficient sacrifice,
Its cleansing fount divine,
Its hidden store of precious sanctities.
Those only fit for priestcraft are
From whom their Lord and King is far.

LEWIS MORRIS.

WE believe in a Supreme Ruler of the Universe. We believe in His omnipotence ; we believe and we humbly trust in His mercy. We know that the strongest argument which is used against that belief, by those who reject it, is an argument drawn from the misery, and the helplessness, and the darkness of so many of our race, even in countries which call themselves civilised and Christian. Is not that the fact ? If I believed that this misery, and this helplessness, and this darkness could not be touched or transformed, I myself should be driven to admit the almost overwhelming force of that argument ; but I am convinced that just laws, and an enlightened administration of them, would change the face of the country. I believe that ignorance and suffering might be lessened to an incalculable extent, and that many an Eden, beauteous in flowers and rich in fruits, might be raised up in the waste wilderness which spreads before us. But no class can do that. The class which has hitherto ruled in this country has failed miserably. It revels in power and wealth, whilst at its feet, a terrible peril for its future, lies the multitude which it has neglected. If a class has failed, let us try the nation. That is our faith, that is our purpose, that is our cry—Let us try the nation. This it is which has called together these countless numbers of the people to demand a change ; and, as I think of it, and of these gatherings, sublime in their vastness and in their resolution, I think I see, as it were, above the hill-tops of time, the glimmerings of the dawn of a better and a nobler day for the country and for the people that I love so well.

JOHN BRIGHT.

If love in any heart arise,
And stir the tongue, and light the eyes,
And speed the foot, and fill the hand ;
Then, Christian, thou must understand
That though unthought of, God is there ;
So of denying Him beware.

If Littlemore make haste to bless
His troubled neighbour Littleless,
And poor men to the poorer give,
Weak ones the weaker help to live,
The sad those sadder still console ;
Then God is working in the soul.

If the grown man forgoes his bread
That little mouths may first be fed ;
And patient women serve the men
Who care for them but now and then,
And love keeps warm without a fire ;
O, then, the grace of God admire.

Two strangers ocean may divide,
Who yet shall bridegroom be and bride,
And God unknown to souls may be
Who love Him will eternally ;
But all true hearts our Father knows,
And will to them His truth disclose.

THOMAS T. LYNCH.

THEN began he to upbraid the cities wherein most of his mighty works were done, because they repented not : Woe unto thee, Chorazin ! woe unto thee, Bethsaida ! for if the mighty works, which were done in you, had been done in Tyre and Sidon, they would have repented long ago in sackcloth and ashes. But I say unto you : It shall be more tolerable for Tyre and Sidon at the day of judgment, than for you. And thou, Capernaum, which art exalted unto heaven, shalt be brought down to hell : for if the mighty works, which have been done in thee, had been done in Sodom, it would have remained until this day. But I say unto you : That it shall be more tolerable for the land of Sodom in the day of judgment, than for thee.

At that time Jesus answered and said : I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes. Even so, Father : for so it seemed good in thy sight. All things are delivered unto me of my Father : and no man knoweth the Son, but the Father ; neither knoweth any man the Father, save the Son, and he to whomsoever the Son will reveal him.

Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest. Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me ; for I am meek and lowly in heart : and ye shall find rest unto your souls. For my yoke is easy and my burden is light.

MATTHEW xi. 20-30.

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
Forever flowing free,
Forever shared, forever whole,
A never-ebbing sea !

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
Nor dream of bards and seers,
No dead fact stranded on the shore
Of the oblivious years ;—

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
A present help is He ;
And faith has still its Olivet,
And love its Galilee.

The healing of His seamless dress
Is by our beds of pain ;
We touch Him in life's throng and press,
And we are whole again.

O Lord and Master of us all !
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear Thy call,
We test our lives by Thine.

The letter fails, the systems fall,
And every symbol wanes ;
The Spirit over-brooding all,
Eternal Love remains.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

THIS is the morn of Victory
When the high Conqueror came to die !

The earth was dark—its guilty gaze
Saw not o'er heaven the splendours blaze
That told the shepherds He was born.
It heard not on that breaking morn
The angels' harp, the glorious hymn
From burning lip of Cherubim.

That morn the Roman Cæsar sat,
Unconscious that a potentate
Was born—to whom his laurelled brow
Must stoop—the mighty Man of Woe.
The Pontiff at his altar stood,
Unconscious that a nobler blood
Than ever flowed, that morn was given
Pure from the summit throne of heaven.
That kingly Victim came not robed
In gold, with trooping spears englobed ;
Gleamed on His brow a royal gem,
He came—the Babe of Bethlehem !
His was all power—the tempest's sky
Might have come down—His canopy ;
The rushing of His chariot-wheels
Told by His thunder's herald peals,
The flashing of His midnight lightning
The earth through all her chambers bright'ning,
Till mankind, wakened out of slumber,
Beheld the numbers without number,
Rank behind rank down heaven's high steep
The seraph legions gorgeous sweep,
Till in the centre blazed the throne
Of Him who sat—the first great One !

This fragment, the authorship of which he could never trace, my father learnt when a young man, and it remained all his life his favourite Christmas hymn.—
M.B.C.

There was no pomp—for on that morn
A Man of Sacrifice was born ;
He came to be a stranger here,
E'en in his tribe a wanderer—
He came to weep, to pray—to die,
And won for man the Victory.

DECEMBER 26.

“Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit. And there are differences of administration, but the same Lord.”

I COR. xii. 4 and 5.

O GOD ! I thank Thee for a homely taste
And appetite of soul, that wheresoe'er
I find Thy Gospel—preachèd word or prayer—
Before me set, by whomsoever placed,
I love the food, and let no morsel waste :
Who serves me, who feeds with me, I less care ;
All who speak truth to me commissioned are ;
All who love God are in my church embraced.
Not that I have no sense of preference—
None deeper !—but I rather love to draw,
Even here, on earth, on toward the future law,
And Heaven's fine etiquette, where ~~x~~ who ? and whence ?
May not be asked ; and, at the wedding feast,
North shall sit down with south, and west with east.

THOMAS BURBIDGE.

JAMES, a servant of God, and of the Lord Jesus Christ, to the twelve tribes which are scattered abroad, greeting.

My brethren, count it all joy when ye fall into divers temptations ; knowing this, that the trying of your faith worketh patience. But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing.

If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not ; and it shall be given him. But let him ask in faith, nothing wavering. For he that wavereth is like a wave of the sea driven with the wind and tossed. For let not that man think that he shall receive any thing of the Lord. A double minded man is unstable in all his ways.

Let the brother of low degree rejoice in that he is exalted : but the rich in that he is made low : because as the flower of the grass he shall pass away. For the sun is no sooner risen with a burning heat, but it withereth the grass, and the flower thereof falleth, and the grace of the fashion of it perisheth : so also shall the rich man fade away in his ways.

Blessed is the man that endureth temptation : for when he is tried, he shall receive the crown of life, which the Lord hath promised to them that love him. Let no man say when he is tempted : I am tempted of God : for God cannot be tempted with evil, neither tempteth he any man : but every man is tempted, when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed. Then when lust hath conceived, it bringeth forth sin : and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death.

Do not err, my beloved brethren. Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness, neither shadow of turning. Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first-fruits of his creatures.

Wherefore, my beloved brethren, let every man be swift to hear, slow to speak, slow to wrath : for the wrath of man worketh not the righteousness of God. Wherefore lay apart all filthiness and superfluity of naughtiness, and receive with meekness the engrafted word, which is able to save your souls.

But be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only, deceiving your own selves. For if any be a hearer of the word, and not a doer, he is like unto a man beholding his natural face in a glass : for he beholdeth himself, and goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was. But whoso looketh into the perfect law of liberty, and continueth therein, he being not a forgetful hearer, but a doer of the work, this man shall be blessed in his deed.

If any man among you seem to be religious, and bridled his tongue, but deceiveth his own heart, this man's religion is vain. Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world.

JAMES i.

BRIGHTEST and best of the Sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dewdrops are shining,
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall ;
Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
Maker and Monarch and Saviour of all !

Say, shall we yield Him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom and offerings divine ;
Gems of the mountain and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine ?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gifts would His favour secure ;
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness and lend us thine aid ;
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

REGINALD HEBER. 1783.

WE might enjoy much peace, if we would not busy ourselves with the words and deeds of other men, and things which appertain nothing to our charge. How can he abide long in peace, who thrusteth himself into the cares of others, who seeketh occasions abroad, who little or seldom cometh to himself?

Blessed are the single-hearted, for they shall enjoy much peace. If we were perfectly intent upon our own hearts, and not entangled with outward things, then should we be able to relish heavenly things, and to have some experience of heavenly contemplation. If we would endeavour like brave men to stand in the battle, surely we should feel the assistance of God from heaven.

For He who giveth us occasion to fight, to the end we may get the victory, is ready to succour those that fight and that trust in His grace.

If every year we would root out one vice, we should sooner become perfect men. It is a hard thing to forego that to which we are accustomed, but it is harder to go against our own will.

But if thou dost not overcome small and easy things, when wilt thou overcome harder things? Resist thy inclination in the very beginning, and unlearn evil habits, lest perhaps by little and little they draw thee to greater difficulty.

O if thou didst but consider how much inward peace unto thyself, and joy to others, thou wouldest procure by demeaning thyself well, I think thou wouldest be more careful of thy spiritual progress.

THOMAS À KEMPIS. 1380.

THE strong in spiritual action need not look
Upon the new-found year as on a scroll,
The which their hands lack cunning to unroll,
But in it read, as in an open book,
All they are seeking—high resolve unshook
By circumstance's unforeseen control,
Successful striving, and whate'er the soul
Has recognised for duty, not forsook.
But they whom many failures have made tame,
Question the future with that reverent fear,
Which best their need of heavenly aid may show,
Will it have purer thought, and loftier aim
Pursued more loftily? That a man might know
What thou wilt bring him, thou advancing year!

RICHARD CHENEVIX TRENCH.

"THE Lord bless thee, and keep thee : the Lord
make his face to shine upon thee, and be gracious unto
thee ; the Lord lift up his countenance upon thee, and
give thee peace."

NUMBERS vi. 24-26.

LIST OF AUTHORS.

	PAGE
ADDISON, JOSEPH	18, 204
AÏDÉ, HAMILTON	7, 182, 272
ALFORD, HENRY	323
ARNOLD, MATTHEW	19, 130, 206, 289
AURELIUS, MARCUS	17, 219
AUTHORS UNKNOWN	83, 138, 179, 190, 212, 291, 335, 360
BONAR, HORATIUS	244, 321
BOWLES, CAROLINE A.	302
BRIGHT, JOHN, 8, 27, 57, 77, 93, 144, 162, 176, 205, 238, 239, 268, 288, 319, 336, 337, 356	
BRONTË, EMILY	147
BROOKS, PHILLIPS	164
BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT	63, 87, 125, 259, 275, 307, 341
BROWNING, ROBERT	31, 92, 304
BRUCE, MICHAEL	102
BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN	24, 133, 170, 195, 281, 320
BUNYAN, JOHN	62, 317, 325
BURBIDGE, THOMAS	361
CARY, ALICE	96
CAREW, LADY ELIZABETH	277
CLOUGH, ARTHUR HUGH	21, 74, 224, 252, 285, 342
COBDEN, RICHARD	184
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY	12, 115, 197, 217, 327
COLERIDGE, SAMUEL T.	155
COWPER, WILLIAM	60, 111, 132
DRUMMOND, OF HAWTHORNDEN	220
DYMOND, JONATHAN	37, 118, 180, 235, 310
ELLIOTT, EBENEZER	10, 159, 198
ELLWOOD, THOMAS	141

	PAGE
EMERSON, RALPH WALDO	32, 139, 187
FOUQUÉ, FRIEDRICH	227
FOX, GEORGE	89
GOETHE, Translation from	3
HEBER, REGINALD	364
HEMANS, FELICIA	112, 215
HERBERT, GEORGE	14, 158, 207, 329
HERRICK, ROBERT	120, 305
HIBBERT LECTURES	22, 171, 346
HOGG, JAMES	86
HUNT, LEIGH	49, 73
INGELOW, JEAN	42, 324
KEATS, JOHN	264
KEBLE, JOHN	46, 94, 177, 260
KEMPIS, THOMAS À	103, 154, 225, 365
KING, H. E. HAMILTON	278
KINGSLEY, CHARLES	26, 168, 202
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE	301
LINCOLN, ABRAHAM	67, 292
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH	16, 53, 76, 91, 134, 232, 267, 295, 354
LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL	6, 29, 33, 69, 105, 114, 127, 153, 181, 213, 221, 274, 299, 313, 345
LYNCH, THOMAS T.	36, 143, 165, 185, 297, 318, 357
LYTE, HENRY FRANCIS	200
MACDONALD, GEORGE	344
MARTINEAU, JAMES	113, 298
MAZZINI, JOSEPH	47, 121, 196, 283
MILTON, JOHN	13, 55, 80, 119, 135, 161, 240, 282, 333, 348
MOORE, THOMAS	210, 293
MORE, HENRY	145
MORRIS, LEWIS	41, 107, 246, 308, 355
MÜLLER, MAX	82, 150, 245, 331
MYERS, REV. FREDERICK	211, 258
NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY	338
PENINGTON, ISAAC	109, 191
PENN, WILLIAM	214
POPE, ALEXANDER	209, 350
PROCTER, ADELAIDE ANNE	23, 58, 84, 104, 148, 175, 241, 287, 326

LIST OF AUTHORS.

369

	PAGE
BERTSON, FREDERICK W.	72, 142, 263, 314
BETTI, CHRISTINA	44, 194, 248, 315
BETTI, DANTE GABRIEL 234
BIN, JOHN	2, 126, 273, 351
BLLER, Translation from 61, 230
B, WILLIAM BELL 226
LEY, JAMES 257
BESPEARE, WILLIAM 28, 100
BY, SIR PHILIP 51
BER, EDMUND	68, 122, 174, 312
BLEY, ARTHUR P. 99, 231
BEN, CAROLINE E. 279
BE, HARRIET BEECHER 90, 201, 253
BER, JOHN 52
BOR, G. L. 353
BOR, JEREMY 43, 87
BYSON, ALFRED	66, 188, 271, 330
BCH, RICHARD C. 35, 65, 108, 149, 163, 186, 218,	265, 311, 366
BER, CHARLES TENNYSON 167, 255
BHAN, HENRY	78, 192, 249, 290
B, SIR AUBREY DE 223
B, AUBREY DE 137, 173
BLER, EDMUND 269
BS, ISAAC 128
BOB, E. WHEELER 156
BLIAMS, SARAH 347
BTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF 9, 38, 39, 71, 97, 151,	160, 183, 243, 251, 254, 284, 332, 339, 359
BTING, WILLIAM 81
BLMAN, JOHN 59, 131, 303
BSWORTH, WILLIAM	56, 98, 123, 236, 262
BTON, SIR HENRY 117

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	PAGE
A dewdrop falling on the. (<i>From "Life through Death," Richard C. Trench</i>)	108
A thing of beauty is a joy for ever. (<i>From "Endymion," John Keats</i>)	264
Abide with me; fast falls the eventide. (<i>Henry F. Lyte</i>)	200
Abou Ben Adhem,—may his tribe increase. (<i>Leigh Hunt</i>)	49
After this I beheld, and lo. (<i>Revelation vii. 9-17</i>)	349
Again, ye have heard. (<i>Matthew v. 33-48</i>)	40
Ah! when shall all men's good. (<i>From "The Golden Year," Alfred Tennyson</i>)	188
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth. (<i>From "Paradise Lost," Book v., John Milton</i>)	240
All are architects of Fate. (<i>From "The Builders," Henry W. Longfellow</i>)	232
All men naturally desire knowledge. (<i>From "The Imitation of Christ," Thomas à Kempis</i>)	154
All prosaic, and all bitter. (<i>From "The Minister's Wooing," Harriet B. Stowe</i>)	201
An ancient and renowned poet has said. (<i>St. James's Hall, London, 1867, John Bright</i>)	239
And, behold, a certain lawyer. (<i>Luke x. 25-37</i>)	343
And didst Thou love the race. (<i>Fean Ingelow</i>)	42
And God spake all these words. (<i>Exodus xx. 1-17</i>)	34
And I saw a new heaven and a new earth. (<i>Revelation xxi. 1-4 and 22-27</i>)	85
And is there care in heaven? (<i>From "The Faërie Queene," Edmund Spenser</i>)	122
And it was at Jerusalem the feast. (<i>John x. 22-38</i>)	242
And he said: A certain man had. (<i>Luke xv. 11-32</i>)	306
And he shewed me a pure river. (<i>Revelation xxii. 1-17</i>)	276

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	371
	PAGE
and he spake a parable unto them. (<i>Luke xviii. 1-14</i>)	152
and one of the Pharisees desired him.	
(<i>Luke vii. 36-50</i>)	95
and seeing the multitudes, he went up.	
(<i>Matthew v. 1-12</i>)	15
and slowly answer'd Arthur from. (<i>From "Morte d' Arthur," Alfred Tennyson</i>)	271
and the child Samuel ministered. (<i>1 Samuel iii. 1-18</i>)	64
and what is so rare as a day in June? (<i>From "The Vision of Sir Launfal," James R. Lowell</i>)	153
and Zacharias was filled with. (<i>Luke i. 67-80</i>)	124
angel of Charity, who from above. (<i>Thomas Moore</i>)	293
as one looks round upon the. (<i>Phillips Brooks</i>)	164
as on my bed at dawn I mused. (<i>Sonnet, Charles T. Turner</i>)	167
as one who held herself apart. (<i>From "Snowbound," John G. Whittier</i>)	254
as our bodies, to be in health. (<i>From "The Two Paths," John Ruskin</i>)	351
as ships becalmed at eve. (<i>Arthur H. Clough</i>)	21
as the hart panteth after the. (<i>Psalms xlii.</i>)	101
as the long train. (<i>From "Thanatopsis," William C. Bryant</i>)	133
at that time Jesus went. (<i>Matthew xii. 1-13</i>)	250
at the same time came the. (<i>Matthew xviii. 1-14</i>)	208
ay, thou art welcome. (<i>"Autumn," William C. Bryant</i>)	281
be not afraid to pray—to pray is right. (<i>"Prayer," Hartley Coleridge</i>)	197
because I seek Thee not, O seek Thou me. (<i>Author Unknown</i>)	179
beloved, let us love one another. (<i>1 John iv. 7-21</i>)	106
be still and cool in thy own mind. (<i>George Fox</i>)	89
be strong to hope, Oh Heart! (<i>"Be Strong," Adelaide A. Procter</i>)	23
be what thou seemest. (<i>From "He liveth long who liveth well," Horatius Bonar</i>)	244
blessed be the Lord my strength. (<i>Psalms cxliv.</i>)	300

	PAGE
Blessed be Thy name for ever. ("The Palmer's Morning Hymn," James Hogg)	86
Bless the Lord, O my soul. (Psalm ciii.)	178
Bowing thyself in dust before a Book. (From "Bibliolatres," James R. Lowell)	221
Brethren, I write no new commandment. (1 John ii. 7-17)	199
Brightest and best of the Sons of the morning. (Reginald Heber)	364
But I say unto you which hear. (Luke vi. 27-38)	169
But Love's a flower that will not die. (From "St. Matthias," John Keble)	177
But, speaking to such an audience. (Edinburgh, 1853, John Bright)	268
But there is yet a liberty, unsung. (From "A Winter Morning's Walk," William Cowper)	60
But where shall wisdom be found? (Job xxviii. 12-28)	247
Cast thy bread upon the waters. (Ecclesiastes xi. 1-10)	216
Children of men! the unseen Power. (Matthew Arnold)	19
Christianity does not encourage. (From "Essays on the Principles of Morality," Jonathan Dymond)	37
Christ to the young man said. ("Hymn on my brother's ordination," Henry W. Longfellow)	354
Clear and cool, clear and cool. ("The Tide River," Charles Kingsley)	168
Comfort ye, comfort ye my people. (Isaiah xl. 1-12)	228
Count each affliction, whether light. (Sonnet, Aubrey de Vere)	173
Cromwell, I did not think to shed a tear. (From "Henry VIII," William Shakespeare)	28
Day of Life! thine hours are. ("Day of Life," Hamilton Aide)	182
Does the road wind up-hill all the way? ("Up-hill," Christina Rossetti)	44

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	373
	PAGE
Do not all statesmen know. (<i>Birmingham</i> , 1858, <i>John Bright</i>)	162
Do not err, my beloved brethren. (<i>James i.</i> 15-27) .	363
Doth not wisdom cry? (<i>Proverbs viii.</i> 1-11) . . .	25
Do you not think that from. (<i>House of Commons</i> , 1869, <i>John Bright</i>)	337
Eternal Father, strong to save. (<i>William Whiting</i>)	81
Eternal God! preserver of all those. (<i>Thomas</i> <i>Ellwood</i>)	141
Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky. (" <i>The Sky-</i> <i>lark</i> ," <i>William Wordsworth</i>)	123
Every religion, even the most imperfect. (<i>From</i> <i>"Chips from a German workshop," Max</i> <i>Müller</i>)	150
Every seventh day, if not oftener. (<i>From "Lectures</i> <i>on Art," John Ruskin</i>)	2
Extol not riches then. (<i>From "Paradise Regained,"</i> <i>Book ii., John Milton</i>)	333
Fair daffodils, we weep to see. (<i>Robert Herrick</i>) .	120
Faithfulness to the Light. (<i>From "Quaker Strong-</i> <i>holds," Caroline E. Stephen</i>)	279
Faithful—Well, I see that saying and doing. (<i>From "The Pilgrim's Progress," John</i> <i>Bunyan</i>)	62
Father of all! in every age. (<i>From "The Universal</i> <i>Prayer," Alexander Pope</i>)	209
Fear death?—to feel the fog. (" <i>Prospice</i> ," <i>Robert</i> <i>Browning</i>)	31
Finally, my brethren, be strong. (<i>Ephesians vi.</i> 10-20)	20
First, keep thyself in peace. (<i>From "The Imitation</i> <i>of Christ," Thomas à Kempis</i>)	103
Fly! envious time. (" <i>Time</i> ," <i>John Milton</i>) . . .	348
Foil'd by our fellow-men. (" <i>Immortality</i> ," <i>Matthew</i> <i>Arnold</i>)	289
For I have learned to look on Nature. (" <i>Mutability</i> ," <i>William Wordsworth</i>)	56

	PAGE
For knowledge is a steep which. (<i>Bradford</i> , 1877, <i>John Bright</i>)	93
Fourscore and seven years ago. (<i>Gettysberg Ceme- tery, Abraham Lincoln</i>)	67
For the strength of the hills we bless Thee. (<i>From "The Hymn of the Vaudois," Felicia Hemans</i>)	215
<i>Laurion - Mr Lloyd 1844.</i>	
Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel. (<i>Psalm lxxx</i>)	270
Give unto the Lord, O ye mighty. (<i>Psalm xxix</i>)	256
Go into thy closet; shut thy door. (<i>Sonnet, George MacDonald</i>)	344
God is not mocked. (<i>From "Sermons at Brighton," Frederick W. Robertson</i>)	142
God is our refuge and strength. (<i>Psalm xli</i>)	11
God is sweetness, meekness, gentleness. (<i>Isaac Penington</i>)	191
God said: "Break thou these yokes." (<i>From "Charles Sumner," John G. Whittier</i>)	71
God said—"Let there be light!" (<i>From "The Press," Ebenezer Elliott</i>)	159
God said to Man and Woman. (<i>From "The Disciples," H. E. Hamilton King</i>)	278
God sends His teachers unto every age. (<i>From "Rhæcus," James R. Lowell</i>)	299
God to remove His ways. (<i>From "Paradise Lost," Book viii., John Milton</i>)	282
God, who at sundry times and in. (<i>Hebrews i.</i>)	233
Great Truths are portions of the soul. (<i>Sonnet, James R. Lowell</i>)	6
Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove. (<i>"To the Cuckoo," Michael Bruce</i>)	102
Happy those early days when I. (<i>From "The Retreat," Henry Vaughan</i>)	290
Hast thou seen my servant Job? (<i>From "Paradise Regained," Book iii., John Milton</i>)	80
Heav'n from all creatures. (<i>From "The Essay on Man," Alexander Pope</i>)	350

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

375

PAGE

He did but float a little way. (<i>From "Threnodia,"</i> <i>James R. Lowell</i>)	313
He is the freeman whom the truth makes free. (<i>From</i> <i>"A Winter Morning's Walk," William</i> <i>Cowper</i>)	111
He spake also this parable. (<i>Luke xiii. 6-17</i>)	266
He stood upon the world's broad threshold. (" <i>To</i> <i>Wendell Phillips," James R. Lowell</i>)	33
He's true to God who's true to man. (<i>From "On</i> <i>the Capture of Fugitive Slaves near Washing-</i> <i>ton," James R. Lowell</i>)	127
Here, then, is a great truth. (<i>From "Essays on the</i> <i>Principles of Morality," Jonathan Dymond</i>)	180
He that dwelleth in the secret place. (<i>Psalm xci.</i>) . .	172
Ho, every one that thirsteth. (<i>Isaiah lv.</i>)	136
How amiable are thy tabernacles. (<i>Psalm lxxxiv.</i>) . .	146
How are Thy servants blest, O Lord. (<i>Joseph</i> <i>Addison</i>)	18
How calmly the evening once more. (<i>Thomas T.</i> <i>Lynch</i>)	143
How happy is he born and taught. (<i>Sir Henry</i> <i>Wotton</i>)	117
How is it that any great thing is. (<i>St. James's</i> <i>Hall, London, 1867, John Bright</i>)	238
How peacefully the broad and golden moon. (<i>Sonnet,</i> <i>Charles T. Turner</i>)	255
How seldom, Friend! a great good man inherits. (<i>Samuel T. Coleridge</i>)	155
How sweet it were if, without feeble fright. (<i>Leigh</i> <i>Hunt</i>)	73
I am one of those who admit. (<i>Limerick, 1868, John</i> <i>Bright</i>)	288
I believe that the root of almost every. (<i>From</i> <i>"Modern Painters," John Ruskin</i>)	273
I believe we are now at an era. (<i>Manchester, 1846,</i> <i>Richard Cobden</i>)	184
I beseech you therefore, brethren. (<i>Romans xii.</i>) . .	50
I believe when the love of God is. (<i>John Woolman</i>) .	59

	PAGE
I cannot, I say, but notice. (<i>House of Commons</i> , 1855, <i>John Bright</i>)	57
I do not ask, O Lord. (" <i>Per Pacem ad Lucem</i> ," <i>Adelaide A. Procter</i>)	287
I do not mean to assert. (<i>From "The Hibbert Lectures,"</i> 1883, <i>Rev. C. Beard</i>)	346
I do not regard my lot either with. (<i>John Milton</i>)	13
I do not think that examples. (<i>Birmingham</i> , 1858, <i>John Bright</i>)	77
I grieve not that ripe Knowledge takes away. (<i>Sonnet</i> , <i>James R. Lowell</i>)	69
I hear thee speak of the better land. (" <i>The Better Land</i> ," <i>Felicia Hemans</i>)	112
I heard the trailing garments of the Night. (" <i>Night</i> ," <i>Henry W. Longfellow</i>)	295
I know not if or dark or bright. (<i>Henry Alford</i>)	323
I'll hope no more. (" <i>Meditation and Prayer</i> ," <i>Robert Herrick</i>)	305
I love and love not. (" <i>Dost Thou not care</i> ," <i>Christina Rossetti</i>)	315
I said: "The darkness shall content my soul." (<i>Sarah Williams</i>)	347
I sorrowed that the golden day was dead. (<i>Author Unknown</i>)	335
I therefore, the prisoner of the Lord. (<i>Ephesians iv.</i> 1-16)	116
I think if thou couldst know. (" <i>If thou couldst know</i> ," <i>Adelaide A. Procter</i>)	148
I think we are too ready with complaint. (" <i>Cheerful- ness taught by Reason</i> ," <i>Elizabeth B. Browning</i>)	341
I will bless the Lord at all times. (<i>Psalm xxxiv.</i>)	352
I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills. (<i>Psalm cxxi.</i>)	189
I will not leave you comfortless. (<i>John xiv.</i> 17-31)	5
I will sing of the mercies of the Lord. (<i>Psalm lxxxix.</i> 1-18)	222
If love in any heart arise. (<i>Thomas T. Lynch</i>)	357
If on our daily course, our mind. (<i>John Keble</i>)	46
If there is one thing which. (<i>From "Chips from a German workshop</i> ," <i>Max Müller</i>)	331

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

377

PAGE

If you will be governed by reason. (<i>Marcus Aurelius</i>)	219
If we observe men, both apostles. (<i>John Woolman</i>)	131
Immortal Love forever full. (<i>From "Our Master,"</i> <i>John G. Whittier</i>)	359
In a small chamber, friendless and unseen. (" <i>To</i> <i>William L. Garrison</i> ," <i>James R. Lowell</i>)	345
In every home. (<i>From "A Hymn in Time of</i> <i>Idols," Lewis Morris</i>)	355
In holy books we read. (" <i>The Word of God</i> ," <i>Hartley Coleridge</i>)	12
In silence mighty things are wrought. (<i>Thomas T.</i> <i>Lynch</i>)	36
In the beginning was the Word. (<i>John i. 1-17</i>)	296
Ineffable is the union of man and God. (<i>Ralph W.</i> <i>Emerson</i>)	139
Into the Silent Land! (<i>Translation by Henry W.</i> <i>Longfellow</i>)	134
Is not His deed, whatever thing is done. (<i>From "The</i> <i>Faërie Queene</i> ," <i>Edmund Spenser</i>)	174
It happened on a solemn eventide. (<i>From "Conver-</i> <i>sation," William Cowper</i>)	132
It is certain that almost every offence. (<i>From "Essays</i> <i>on the Principles of Morality," Jonathan</i> <i>Dymond</i>)	235
It will be objected that there is little. (<i>From "The</i> <i>Hibbert Lectures, 1883, Rev. C. Beard</i>)	22
•	
James, a servant of God. (<i>James i. 1-15</i>)	362
Jesus went unto the Mount of Olives. (<i>John viii. 1-12</i>)	75
John Wickliffe, as the House knows. (<i>House of</i> <i>Commons, 1869, John Bright</i>)	336
Judge not; the workings of his brain. (" <i>Judge not</i> ," <i>Adelaide A. Procter</i>)	58
•	
Launch thy bark, mariner! (" <i>The Christian</i> <i>Voyager</i> ," <i>Caroline A. Bowles</i>)	302
Lead, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom. (<i>John H. Newman</i>)	338

	PAGE
Leave me, O love which reachest but to dust. (<i>Sonnet, Sir Philip Sidney</i>)	51
Lessons sweet of spring returning. (<i>From "The Nightingale," John Keble</i>)	94
Let every man lovingly cast all. (<i>John Tauler</i>)	52
Let not your heart be troubled. (<i>John xiv. 1-16</i>)	4
Let there be many windows in your soul. (<i>E. Wheeler Wilcox</i>)	156
Lie not; but let thy heart be true to God. (<i>From "The Temple," George Herbert</i>)	207
Light human nature is too lightly tost. (<i>"Discontent," Elizabeth B. Browning</i>)	125
Listen to the water mill all the livelong day. (<i>Author Unknown</i>)	212
Lord, grant us grace to mount. (<i>"And now, why tarriest Thou?" Christina Rossetti</i>)	248
Lord, thou hast been favourable unto our land. (<i>Psalms lxxxv.</i>)	140
Lord, thou hast been our dwelling place. (<i>Psalms xc.</i>)	340
Lord, what am I, that with unceasing care. (<i>Translation from "Lope de Vega," Henry W. Longfellow</i>)	16
Lord, what a change within us. (<i>Sonnet, Richard C. Trench</i>)	66
Love is the star by which our course. (<i>"Faith, Hope, and Charity," Aubrey de Vere</i>)	137
Man is God's image. (<i>From "The Temple," George Herbert</i>)	329
Manage all your actions, words, and thoughts. (<i>Marcus Aurelius</i>)	17
Many, if God should make them kings. (<i>"Maximus," Adelaide A. Procter</i>)	241
Many loved Truth, and lavished. (<i>From "Harvard Commemoration Ode," James R. Lowell</i>)	105
Mountain gorses, ever golden. (<i>"Lessons from the Gorse," Elizabeth B. Browning</i>)	63
My son, despise not the chastening. (<i>Proverbs iii. 11-26</i>)	359

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

	379
	PAGE
Neither party expected the war. (<i>From Second Inaugural Address, 1865, Abraham Lincoln</i>)	292
No coward soul is mine. (<i>Emily Brontë</i>)	147
Not all who seem to fail, have failed indeed. (<i>Author Unknown</i>)	291
Nothing is intolerable that is necessary. (<i>Jeremy Taylor</i>)	43
Nothing is left or lost. (<i>From "On an Early Death," Richard C. Trench</i>)	186
Nothing is sweeter than Love. (<i>From "The Imitation of Christ," Thomas à Kempis</i>)	225
Nothing resting in its own completeness. (<i>"Incompleteness," Adelaide A. Procter</i>)	104
Not in the solitude. (<i>"Hymn of the City," William C. Bryant</i>)	24
Not once or twice in our rough island story. (<i>From "Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington," Alfred Tennyson</i>)	330
Not unto us, O Lord. (<i>Psalm cxv.</i>)	110
•	
O blessed Well of Love. (<i>From "The Hymn of Heavenly Love," Edmund Spenser</i>)	312
O brother man! fold to thy heart. (<i>From "Worship," John G. Whittier</i>)	284
O come, let us sing unto the Lord. (<i>Psalm xcv</i>)	237
O for a sculptor's hand. (<i>From "Balaam," John Keble</i>)	260
O God! I thank Thee for. (<i>"After attending a Presbyterian Service," Thomas Burbidge</i>)	361
O God, our help in ages past. (<i>Isaac Watts</i>)	128
O God, our spirits unassisted. (<i>Thomas T. Lynch</i>)	318
O Light so white and pure. (<i>From "The Ode of Good," Lewis Morris</i>)	308
O Lord our Lord. (<i>Psalm viii.</i>)	79
O only Source of all our light. (<i>"Qui laborat orat," Arthur H. Clough</i>)	285
O, rest a while, but only for a while. (<i>Thomas T. Lynch</i>)	185
O sing unto the Lord a new song. (<i>Psalm xcvi.</i>)	1

	PAGE
O sing unto the Lord a new song. (<i>Psalm xcvi.</i>)	203
Of all the thoughts of God that are. (<i>From "The Sleep," Elizabeth B. Browning</i>)	275
O golden Age, whose light is. (<i>From "Among the hills," John G. Whittier</i>)	97
Oh North, with all thy vales. (<i>"He hath put all things under His feet," William C. Bryant</i>)	170
Oh! that men were humble. (<i>Isaac Penington</i>)	109
Oh! to be in England. (<i>"Home thoughts from abroad," Robert Browning</i>)	92
Once in an age. (<i>From "The Minister's Wooing," Harriet B. Stowe</i>)	253
Once to every man and nation. (<i>From "The Present Crisis," James R. Lowell</i>)	114
One by one the sands are flowing. (<i>"One by one," Adelaide A. Procter</i>)	175
One lesson, Nature, let me learn. (<i>"Quiet Work," Matthew Arnold</i>)	130
One other appeal I must make to you. (<i>Birmingham, 1876, John Bright</i>)	27
Our birth is but a sleep. (<i>From "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," William Wordsworth</i>)	236
Our course is onward, onward. (<i>Sonnet, Richard C. Trench</i>)	265
Our slender life runs rippling by. (<i>From "Harvard Commemoration Ode," James R. Lowell</i>)	181

Phillips, Wendell. 33

"Patience!" the priest would say. (<i>From "Evangeline," Henry W. Longfellow</i>)	53
Piero Luca, known of all the town. (<i>From "The Brother of Mercy," John G. Whittier</i>)	38
Piero tossed. (<i>From "The Brother of Mercy," John G. Whittier</i>)	39
Poor bread-taxed slaves. (<i>From "The Ranter," Ebenezer Elliott</i>)	10
Pour forth the oil. (<i>"The Law of Love," Richard C. Trench</i>)	218
Praise waiteth for thee, O God. (<i>Psalm lxx.</i>)	322

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

381

	PAGE
Remember me when I am gone. ("Remember," Christina Rossetti)	194
Remember now thy Creator. (<i>Ecclesiastes</i> xii. 1-17)	70
Say not the struggle naught availeth. ("Not in Vain," Arthur H. Clough)	252
See! through the heavenly arch. (Thomas T. Lynch)	297
Shall it be said, O Lord! (<i>Sonnet</i> , Sir Aubrey de Vere)	223
Shepherd of Israel, watching Thy fold. (Hamilton Aidé)	7
She sat and wept beside His feet. ("Multum Dilexit," Hartley Coleridge)	217
Since I have taken a part. (Edinburgh, 1868, John Bright)	8
So they asked Mr. Feeble-mind. (From "The Pilgrim's Progress," John Bunyan)	325
Some future day, when. ("Some Future day," Arthur H. Clough)	74
Some murmur when their sky. (Richard C. Trench)	311
Sometimes the simplest word. (James R. Lowell) .	274
Sow with a generous hand. ("Sowing and Reaping," Adelaide A. Procter)	84
Speak low to me, my Saviour. ("Comfort," Elizabeth B. Browning)	307
Spirit of beauty! thy presence confessing. (Thomas T. Lynch)	165
Stern daughter of the voice of God! (From "The Ode to Duty," William Wordsworth)	98
Strong Son of God, immortal Love. (From "In Memoriam," Alfred Tennyson)	66
Sweet day, so cool, so calm. (From "The Church," George Herbert)	158
Sweet is the breath of morn. (From "Paradise Lost," Book iv., John Milton)	161
Take heed that ye do not. (<i>Matthew</i> vi. 1-15). . .	157
Teach me, my God and King. ("The Elixir," George Herbert)	14

	PAGE
That there is an universal Light. (<i>William Penn</i>).	214
The bird let loose in eastern skies. ("The Bird let loose," <i>Thomas Moore</i>)	210
The day of the Lord is at hand. (<i>From "The day of the Lord," Charles Kingsley</i>)	26
The fairest action of our. (<i>Lady Elizabeth Carew</i>).	277
The glories of our birth and state. (<i>James Shirley</i>)	257
The heavens declare the glory. (<i>Psalm xix.</i>)	334
The hope of Truth grows stronger. (<i>Sonnet, James R. Lowell</i>)	29
The hour of night. (<i>From "Paradise Lost," Book iv., John Milton</i>)	135
The importance of Truth. (<i>From "Catholic Thoughts," Rev. F. Myers</i>	211
The law of God is one. (<i>Joseph Mazzini</i>)	121
The Lord hear thee in the day of trouble. (<i>Psalm xx.</i>)	88
The Lord is my light and my salvation. (<i>Psalm xxvii.</i>)	280
The Lord is my shepherd. (<i>Psalm xxiii.</i>)	45
The most ancient of profane historians. (<i>Birmingham, 1858, John Bright</i>)	176
The quality of mercy is not strained. (<i>From "The Merchant of Venice," William Shakespeare</i>).	100
The Science of Language has taught us. (<i>From "Chips from a German workshop," Max Müller</i>)	245
The sea awoke at midnight. (<i>Sonnet, Henry W. Longfellow</i>)	76
The seas are quiet when the. (<i>Edmund Waller</i>)	269
The soul is the perceiver and revealer. (<i>Ralph W. Emerson</i>)	32
The souls that would really be. (<i>James Martineau</i>)	298
The spacious firmament on high. (<i>Joseph Addison</i>)	204
The spirit of those that fear. (<i>Ecclesiasticus, Book iii.</i>)	48
The strong in spiritual action. (<i>Sonnet, Richard C. Trench</i>)	366
The sunlight glitters, keen and bright. (<i>From "Hampton Beach," John G. Whittier</i>)	150

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

383

PAGE

The thought of our past years. (<i>From "Ode on the Intimations of Immortality," William Wordsworth</i>)	262
The tree of Faith. (<i>"Adjustment," John G. Whittier</i>)	183
The victories of Right. (<i>From "The Ode of Evil," Lewis Morris</i>)	246
The wilderness and the solitary place. (<i>Isaiah xxxv.</i>)	286
The wisest of us all, when woe. (<i>Walter Savage Landor</i>)	301
Then began he to upbraid the cities. (<i>Matthew xi. 20-30</i>)	358
Then came Peter to him, and said. (<i>Matthew xviii. 21-35</i>)	316
Then Paul stood in the midst of Mars' Hill. (<i>Acts xvii. 22-31</i>)	129
There are philosophers who would fain. (<i>From "Chips from a German workshop," Max Müller</i>)	82
There are three lessons I would write. (<i>Translation from Schiller</i>)	61
There is an awful quiet in the air. (<i>Sonnet, Hartley Coleridge</i>)	115
There is a close analogy between. (<i>From "Sermons at Brighton," Frederick W. Robertson</i>)	314
There is an evil spirit whose dominion. (<i>From "Sesame and Lilies," John Ruskin</i>)	126
There is a prize which we are all. (<i>Ralph W. Emerson</i>)	187
There is one form in which. (<i>From "The Hibbert Lectures, 1883," Rev. C. Beard</i>)	171
Therefore, to whom turn I. (<i>From "Abt Vogler," Robert Browning</i>)	304
These are Thy glorious works, Parent of good. <i>From "Paradise Lost," Book v., John Milton</i>)	119
They are all gone into a world of light. (<i>Henry Vaughan</i>)	192
They drift away. Ah, God! they drift for ever. (<i>"Drifting Away," Charles Kingsley</i>)	202

	PAGE
This is self-reliance. (<i>From "Sermons at Brighton,"</i> <i>Frederick W. Robertson</i>)	263
This is the Arsenal, from floor. (<i>From "The Arsenal</i> <i>at Springfield," Henry W. Longfellow</i>)	91
This is the morn of Victory. (<i>Author Unknown</i>)	360
Thou cam'st not to thy place by accident. (<i>Sonnet,</i> <i>Richard C. Trench</i>)	163
Thou must be true thyself. (<i>Horatius Bonar</i>)	321
Thou unrelenting Past. (<i>From "The Past," William</i> <i>C. Bryant</i>)	320
Those of us who have travelled. (<i>From "Canter-</i> <i>bury Sermons," Arthur P. Stanley</i>)	231
Though I speak with the tongues. (<i>1 Corinthians</i> <i>xiii.</i>)	30
Though they may crowd. (<i>From "A Hymn in</i> <i>Time of Idols," Lewis Morris</i>)	107
Three pilgrims once from Palestine. (" <i>An</i> <i>Apologue," Hamilton Aidé</i>)	272
Thrice happy he whose name is. (" <i>The Manly</i> <i>Life," Henry More</i>)	145
To aid our search after Truth. (<i>Joseph Mazzini</i>)	196
To love God is to love His character. (<i>From</i> <i>"Sermons at Brighton," Frederick W.</i> <i>Robertson</i>)	72
To take the life of a fellow creature. (<i>From</i> <i>"Essays on the Principles of Morality,"</i> <i>Jonathan Dymond</i>)	118
To those who speak to you of heaven. (<i>Joseph</i> <i>Mazzini</i>)	47
To weary hearts, to mourning homes. (" <i>The Angel</i> <i>of Patience," John G. Whittier</i>)	339
True worth is in being, not seeming. (<i>Alice Cary</i>)	96
Truth is fair; should we forego it? (<i>From "The</i> <i>Dead Pan," Elizabeth B. Browning</i>)	259
Truth is one. (<i>From "Miriam," John G.</i> <i>Whittier</i>)	243
Upon every subject of questionable rectitude. (<i>From</i> <i>"Essays on the Principles of Morality,"</i> <i>Jonathan Dymond</i>)	310

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

385

	PAGE
Verily, verily, I say unto you. (<i>John x. 1-16</i>) . . .	261
Warriors and statesmen have their meed of praise. (<i>Author Unknown</i>)	83
We are, after all, of one religion. (<i>House of Commons</i> , 1865, <i>John Bright</i>)	319
We ask for peace, O Lord. (" <i>The Peace of God</i> ," <i>Adelaide A. Procter</i>)	326
We asked not to be born : 'tis not by will ! (" <i>Life</i> <i>Struggles</i> ," <i>William Bell Scott</i>)	226
We believe in a Supreme Ruler of the Universe. (<i>Glasgow</i> , 1866, <i>John Bright</i>)	356
We believe in one God. (<i>From " The Creed</i> ," <i>Joseph Mazzini</i>)	283
We cannot kindle when we will. (" <i>Morality</i> ," <i>Matthew Arnold</i>)	206
We do differ when we most agree. (<i>Sonnet</i> , <i>Hartley</i> <i>Coleridge</i>)	327
We know not by what Name. (<i>From " The Ode of</i> <i>Good</i> ," <i>Lewis Morris</i>)	41
We know not whither our frail barks are borne. (" <i>To</i> <i>E—</i> ," <i>Richard C. Trench</i>)	35
We live by Faith ; but Faith is not the slave. (" <i>Requirement</i> ," <i>John G. Whittier</i>)	9
We live not in our moments or our years. (<i>Sonnet</i> , <i>Richard C. Trench</i>)	149
We might enjoy much peace. (<i>From " The Imita-</i> <i>tion of Christ</i> ," <i>Thomas à Kempis</i>)	365
Weighing the steadfastness and state. (" <i>Man</i> ," <i>Henry Vaughan</i>)	78
Well, then I may presume to say. (<i>St. James's Hall</i> , <i>London</i> , 1869, <i>John Bright</i>)	144
What ! and shall He wait. (<i>From " Brothers and a</i> <i>Sermon</i> ," <i>Fean Ingelow</i>)	324
Whate'er thou dost, do well—it may not stand. (<i>Author Unknown</i>)	138
Whatever thing is done. (<i>From " The Faërie</i> <i>Queene</i> ," <i>Edmund Spenser</i>)	68

	PAGE
What is meant by our neighbour? (<i>Arthur P. Stanley</i>)	99
What is the real obstacle in our path? (<i>House of Commons</i> , 1849, <i>John Bright</i>)	205
What matter how the night behaved? (<i>From "Snow-bound," John G. Whittier</i>)	332
What shall I do lest life in silence pass? (<i>Translation from Schiller</i>)	230
When death is coming near. (<i>Friedrich Fouqué</i>)	227
When Divine Love takes place in the hearts. (<i>John Woolman</i>)	303
When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave. (<i>From "Early Rising," Henry Vaughan</i>)	249
When I consider how my light is spent. (<i>"Sonnet on his own blindness," John Milton</i>)	55
When on my day of life the night is falling. (<i>"At last," John G. Whittier</i>)	251
When some beloved voice that was to you. (<i>"Substitution," Elizabeth B. Browning</i>)	87
When the enemy is near thee. (<i>"Call on us," Arthur H. Clough</i>)	342
When the Son of Man shall come in his glory. (<i>Matthew xxv. 31-46</i>)	193
When vain desire at last and vain regret. (<i>"The One Hope," Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i>)	234
When we two climbed the mountain side. (<i>"Blindness," Author Unknown</i>)	190
When wilt Thou save the people? (<i>"The People's Anthem," Ebenezer Elliott</i>)	198
When winds are raging o'er the upper ocean. (<i>Harriet B. Stowe</i>)	90
Where is the true man's fatherland? (<i>"The Fatherland," James R. Lowell</i>)	213
Where lies the land. (<i>"Where lies the land," Arthur H. Clough</i>)	224
Where then is our God? (<i>James Martineau</i>)	113
Wherefore lift up the hands which hang down. (<i>Hebrews xii. 12-24</i>)	328

INDEX OF FIRST LINES.

387

PAGE

Whither, 'midst falling dew. (" <i>To a Water-fowl</i> ," William C. Bryant)	195
Who hath believed our report? (<i>Isaiah liiii.</i>)	54
Who is this that cometh from Edom? (<i>Isaiah lxiii.</i> 1-16)	166
Who, looking backward from his manhood's prime. (From " <i>The Reward</i> ," John G. Whittier)	151
Who hath directed the Spirit of the Lord. (<i>Isaiah xl.</i> 15-31)	229
Who shall say that to no mortal. (<i>G. L. Taylor</i>)	353
Who would true valour see. (From " <i>The Pilgrim's Progress</i> ," John Bunyan)	317
Wisdom shall praise herself. (<i>Ecclesiasticus</i> , Book ii.)	294
Without haste, without rest! (<i>Translation from Goethe</i>)	3
Would it be too much to say. (From " <i>Catholic Thoughts</i> ," Rev. Frederick Myers)	258
Ye who love the haunts of Nature. (From " <i>Hia- watha</i> ," Henry W. Longfellow)	267

139 Goddard

144 Garrison

7.



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